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THE NEW YORKER

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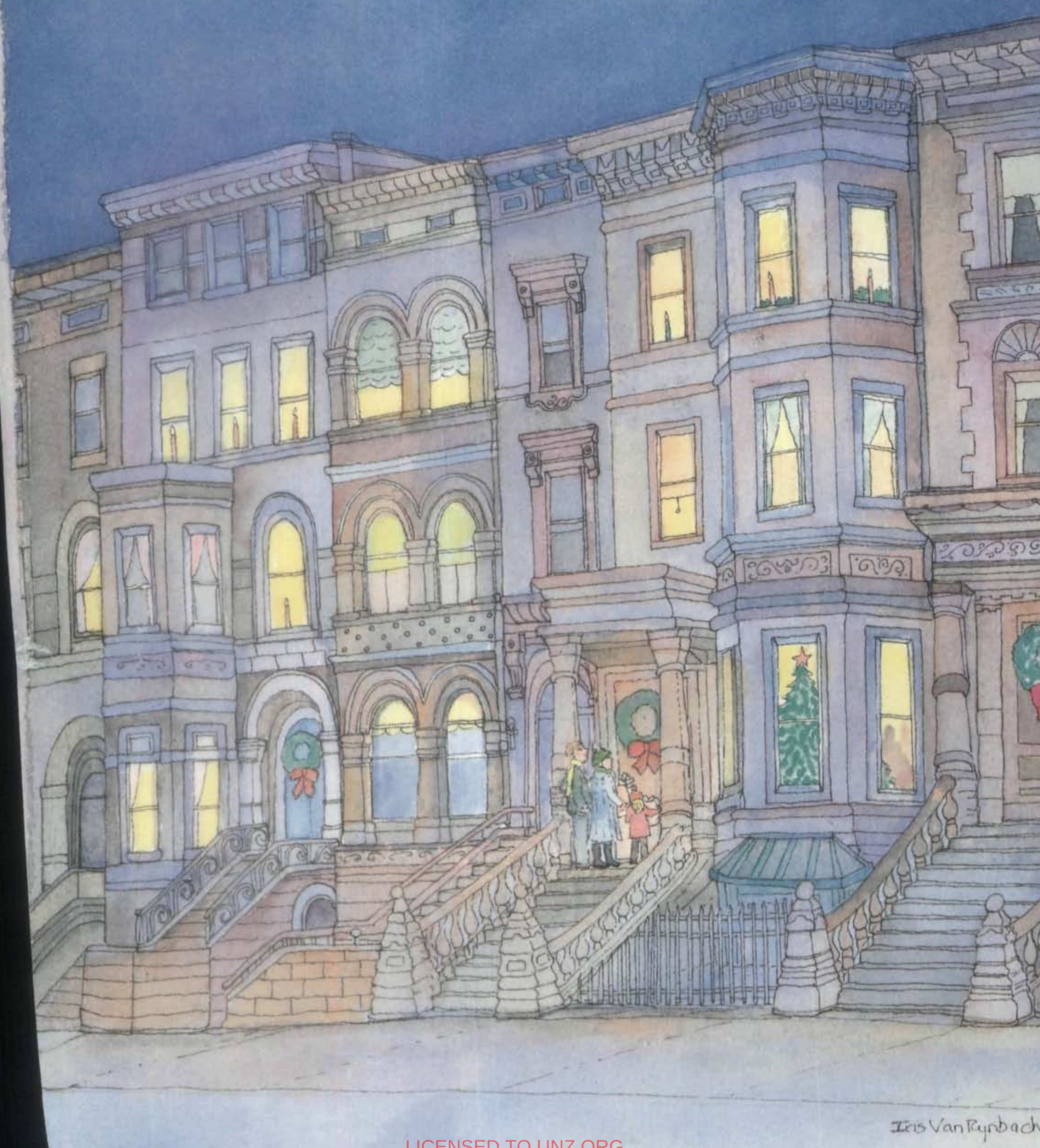
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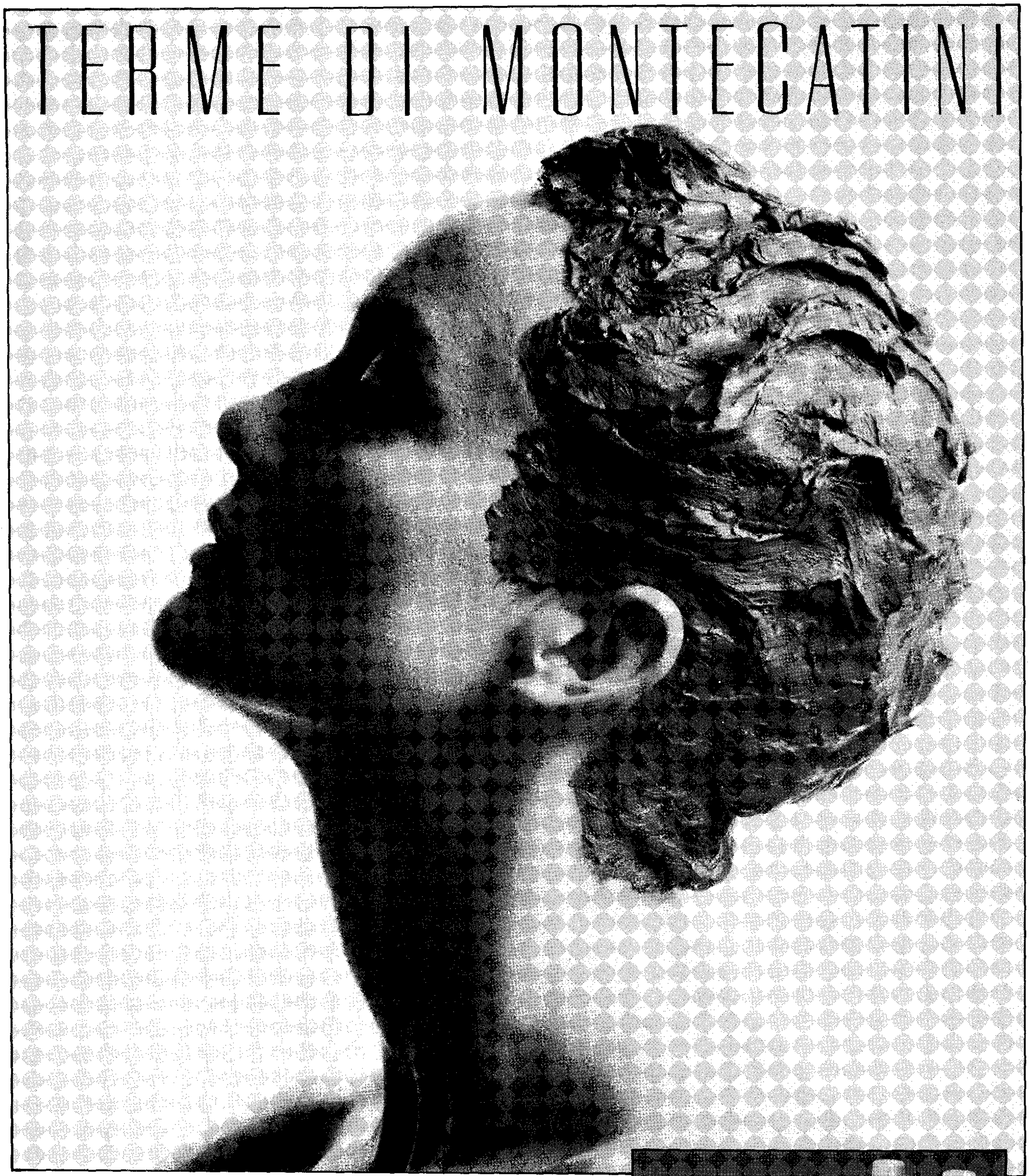

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Alone Together—Janis Paige and Kevin McCarthy lend their mingled charms and strengths to a vehicle that without them would be unable to budge. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/29/84.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A...My Name Is Alice—A musical revue conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. After Sunday, Dec. 16, *no performances until Tuesday, Dec. 25.*)

Avner the Eccentric—Avner Eisenberg is a merry, good-natured clown with the knack of making split-second feats of juggling and acrobatics look easy. A one-man show. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Balm in Gilead—This revival of a play that Lanford Wilson wrote in 1965 is a joint effort of the Steppenwolf Theatre Company of Chicago and the Circle Repertory Company of this city. There are twenty-nine characters—seedy denizens of an all-night coffee shop on upper Broadway. The script—good and bad—foreshadows much of Mr. Wilson's later work. The performance, under the direction of John Malkovich, is electric, to say the least. (6/11/84) (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

La Bohème—A lively and engaging show (lyrics by D. Spencer, score by G. Puccini), starring Linda Ronstadt, Patti Cohenour, or Caroline Peyton, opposite either David Carroll or Gary Morris. The splendid supporting cast includes, most notably, Howard McGillin and Cass Morgan. William Elliott is the orchestra conductor, Wilford Leach was the director. (12/10/84) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 30. For information about tickets and cast scheduling, call 598-7150.)

Circle Repertory Company—In **bing and walker** a middle-aged mental defective is offered a job, and his spinster sister almost prevents him from getting it. This is more an actors' exercise than a play. (99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 2.) Closes Sunday, Dec. 30.)

Design for Living—A highly successful revival of Noël Coward's comedy of bad manners and low morals, once played by Coward and the Lunts and now starring Anne Swift, John Glover, and Frank Converse. The excellent direction is by George C. Scott. (7/2/84) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of William Marchant's 1955 comedy **the desk set** is the third in this season's series of eight productions. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 16. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

The Foreigner—A very funny play by Larry Shue, with a super performance by Anthony Heald. (11/19/84) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Glengarry Glen Ross—A well-written, eloquently scatological melodrama about some unscrupulous real-estate salesmen in Chicago. David Mamet is the author and what he knows about Chicago must make Chicagoans nervous. (4/2/84) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Dec. 17, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Haarlem Nocturne—A flashy and totally inept revue, which serves only to bring the Latin Quarter back into use. Grottoes on this scale are increasingly hard to find in our pinched-for-space city. (12/3/84) (Latin Quarter, Broadway at 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11; and Sundays at 7:30.)

Hurlyburly—David Rabe's wry, brilliant comedy about la vie de bohème in Hollywood is very well performed under Mike Nichols' dynamic direction. William Hurt, Ron Silver, Judith Ivey, Candice Bergen, Jerry Stiller, Cynthia Nixon, and Harvey Keitel make up the first-rate cast. John Christopher Jones substitutes for Mr. Hurt at the Sunday matinée performances. (7/2/84) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Husbandry—A play by Patrick Tovatt. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 23.)

Kuni-Leml—A musical based on a Yiddish play written in 1880 by Avrom Goldfadn, with a book by Nahma Sandrow, lyrics by Richard Engquist, and music by Raphael Crystal. Performed in English. (Audrey Wood, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

Lambs Theatre Company—A musical, **the gifts of the magi**, adapted from two O. Henry short stories, is the second in this season's series of four productions. Randy Courts composed the music and Mark St. Germain provided the book and lyrics. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Thursdays through Saturdays and Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Victor Herbert's **babes in toyland.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Sat-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

urdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30; special matinée Friday, Dec. 21, at 2.)

Ma Rainey's Black Bottom—A rousing play from start to finish. The author is August Wilson, the director is Lloyd Richards, and the marvellous cast includes Charles S. Dutton and Theresa Merritt. (10/22/84) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Miss Firecracker Contest—Beth Henley's play about a beauty contest in a small Mississippi town hasn't quite the finesse of her "Crimes of the Heart," but it is just as original and humorous and talented. Holly Hunter gives a beguiling performance as the contestant. (6/11/84) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays, except Dec. 15, at 2:30 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 2:30.)

Negro Ensemble Company—A play by Joseph Walker, **DISTRICT LINE**, is the first in this season's series of four productions. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 23.)

Pacific Overtures—This new, miniature edition of Stephen Sondheim's musical is in many ways an improvement on the original production of 1976. With Ernest Abuba as the Reciter, and fourteen other good actors doubling and tripling effectively. Fran Soeder is the ingenious director, and the charming setting and costumes are by James Morgan and Mark Passerell. (11/5/84) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Romance Language—A play by Peter Parnell. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Royal Shakespeare Company—Two plays in alternating repertory. **CYRANO DE BERGERAC:** An overinflated version of the sentimental old melodrama by Edmond Rostand which comes within an ace of killing it in an attempt to make it seem young again. Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 2 and 8; Thursday, Dec. 13, and Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8; Sunday, Dec. 16, at 3; Tuesday, Dec. 18, at 8; Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 2 and 8; and Thursday, Dec. 20, at 8. . . . **MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING:** The R.S.C. is understandably on easy terms with the Bard, and this production of the wittiest of his comedies is well worth seeing. With Derek Jacobi and Sinead Cusack. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 15, at 2; Friday, Dec. 21, at 8; and Saturday, Dec. 22, at 2 and 8. (10/29/84) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Through Saturday, Jan. 19.)

Short Eyes—The Second Stage revival of Miguel Piñero's play about prison life, and specifically about a child molester who is tormented literally to death by his fellow convicts. The play lacks its original impact, but the performances are good, under Kevin Conway's direction. With Michael O'Keefe, Esai Morales, and Reggie Montgomery, among others. (12/10/84) (McGinn/Cazale, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Sunday, Dec. 30.)

Sunday in the Park with George—Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine have invented a highly entertaining musical about Georges Seurat and his celebrated painting of the island of La Grande Jatte. Robert Westenberg is Seurat and Bernadette Peters is Seurat's model and mistress. (5/14/84) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Total Eclipse—A new production of a play by Christopher Hampton, with Peter Evans and Michael Cerveris. Preview Wednesday, Dec. 12. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 13, at 6:45. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Dec. 14, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Whoopi Goldberg—A one-woman show, mostly about troubled blacks, who are portrayed with sympathy by the talented Miss Goldberg. (11/5/84) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 8 and 11. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** A remembrance of things past, by Neil Simon. The hero is a sex-obsessed fifteen-year-old. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. The two stars are Keith Michell and George Hearn. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,248 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOOL FOR LOVE:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Frances Fisher and David Andrews have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ISN'T IT ROMANTIC:** A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **MY ONE AND ONLY:** A joyous keepsake of Gershwin songs, neatly tucked into a new book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer. Sandy Duncan and Don Correia head the cast. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NOISES OFF:** The funniest, fastest-moving farce in many a long year, written by a Martian named Michael Frayn. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE REAL THING:** A very funny and yet unnerving comedy by Tom Stoppard. The cast is headed by Jeremy Irons and Laila Robins. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE TAP DANCE KID:** An attractive cast does much to brighten what is otherwise a curiously gloomy musical about a black family making good. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

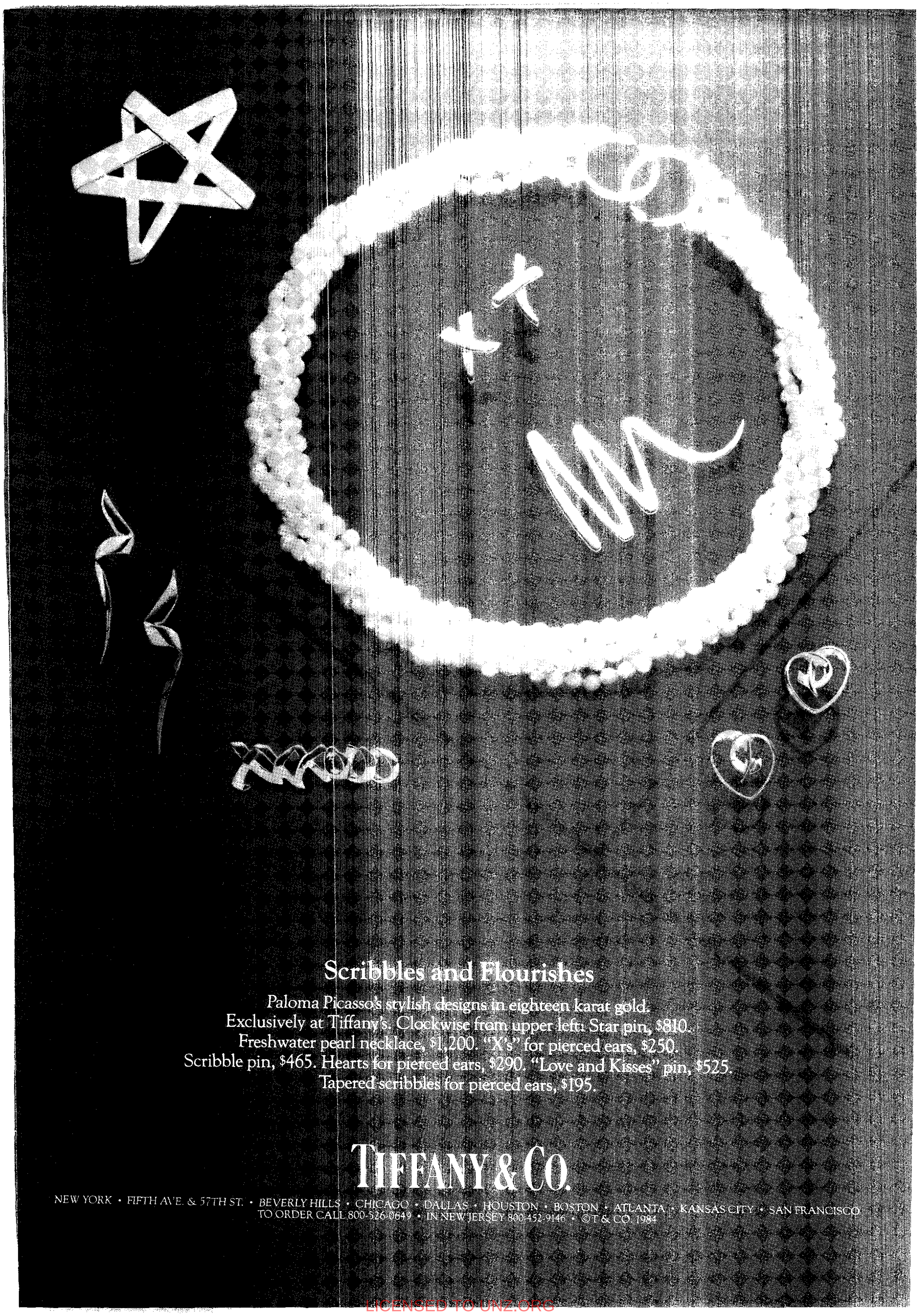
"World of Magic"—An illusion show, with music and dancing, conceived and directed by its star, Doug Henning. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 30.)

Radio City Music Hall—The annual Christmas show with, of course, the Rockettes. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 2:30 and 7:30; Thursday, Dec. 13, at 11 and 2:30; Friday, Dec. 14, at 2:30 and 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 15, at 10, 1:30, 5, and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 16, at 12:30, 4, and 7:30; Tuesday, Dec. 18, at 11 and 2:30; Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 2:30 and 7:30; Thursday, Dec. 20, at 11 and 2:30; Friday, Dec. 21, at 2:30 and 7:30; and Saturday, Dec. 22, at 11, 2:30, 6, and 9:30. Through Thursday, Jan. 10.)

Big Apple Circus—A one-ring circus in a heated tent. Clowns, seals, and a bareback rider are some of the attractions. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Wednesdays at 11 and 7:30; Thursdays and Fridays at 2 and 7:30; Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 15-16, at 1 and 4; Monday, Dec. 17, at 2 and 7:30; Tuesday, Dec. 18, at 11 and 7:30; and Saturday, Dec. 22, at 2 and 7:30. Through Tuesday, Jan. 1. For information about tickets, call 860-7320.)

The Flying Karamazov Brothers—Five performers who sing, dance, juggle, tell jokes, and play instruments. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Sunday, Dec. 16, at 3.)

Victor Borge—The first five of twelve performances of his one-man show, with some assistance from either Marylyn Mulvey or Shahan Arzruni. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Friday,



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Dec. 21, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 22-23, at 2 and 8. Through Sunday, Dec. 30.)

Forbidden Broadway '84—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Performances of "The Nutcracker" are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 6. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 6; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 2 and 8; and Sundays at 1 and 5. Through Sunday, Feb. 24.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Wednesday evening, Dec. 12: "Songs Without Words," "Night Shade," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 13: "Divining," "Anjour," "The Still Point," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Friday, evening, Dec. 14: "Night Creature," "Cry," "Fever Swamp," "Pigs & Fishes," and "The Stack-Up." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 15: "Collage," "The Still Point," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 15: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Night Shade," and "The Stack-Up." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Dec. 16: "Suite Otis," "Divining," "Anjour," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 18: "Suite Otis," "Anjour," "The Still Point," and "Collage." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 19: "Night Creature," "Cry," "Blues Suite," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 20: "Divining," "Anjour," "Night Shade," and "Collage." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 21: "Isba," "Cry," "Songs Without Words," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 22: "Blues Suite," "Treading," "Pigs & Fishes," "Fever Swamp," and "The Stack-Up." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 22: "Suite Otis," "Portrait of Billie," "Night Shade," and "Collage." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, Dec. 23.)

Joyce Trisler Danscompany—Wednesday, Dec. 12, and Friday, Dec. 14, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 16, at 7:30: "Dance for Six," "Unseen Light" (première), and "Koan." . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 13, and Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 16, at 2: "Sounds of Sand," "Bagatelles," and "Four Temperaments." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Margie Gillis—Solo performances of modern dance. (Playhouse 46, 423 W. 46th St. Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 12-15, and Tuesday through Saturday, Dec. 18-22, at 8. For tickets, call 279-4200.)

Bebe Miller and Company—Performances of "Trapped in Queens," "Gotham," and "Reet City." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 13-15, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 16, at 3.)

Balletfore—"The Nutcracker." (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 2 and 7, and Sunday, Dec. 16, at 2.)

Ritha Devi—In a program of the classical dances of India. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. 288-6400, Ext. 286. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 2:30.)

Joffrey II Dancers—Appearing for a single performance. (Schimmel Center for the Arts, Pace University, Spruce St., between Nassau and Gold Sts. 488-1715. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8:15.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**JULIE WILSON,** a wonderfully convincing singer, works from a wonderful, convincing repertory of Rodgers and Hart, Cole Porter, Coward, and the Gershwins Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Pianist Buck Buchholz occupies the Rose Room Sundays from five-thirty to eleven. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Small, narrow, chatty, and nautical. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 14-15, belong to bassist and buzzing vocalist **MAJOR HOLLEY,** and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 21-22, to the Richie Vitale quartet. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** is here, singing in her small, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays at six-thirty, plus reprises on Fridays and Saturdays at nine.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Drummer, pianist, and composer **JACK DE JOHNETTE** and his band, **SPECIAL EDITION,** trade sets with the **CECIL TAYLOR UNIT** through Sunday, Dec. 16; Monday, Dec. 17, will be claimed by the **ANGEL RANGELOV–JIMMY MADISON** band, with trumpeter **JIMMY OWENS** as guest soloist; and on Tuesday, Dec. 18, **DAVE VALENTIN,** the fiery Latin-jazz flutist, will arrive with a quintet. Music from nine. Trumpeter **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours (real late, after the last set) jam sessions every night but Monday. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The oh-so-varied lineup: Thursday, Dec. 13, Aku Aku, Leap of Faith, and Frank Maya; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 14-15, **NRBQ** and Duke Robillard & the Pleasure Kings; Sunday, Dec. 16, violinist **MICHAL URBANIAK** and a quartet that features **AIRTO** on percussion; Tuesday, Dec. 18, Roomful of Blues; Wednesday, Dec. 19, Chris Stamey, the Trypes, and John Klages; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 21-22, **TOM PAXTON** and the Carolling Carollers. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The epitome of an intimate, dark-wood-panelled, sophisticated New York bar. The sophisticated New York piano-bass duos: **RONNIE MATHEWS** and **RAY DRUMMOND** through Saturday, Dec. 15, and **HILTON RUIZ** and **MAJOR HOLLEY** starting Monday, Dec. 17. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT,** the ever-enthusiastic interpreter of Coward, Porter, Gershwin, and Rodgers and Hart, is again stage center in the Café Carlyle, with his hands poised over the piano keys, his eyebrows raised, and his trusty sidekicks, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT,** at the ready. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. **VINCE GIORDANO** & the Nighthawks play for dancing Sundays and Mondays from nine to one. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** sings at the piano in the Bemelmans Bar from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ADAM MAKOWICZ,** the Polish jazz pianist inspired by Art Tatum and Fred Chopin, is here nightly, except Sundays, from nine to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A sort of indoor back porch for non-glossy country and Irish music: Wednesday, Dec. 12, Zenska Pesna; Saturday, Dec. 15, the **ROGER SPRUNG BLUEGRASS BAND;** and Wednesday, Dec. 19, Tony MacMahon & Mick Maloney. There is Irish music on Mondays and Fridays. Music from eight on Wednesdays and Thursdays and from nine Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays. Closed Saturday, Dec. 22.

Edwardian Room, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio on Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Singer **JANET LAWSON** and her quintet and singer **SHEILA JORDAN** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ** will all be on hand through Sunday, Dec. 16, and on Tuesday, Dec. 18, guitarists **LARRY CORYELL, VIC JURIS,** and **BIRELLI LAGRENE** will begin paying tribute to gypsy-jazz guitarist Django Reinhardt. Mondays are claimed by guitarist and inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, who was once known as Rhubarb Red. No doubt his garage and household effects and recording-studio implements will someday be found in the Smithsonian. Sets begin after nine. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City. Wednesday, Dec. 12, the **RED CLAY RAMBLERS;** Thursday, Dec. 13, Marcia Taylor and Judy Gorman-Jacobs; Friday, Dec. 14, folk rocker **GEORGE GERDES;** Sunday, Dec. 16, Jan Marra, Alicia, Rosemary Kirstein, Betsy Straton, and Deborah Snow; Wednesday, Dec. 19, Long Island Fisherman; and Friday, Dec. 21, guitarist **JOHN FAHEY.** Saturdays are comedy nights, and Mondays are hootenanny nights. Shows are usually at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Judy Niemack sings with Mike LaDonne and Dave Shapiro through Sunday, Dec. 16; Wednesday through Sunday, Dec. 19-23, Alicia Sherman will sing; on Mondays **BROOKS KERR** sings at the piano with aid from bassist John Belzaguy; and Tuesdays are given over to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** All these groups begin after ten. **BROOKS KERR** is also present on Sundays from five to ten.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) John Colianni is the pianist through Saturday, Dec. 15, and on Tuesday, Dec. 18, stride specialist **DICK WELLSTOOD** will take charge. Sundays belong to Jane Jarvis, and Mondays are claimed by **DICK HYMAN.** Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for expatriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and for French tourists. The music is usually good solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. Wednesday, Dec. 12, R. & B.-ists guitarist **CORNELL DUPREE,** pianist **RICHARD TEE,** drummer **STEVE GADD,** and bassist **WILL LEE,** along with blues guitarist **JOHNNY COPELAND** and his band; Thursday, Dec. 13, and Friday, Dec. 14, at seven-thirty, Soul Bro' No. 1, **JAMES BROWN.** Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—Trumpeter-vocalist **CHET BAKER** and his neo-Cool Schoolers perform through Sunday, Dec. 16; on Tuesday, Dec. 18, vibraharpist **JAY HOGGARD** will bring in his quartet. Monday's music is made by **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI'S NEW YORK JAZZ ORCHESTRA,** featuring **LEW**

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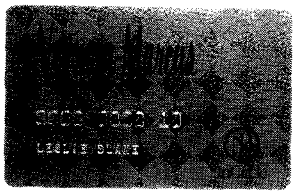

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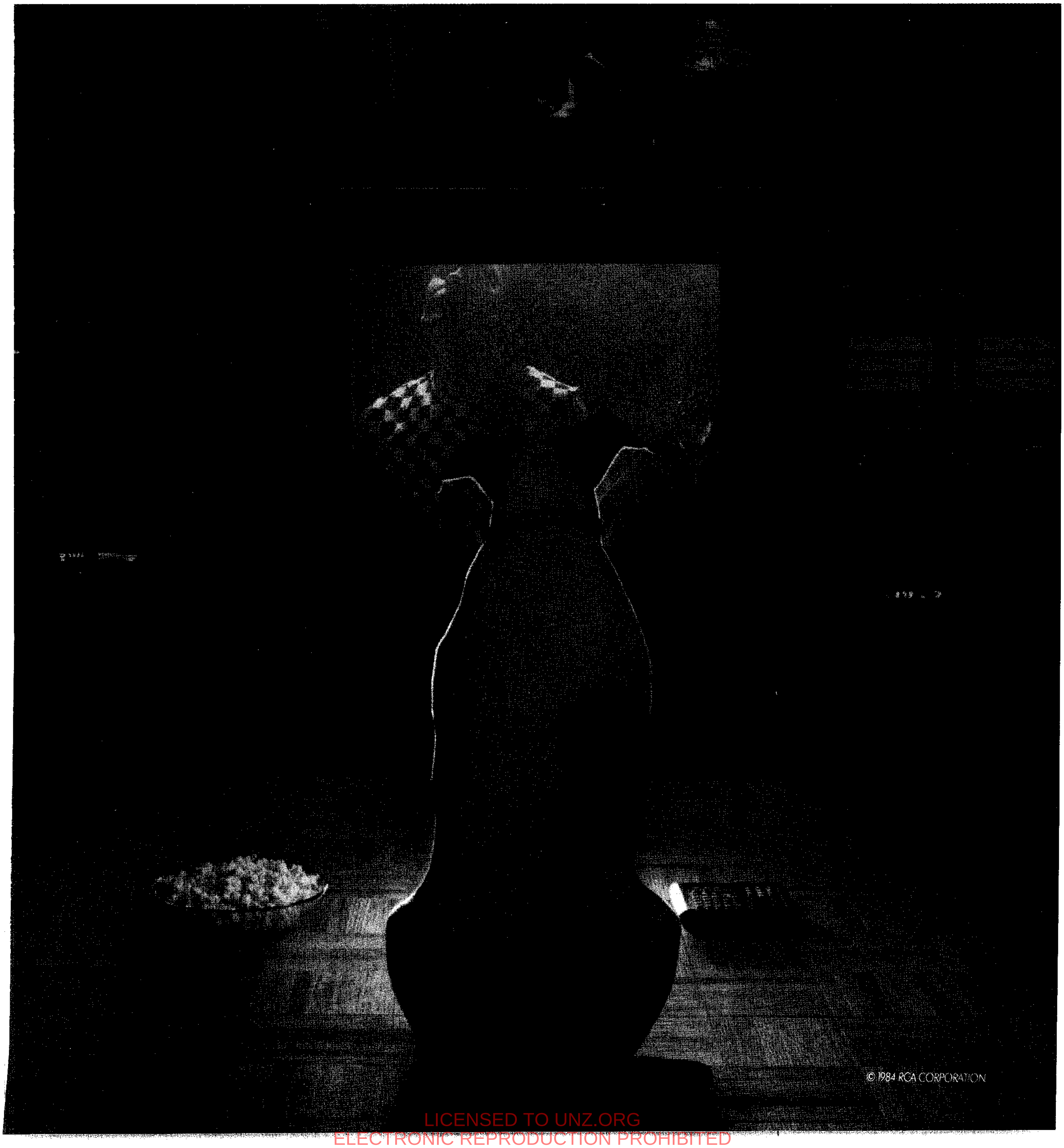

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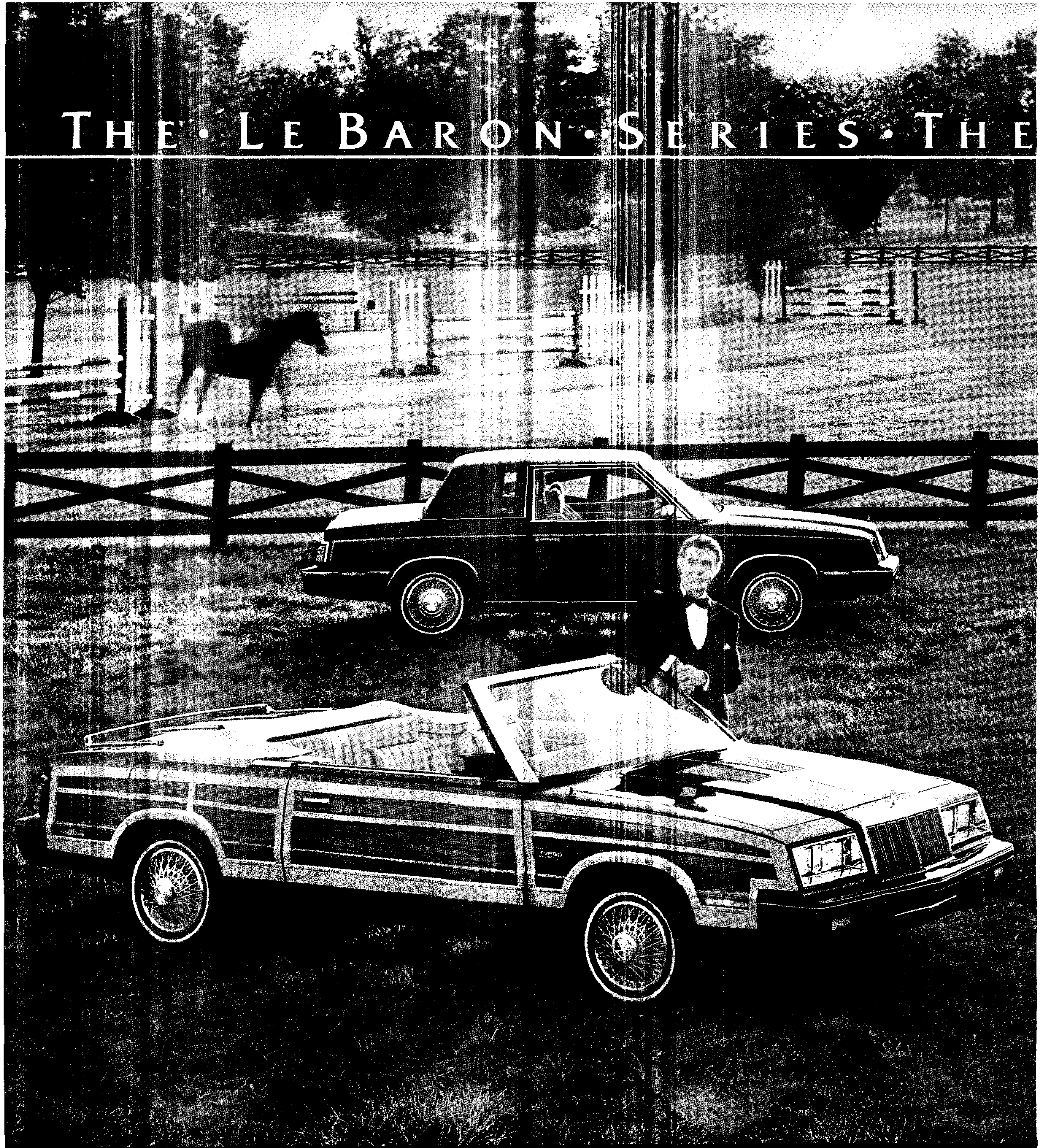

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This is the new science of luxury. It is made possible by a new breed of turbocharger. A fuel-injected water-cooled turbo that spins extra power out of thin air and delivers all the power you want for acceleration, for passing, for effortless cruising in comfort and luxury.

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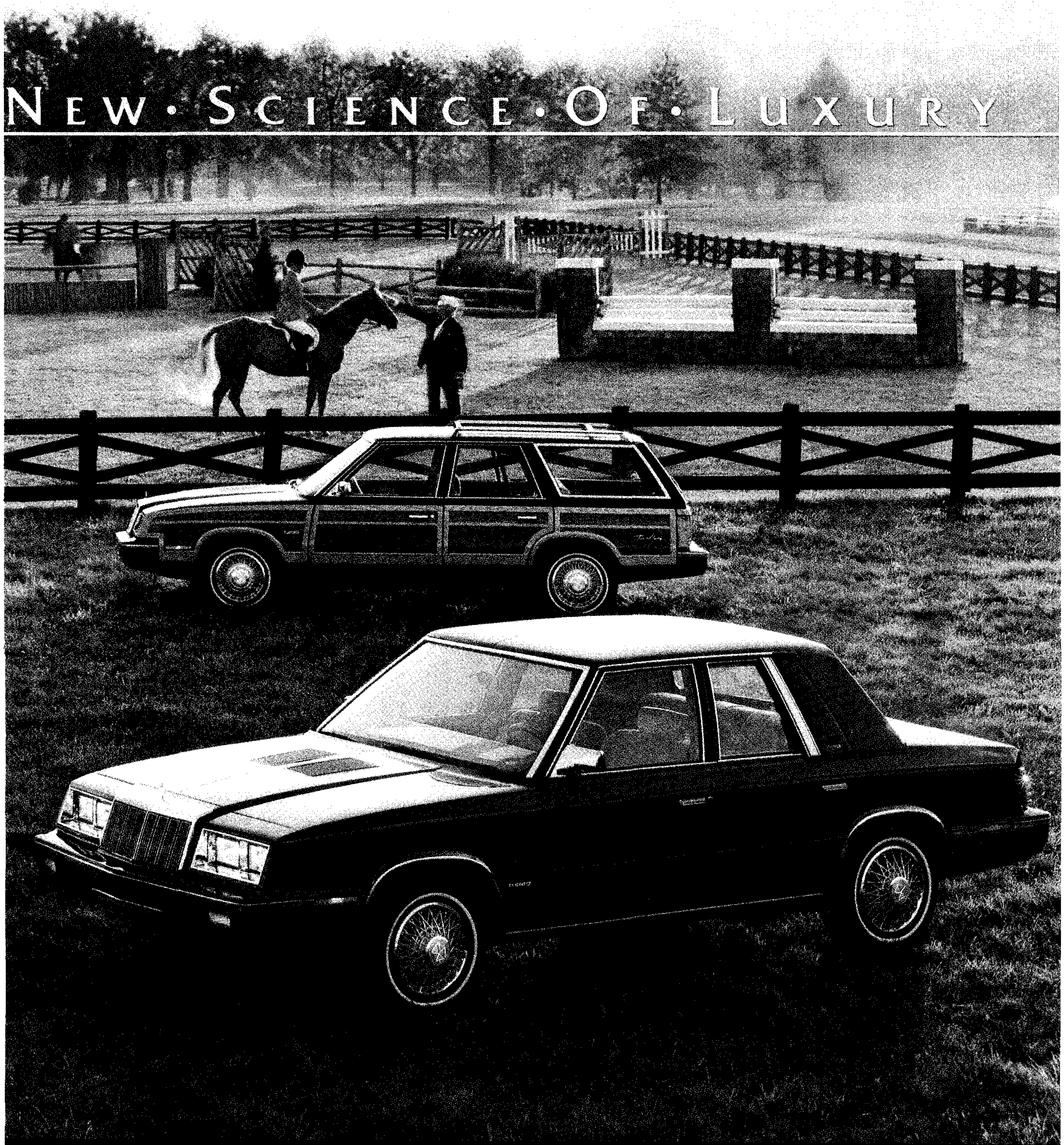
And because this is Chrysler engineering at its best, you enjoy the reassurance of protection. Your

*Whichever comes first. Limited warranty. Deductible applies. Excludes fleet/leases. Dealer has details. Use these EPA ests. to compare. for '82 and '83 models designed and built in North America.



power of a V-8 with the efficiency of a 4 cylinder.

engine, your drivetrain and even your turbo are backed by Chrysler's 5-year or 50,000-mile Protection Plan,* while outer body rust-through is covered for the same period.

Naturally, the many comforts and conveniences for which the Chrysler LeBarons have always been known are still standard, and Mark Cross leather is available as the final luxury.

All cars transport you. But the unique Chrysler LeBaron Series moves you—like no other cars in America, Europe or Japan. Buckle up for safety. **23** HWY EST MPG** **20** CITY EST MPG**

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

TABACKIN on tenor sax. Sets begin at eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**KAYE BALLARD** and **ARTHUR SIEGEL** perform a singing tribute, "Here's to the Ladies: Carolyn Leigh, Dorothy Fields, and Nancy Hamilton," Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band, with Woody Allen usually on celebrity clarinet, occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—In spite of the gelati glut in the seventies and eighties, the coolest spot on Columbus Avenue is this club, which is known for the R. & B. and jazz bands that have been performing here for more than a decade. The music: Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 12-13, Latin-jazz pianist **MICHAEL CAMILO'S** sextet; Friday through Sunday, Dec. 14-16, alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** and his hot, macho Latin-jazz combo; Monday, Dec. 17, ten adept rhythm-and-blues players known as **JUMP STREET**; Tuesday, Dec. 18, Ron Granger; Wednesday, Dec. 19, Rock Wilk; Thursday, Dec. 20, Don Lewis; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 21-22, singer **JON LUCIEN.** Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**PANAMA FRANCIS & HIS SAVOY SULTANS** play irresistible, uplifting music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Thursday, Dec. 13, Black Flag, the Casa Loma Orchestra of slam dancing; Friday, Dec. 14, the Rescue and the Blind Dates; Saturday, Dec. 15, the Higsons and the Nails; Wednesday, Dec. 19, singer and rockabillyish songwriter **MARSHALL CRENSHAW**; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 21-22, singer and guitarist **TOM VERLAINE.** Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the King Cole Room, pianist and occasional singer **JOE BUSHKIN** and a worthy sextet go to work Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, Dec. 12, Tabou Combo; Thursday, Dec. 13, Gumbe Sounds; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 14-15, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND**; Sunday, Dec. 16, Round Trip; Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 19-20, reggaeist **PABLO MOSES**; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 21-22, **PÉ-DE-BOI.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Tenor saxophonists **FRANK FOSTER** and **FRANK WESS,** who both attended the Count Basie Institute from 1953 to 1964, co-pilot a quintet through Sunday, Dec. 16, and on Tuesday, Dec. 18, pianist **JAKI BYARD** and saxophonist **NORRIS TURNEY** will bring in the **DUKE'S MEN.** Mondays are given over to pianist, composer, and sage **GIL EVANS** and his **ORCHESTRA.** Shows from about ten. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays after nine are salsa nights in the barnlike downstairs room. On Dec. 17, **TITO PUENTE'S ORCHESTRA, JOSÉ ALBERTO** and his orchestra, and altoist **SONNY FORTUNE,** the guest jazz soloist, will be on hand. . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, you can spot piano-bass duos after nine-thirty: the **KIRK LIGHTSEY** duo performs through Sunday, Dec. 16, and on Tuesday, Dec. 18, **ROLAND HANNA** and his bassist will take over. In addition, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays Tuesdays with her combo.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world are attracted to this basement, and so is the **RICHIE COLE** quartet through Sunday, Dec. 16, and **SLIDE HAMPTON'S** quartet beginning Tuesday, Dec. 18. Monday night's tradition is the **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND.** Music after ten.

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16	17	18	19	20	21	22

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food (Columbia University is just across Broadway), beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing, partly Latin-jazz, partly funky music. Wednesday, Dec. 12, **RAY BARRETTO** and his orchestra; Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 13-15, trumpeter **CLARK TERRY**; Sunday through Tuesday, Dec. 16-18, Bill Spilka's Rowdy Rooters; Wednesday, Dec. 19, **JERRY GONZALEZ** & the Apache Band; and Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 20-22, Harlem's own **PAZANT BROTHERS.** Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and pianists and bassists in it. The music schedule: **RAY BRYANT** and **JIMMY ROWSER** through Saturday, Dec. 15; Sunday and Monday, Dec. 16-17, Brian Torff and Jim Roberts; and starting Tuesday, Dec. 18, **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and **CECIL MC BEE.** Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Highlights in Jazz—Saxophone Spectacular, featuring Jimmy Heath, Paquito d'Rivera, Harold Ashby, Norris Turney, and Joe Temperley. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

Motörhead—With Mercyful Fate and Exciter. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

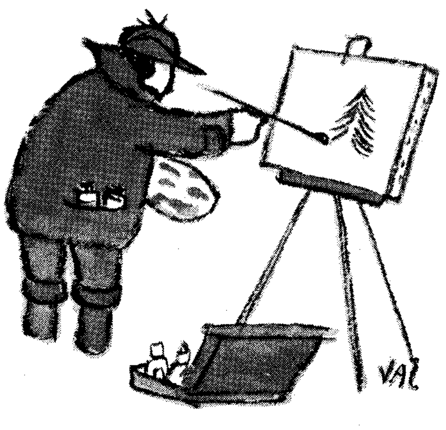
Festa Brazil—Friday, Dec. 14, at 8: Flora Purim & Airto, Jelon Vieira, and DanceBrazil. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8: Brazilian All-Stars, and DanceBrazil. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400.)

American Folk Roots—The second in a series of eight concerts, this one devoted to the Southwestern tradition. With Junior Dougherty. (Alternative Museum. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8. . . . ¶ Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7800. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8:30.)

Josephine Livoti—With Bross Townsend, Paul West, and Greg Bandy. (Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 244-0997. Friday, Dec. 14, at 10, 11:30, and 1.)

Quiet Riot—With Armored Saint. (Beacon Theatre. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

Akbar Ali's Black Swan Quartet—With Milford Graves. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8.)



Valerie Capers and the All-City Concert Choir—Performing the Christmas cantata "Sing About Love" by Miss Capers. (Symphony Space. Sunday, Dec. 16, at 7:30.)

Ann Reinking—In a performance entitled "Music Moves Me." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Thursday, Dec. 20, through Sunday, Jan. 6. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Kinks—Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Friday, Dec. 21, at 8.

Julio Iglesias—In a benefit for the American Cancer Society. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, Dec. 21, at 8:30.)

Jazz Center of New York—Friday and Saturday, Dec. 14-15, at 9: Houston Person & Etta Jones. . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 16, at 8: Muhal Richard Abrams quartet. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 17, at 9: Tom Pierson band. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 22, at 9: Ran Blake. (380 Lafayette St. 505-5660.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Romare Bearden—Watercolors dealing with Obeah rituals the artist encountered on the Caribbean island of St. Martin, his second home. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Eleanor De Laittre / John von Wicht (1888-1970)—Nicely balanced abstract paintings from the thirties and forties, plus two small sculptures. / Abstract paintings with a pronounced nautical flavor. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Diamond, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Arthur G. Dove (1880-1946)—A three-gallery exhibit. Through Dec. 29. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. . . . ¶ Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays. . . . ¶ Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Nancy Graves / James McNeill Whistler (1834-1903)—New works described as paintings, although each has a sculpture bolted to the canvas. Through Jan. 3. / A loan show of a hundred and thirty-eight small works, including oils, watercolors, pastels, drawings, and prints, in an exhibit that complements one at the Frick Collection. Through Dec. 27. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Walter Koenigstein—Graphite drawings on paper and aluminum, by an Austrian artist. Through Jan. 12. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Robert M. Kulicke—Still-lifes and seascapes in oil, plus jewelry designed by the artist with Bessie Jamieson. Through Jan. 5. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Michael Lekakis—Sculptures in elm, walnut, mahogany. Through Dec. 29. (Kouros, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Seymour Lipton—Recent abstract metal sculptures. Through Jan. 8. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

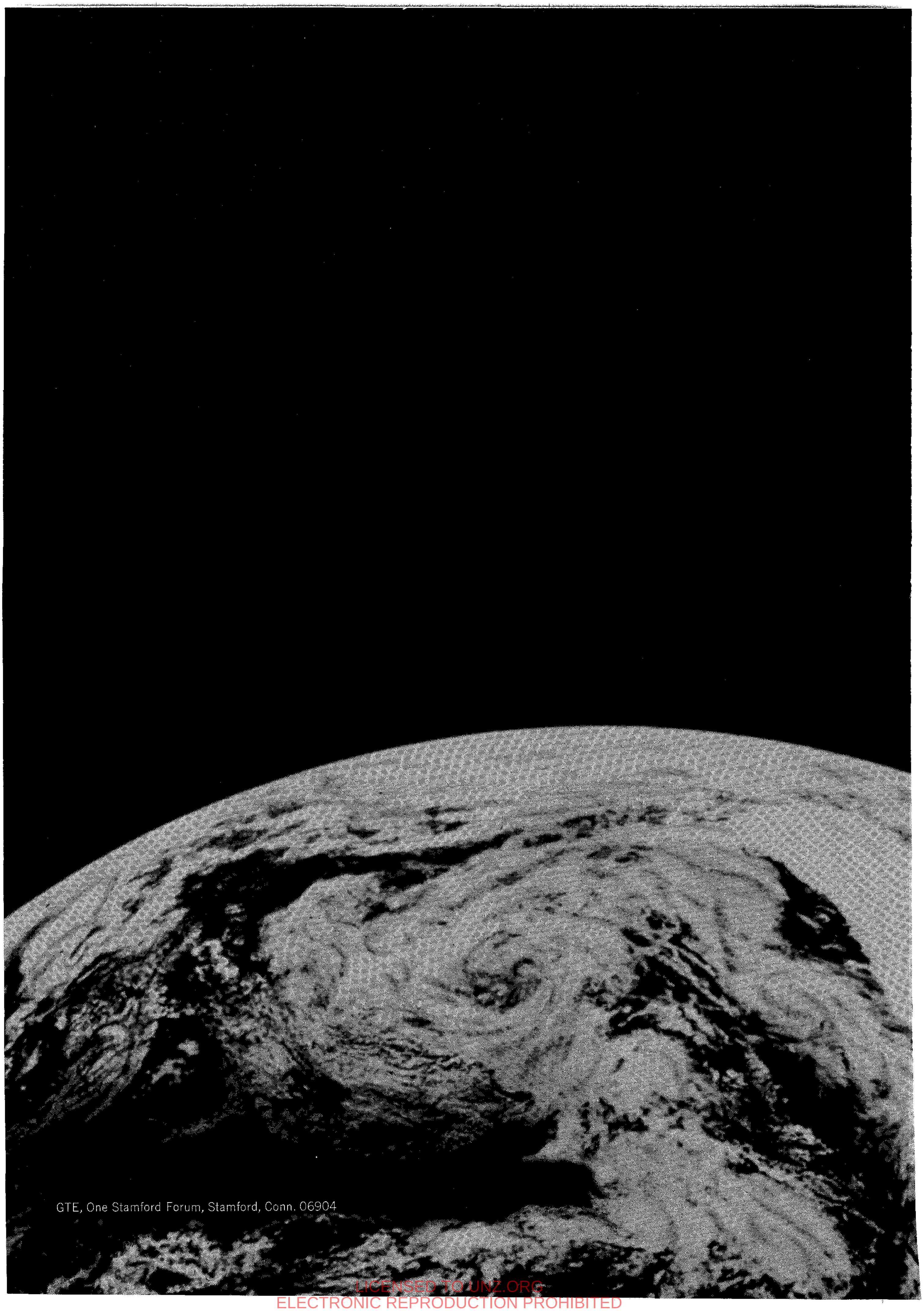
Teddy Millington-Drake—Watercolors of the Greek island of Patmos, and interiors. Through Jan. 12. (Mazoh, 13 E. 76th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Kevin Moss—Oil paintings that catch the particular light of Manhattan at dusk and at dawn, by a twenty-seven-year-old artist having his first one-man show. Through Jan. 5. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

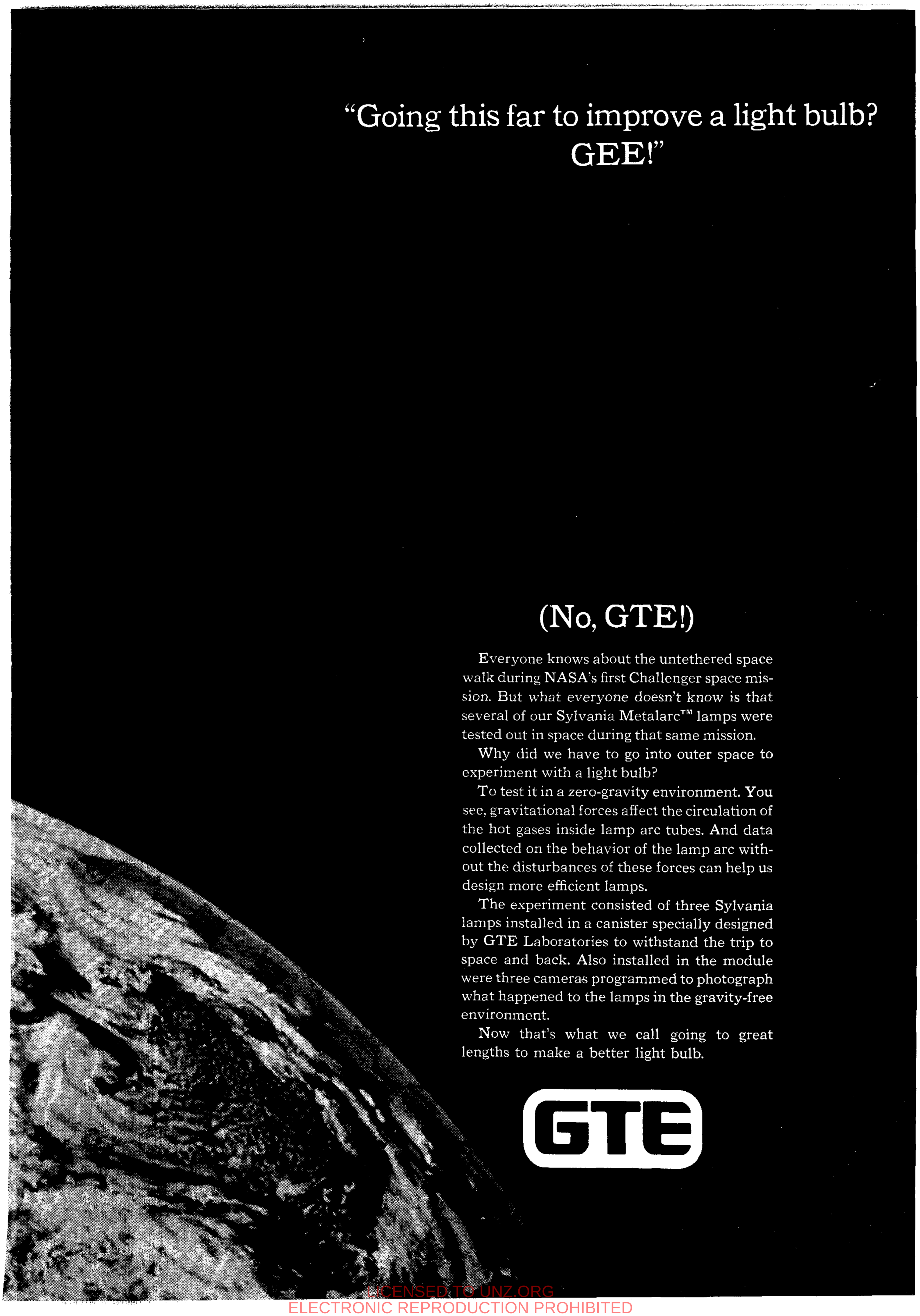
Fritz Scholder—Two series of paintings and monotypes—one subject is shamans, the other is the Empire State Building—both treated in a symbolic rather than representational manner. Through Jan. 5. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

J. J. Sempé—Drawings and watercolors. Through Jan. 19. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.) . . . ¶ Original drawings by the artist for covers that have appeared on *The New Yorker.* Through Jan. 31. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Judith Shea—Bronze sculptures that suggest rather than duplicate various bits of clothing,



GTE, One Stamford Forum, Stamford, Conn. 06904



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Now that’s what we call going to great lengths to make a better light bulb.

GTE

sometimes in mildly erotic arrangements. Also, drawings. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Max Weber (1881-1961)—Woodcuts and lithographs. Through Jan. 9. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Group Shows—At the **steinbaum,** 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.: An invitational exhibit of sets and costumes for seven plays, designed by artists who had little experience in this area. Peter Campus did the sets and Judith Shea did the costumes for "Rhinoceros;" Robert Kushner did both tasks for "Façade." Through Jan. 5. . . . **vanderwoude tananbaum,** 24 E. 81st St.: Toys and games created by fifty-five contemporary artists; the proceeds of sales will go to the Big Apple Circus. Through Dec. 29.

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

James Butler—Paintings and pastels of men, women, and children in ordinary domestic situations, except that visible emanations of some sort (electric? psychic? seismic?) seem to be radiating in several of them. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Walter Dahn—Big, bold, simplistic paintings, several of them reflecting this Cologne artist's interest in Africa. There are also drawings, and small sculptures on high pedestals. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St.)

John Digby—Shapes of birds and animals are cut out of nineteenth-century prints in this group of collages. Through Jan. 5. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jean Dubuffet—A series of paintings entitled "Mires" (sightings); several were seen this past summer at the Venice Biennale. Through Jan. 12. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Jeanne Duval—Paintings of Italian interiors and landscapes by an American artist now living there. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Mary Frank—Monotypes in which horses and silhouetted figures race across landscapes, plus two figure sculptures in the sort of piecemeal ceramic for which she is noted. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Juan Genovés / John Piper—Paintings of stark urban landscapes. / Paintings of cathedrals in Great Britain. Through Dec. 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Hans Hokanson / Emily Mason—Large, freestanding redwood sculptures, several of them like immense modernist finials. / Roseate hues stand out in these abstractions painted in oil on paper. Through Thursday, Dec. 20. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Roberto Juarez / Diane Arbus (1923-71)—Expressionist paintings and drawings. / Photographic portraits of Charles Atlas, James Brown, Mae West, and others. Through Jan. 5. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Fernand Léger (1881-1955)—Thirty-five paintings, notably some early Cubist works. Through Jan. 5. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Michael Luchs—Tape, paper, and colored pigments are incorporated into large works on scratched, burned, and otherwise marred surfaces. Through Jan. 5. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

Antine Nivola—The female figure is irreducibly simplified in marble sculptures on exhibit in a two-gallery show. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Washburn uptown, at 42 E. 57th St., and downtown, at 113 Greene St.)

Kenneth Noland—New paintings. Through Dec. 29. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

William Palmer—Recent landscape paintings. Through Jan. 5. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Janis Provisor—Paintings in oil and metallic leaf, as well as works on paper. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Harriet Shorr / David Hendricks—Realist still-lifes of flowers, a sewing machine, embroidered napery. / Large-scale landscapes and cityscapes meticulously rendered in graphite and colored pencil. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

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Mark Tobey (1890-1976)—Tempera paintings, a mixed-medium watercolor, a gouache, and several prints. Through Jan. 5. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Nigel Van Wieck—Narrative paintings of men and women in various locales—in caves, at the seashore, and so on. The painter is British and now lives in New York. Through Dec. 29. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **alexander,** 20 W. 57th St.: Drawings by Jane Dickson (through Jan. 12), and paintings by Ken Goodman and Richard Tobias (through Jan. 5). . . . **associated american artists,** 20 W. 57th St.: Prints by Thomas Hart Benton, Adolf Dehn, Max Beckmann, Carol Summers, Edward Ruscha, and others. Through Dec. 29. . . . **blum helman,** 20 W. 57th St.: New works—small still-lifes by Donald Sultan, in which a single lemon (or a plate of figs or pears or asparagus) stands out on a black tar ground; a huge canvas by Enzo Cucchi, in which a lonely chair is exposed in a wasteland; and four mainstream canvases by Robert Rauschenberg. Through Jan. 5. . . . **galerie maeght lelong,** 9 W. 57th St.: Drawings by Balthus, Giacometti, Morandi, others. Through Jan. 19. (Open Mondays.) . . . **pearl,** 38 E. 57th St.: Various works that have plastic products as their principal component. Jasper Johns, Frank Stella, Stephen Greene, Judy Pfaff, others. Through Jan. 5. . . . **schoelkopf,** 50 W. 57th St.: A return engagement of a 1963 show of realist paintings which is extended with current works by the nine original artists, three of whom are Leland Bell, Audrey Flack, and Sidney Tillim. Through Jan. 2. . . . **wunderlich,** 41 E. 57th St.: A display of prints of American cities from 1820 to 1900 which includes an 1885 Currier & Ives lithograph of the Brooklyn Bridge with the not yet completed Statue of Liberty in the background. Through Jan. 19.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Alighiero E. Boetti—Pencil-on-canvas works, *most of them abstractions, plus four engaging* sketches of frolicking gibbons. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Donna Byars—Large-scale sculptures, emblematic and altarlike, in mixed mediums, including cement and wood. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Gretna Campbell—A new set of Maine landscapes. Through Jan. 5. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

George Condo—Paintings of baroque ornamentation laid onto daggers, dress forms, or the artist's own name, lettered out splendidly on a lush landscape. Through Jan. 5. (Gladstone, 152 Wooster St.)

Gene Davis—Fifty-one tall, thin, stripe paintings in acrylic, mounted ten inches apart. Also, drawings and wider stripe paintings. Through Dec. 29. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Robert Fichter / Michael Berkowitz—Fantasy paintings—for instance, a man wrestling a bear in an arena packed with nightmarish figures. / A room-size installation that seems to update an Egyptian burial chamber. Through Jan. 5. (Freidus-Ordover, 70 Greene St.)

Frank Gehry—Functional lamps, all right, but they're made of Formica chips put together to form realistic fish and large snakes, eerily lit from within. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

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Gary Hall—New paintings, each showing a tiny figure climbing up a sheer cliff of ice. Through Jan. 12. (Concord, 451 Broome St.)

Peter Hutchinson—Photographs of mountains with texts that provide succinct examples of some of the rules governing mountain grammar, a system not unlike everyday grammar. The text for "Alps Passive" reads, "I was informed that there was deep snow in the forest." Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.)

Donald Judd—A new generation of his boxes, some heroic in size. Through Saturday, Dec. 15. (Castelli, at 420 West Broadway, and at 142 Greene St.) . . . ¶ Protetch, 37 W. 57th St., is showing architectural drawings and limited-edition furniture by Mr. Judd. Through Jan. 5.

Joe Lewis—Huge renditions of the DeLorean sports car dominate this show of widely varied items, including several sets of dominoes made of Ivory soap. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Manhattan Art, 81 Greene St.)

Ju Ming—Tai Chi movements illustrated in bronze. Through Dec. 29. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Stephen Mueller—Abstract paintings in impastoed acrylics. Through Jan. 3. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Matt Mullican—The symbols in these large, impressive banners and paintings are like "No U-Turn" signs and the wineglass stencils meaning "Fragile" on a package, but the meanings are esoteric rather than universal. Through Dec. 29. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

John Okulick—Wall sculptures of spirals and ellipses that are painted in metallic blacks, silvers, golds, and mauves. Through Jan. 16. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Kenny Scharf—Heroic canvases, done in oils and spray-can paint, that seem to apotheosize Cracker Jack prizes, plus a 1961 Cadillac gaudily decorated down to its whitewalls. Through Jan. 5. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Hannah Wilke—Polychrome ceramic sculptures based on the womb, plus harrowing photographs of her mother's ordeal with cancer. Through Dec. 29. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Robert Wilson—Drawings, 1974-84, including many for "Einstein on the Beach." Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Group Shows—At **carpenter+hochman,** 420 West Broadway: Works by three Surrealists—Victor Brauner, Marcel Jean, and Kurt Seligmann. Through Jan. 26. . . . **esman,** 121 Spring St.: Assorted drawings by Lissitzky, Schwitters, Rothko, and such contemporary artists as Anselm Kiefer and Italo Scanga. Through Jan. 5. . . . **toll,** 146 Greene St.: The drawing show here is devoted to compositions from the past five years, by Artschwager, Fischl, LeWitt, and others. Through Saturday, Dec. 22.

OTHER GALLERIES

Ross Bleckner—New paintings, including a ten-by-fourteen-foot work entitled "The Oceans," made specifically for the Nature Morte gallery space. Through Dec. 30. (Nature Morte, 204 E. 10th St. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6:30.)

Dana Bryan Garrett—Paintings. Through Dec. 30. (Garet, 204 E. 10th St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

Susan Hartnett—Colored drawings interpreting the forces of nature at work along the Hudson and in Newfoundland. Through Jan. 12. (Art Galaxy, 262 Mott St., just south of Houston St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Neil Jenney—Six paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 22. (Oil & Steel, 157 Chambers St.)

Roberto Pace—Large abstract canvases by a young Roman artist with a bent for luminous earth colors. Through Jan. 8. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

Group Show—Costumes, or works derived from costumes, including a William Wegman photograph of his late dog Man Ray in a costume made by Robert Kushner; sculptures by

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Saks Fifth Avenue

Judith Shea, Robert Anton, and others; and more. Through Jan. 5. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Russell Drisch—Photographic blowups amended by the artist with wax pencil and transparent colors. Through Friday, Dec. 21. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Marianne Engberg—Pinhole photographs of Jerusalem which concentrate on architectural elements—ancient and modern. Through Dec. 29. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

Grace Knowlton—Diptychs and triptychs of interior architectural details, printed in silver and in platinum. Through Jan. 26. (Harder, 37 W. 57th St.)

O. Winston Link and Harold Edgerton—Prints whose subjects are illuminated by, in the first instance, a synchronized flash or, in the second, a stroboscope, which Edgerton invented. Through Jan. 5. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Joel Meyerowitz and Vivian Bower—Color photographs of Cape Cod landscapes by Mr. Meyerowitz, and pastels of the same by Miss Bower. Photographer and artist are husband and wife. Through Jan. 5. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Charles Traub / Garry Winogrand (1928-1984)—Color photographs. / Black-and-white prints from four different series. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.) . . . ¶ Zabriskie, upstairs, has a show of Mr. Winogrand's photographs from the series "Women Are Beautiful." All through Jan. 12.

International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: The work of more than seventy *Life* photojournalists, including Margaret Bourke-White, Philippe Halsman, and Gordon Parks, who fulfilled these particular assignments between 1946 and 1955. Through Jan. 13. (Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The van Gogh show; a canvas-by-canvas chronicle of his months in Arles, February 1888 to May 1889, with a few works by Gauguin painted during his brief stay with van Gogh. Through Dec. 30. . . . ¶ The first large-scale exhibit of Maori tribal artifacts to leave New Zealand consists of close to two hundred objects, such as house posts, canoe prows, and ceremonial sculptures. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ The John M. Crawford, Jr., collection of Chinese paintings and calligraphy is being shown in two parts, this first part containing about eighty hand-scrolls, hanging scrolls, album leaves, and fans. Through Feb. 24. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Primitivism in 20th Century Art," a show of a hundred and fifty paintings and sculptures and two hundred tribal objects which demonstrates the critical influence of tribal art, mainly African and Oceanic, on Western modernism. Through Jan. 15. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of paintings, collages, drawings, and prints by Robert Motherwell, one of the original Abstract Expressionists. Through Feb. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An installation of Claire Zeisler's fibre works, including several constructed with red-dyed jute. Starts Friday, Dec. 14. . . . ¶ A show of sculptures that were created when Abstract Expressionism flourished; among the twenty-two artists are David Smith, Louise Bourgeois, Isamu Noguchi, and Louise Nevelson. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Bronze sculptures by Nancy Graves, Sandro Chia, Isaac Witkin, Anthony Caro, Bryan Hunt, and George Segal. Through Jan. 6. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

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American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Margaret Mead Hall of Pacific Peoples, a permanent exhibit honoring Dr. Mead's work in Australia, Indonesia, the Philippines, Melanesia, Micronesia, and Polynesia, *is now open to the public*. The 1,488 artifacts on view, some three hundred collected by Dr. Mead herself, range from Bali shadow puppets to a Maori storehouse. Starts Friday, Dec. 14. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Of the sixty or so paintings and drawings by contemporary American artists (Robert Colescott, Fay Jones, and Hedda Sterne among them) in the annual Childe Hassam and Eugene Speicher Purchase Fund show, a third will be bought and given to museums by the Academy-Institute, in part with funds raised by the sale of paintings and drawings by Eugene Speicher (1883-1962), which are also on view. Through Sunday, Dec. 16. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

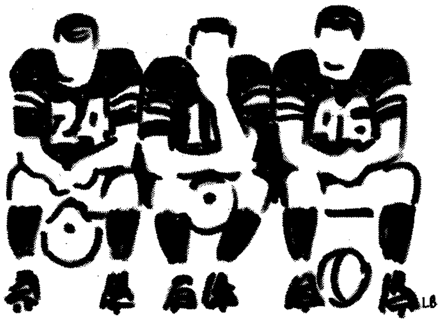
Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Pierre Le-Tan, André François, Jean-Michel Folon, and Nicola Bayley are among the artists represented in a show of illustrations by European artists which appeared in books, magazines, newspapers, and posters over the past ten years. Through Feb. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Four full-length portraits by James McNeill Whistler (1834-1903) and pastels and prints are included in an exhibit that marks the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the artist's birth. Through Feb. 3. A show of more than a hundred small works by Whistler is at M. Knoedler and Co., 19 E. 70th St. (The Frick is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—More than seventy-five Italian illuminated manuscripts and single leaves (devotional and secular books) of the late Middle Ages and the Renaissance. Through Feb. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—Photographs, works on paper, and videotapes that present artists' views on sex stereotypes in popular culture. Barbara Kruger, Victor Burgin, and Jeff Wall *are among those represented*. Through Feb. 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 8, when there is no admission fee after 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A display of books from the Berg Collection which is centered on copies inscribed by their authors, in some cases accompanied by a letter. Next to the Brontës' "Poems by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell," presented to Thomas De Quincey, is a letter from Charlotte Brontë, signed "Currer Bell." . . . ¶ Illuminated manuscripts illustrating the Nativity are on display at the Gottesman Exhibition Hall. Through Jan. 15. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6; Berg Collection closed Thursdays.)



Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—A show of traditional African art and of nineteenth- and twentieth-century African-American paintings, sculptures, and photographs from the collections of the museum, the Schomburg Center, and the Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., State Office Building. Through Dec. 30. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 223 West Broadway. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Dec. 22, 11 to 6.—Robert Longo chose the show here, which consists of paintings and sculptures by seven artists. Through Jan. 12.

The Kitchen, 59 Wooster St. 925-3615.—"Rotorblade," a program of music and dance by Fast Forward and Yves Musard, Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 13-16, at 8:30.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.—"Avant-Garde-Arama," Friday, Dec. 14 (Linda Hammett, Harry Kipper, and others), and Saturday, Dec. 15 (Frank Maya; Dancenoise, with David Linton; and others). Both evenings at 9.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

Waverly Consort—Six performances of "The Christmas Story," a pageant based on medieval music manuscripts. (Church of St. Mary the Virgin, 139 W. 46th St. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 13-15, at 7 and 9:15. For tickets, call 944-9300.)

Opera Ensemble of New York—Ruth Bierhoff conducting the final performances of Menotti's "Amahl and the Night Visitors." Staged by John J. D. Sheehan. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 15-16, at 3 and 7. For information about tickets, call 288-1485.)

Ensemble for Early Music—Frederick Renz directing performances of a medieval musical drama, "Daniel and the Lions." (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 14-15, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 16, at 4. For tickets, call 662-2133.) . . . ¶ A program called "Christemas in Anglia," with the Gleemen. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 22, at 8.)

New Calliope Singers—Peter Schubert directing a program of French music. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing, with Peter, Paul & Mary. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 16, at 2:30 and 8.)

Vienna Choir Boys—Peter Marschik directing. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Dec. 16, at 3.)

Canby Singers—Edward Tatnall Canby directing. (St. John's Church in the Village, 224 Waverly Pl., at W. 11th St. Sunday, Dec. 16, at 3. Admission by contribution.)

New Amsterdam Singers—Clara Longstreth directing. (St. Ignatius Episcopal Church, West End Ave. at 87th St. Sunday, Dec. 16, at 4. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

New York City Gay Men's Chorus—Gary Miller directing. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 18, at 8.)

CHANTICLEER—An all-male a-cappella chamber choir, in its first appearance here. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

CALLIOPE: A RENAISSANCE BAND—With Jane Bryden, soprano. (Christ Church United Methodist, Park Ave. at 60th St. Friday, Dec. 21, at 8. For information about tickets, call 838-3036.)

CANTICUM NOVUM SINGERS—Harold Rosenbaum directing. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Dec. 22, at 8.)

HANDEL'S "MESSIAH"—MUSICA SACRA: Richard Westenburg directing, with Pamela Coburn, soprano; Jeffrey Gall, countertenor; Jon Humphrey, tenor; and John Cheek, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 7:30.) . . . **MASTERWORK CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA:** David Randolph directing, with, variously, Judith Nicosia and Judith Blegen, sopranos; Grayson Hirst and Eugene Carter, tenors; Richard Crist and Edward Pierson, basses; Cynthia Rose, mezzo-soprano; and Michael May, harpsichord. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 15, at 2:30 and 8 [a benefit performance].) . . . **DESSOFF CHOIRS:** Amy Kaiser directing, with Elizabeth Pruett, soprano; Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor; Gregory Mercer, tenor; David Arnold, bass; and the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8.) . . . **ST. THOMAS CHOIR:** Gerre Hancock directing, with Salley Bradshaw, soprano; Johnson Flucker, countertenor; Mark Bleeke, tenor; Wilbur Pauley, bass; and the Concert Royal performing on baroque instruments. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Tuesday, Dec. 18, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.) . . . **SING-IN AT AVERY FISHER HALL:** Directed (seriatim, fortunately) by twenty choral conductors. Julia Lovett, soprano; Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor; Mukund Marathe, tenor; and Kevin Deas, bass, will appear as the soloists, and the audience itself will serve as the chorus. With Kenneth Bowen, organ. (Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 7:30.) . . . **ORATORIO SOCIETY OF NEW YORK:** Lyndon Woodside directing, with Jean Ann Teal, soprano; Rose Taylor, mezzo-soprano; Henry Ingram, tenor; and Jan Opalach, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 8: "Simon Boccanegra," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Vasile Moldoveanu, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Kathleen Battle, Dalmacio Gonzalez, and Leo Nucci; Edoardo Mueller. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 14, at 8: "Così Fan Tutte," with Carol Vaness, Ann Murray, David Rendall, and David Holloway; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 15, at 2:30: "Elektra," with Ute Vinzing, Johanna Meier, Christa Ludwig, and Richard Cassilly; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8: "Simon Boccanegra," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Vasile Moldoveanu, Peter Glossop, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 17, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Kathleen Battle, Dalmacio Gonzalez, and Leo Nucci; Edoardo Mueller. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 18, at 8: "Simon Boccanegra," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Vladimir Popov, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 8: "Così Fan Tutte," with Carol Vaness, Ann Murray, David Rendall, and David Holloway; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 20, at 8: "Elektra," with Ute Vinzing, Johanna Meier, Christa Ludwig, and Richard Cassilly; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 21, at 8: "Aida," with Leontyne Price, Fiorenza Cossotto, James McCracken, and Simon Estes; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 22, at 2: "Così Fan Tutte," with Carol Vaness, Ann Murray, David Rendall, and David Holloway; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 22, at 8: "Simon Boccanegra," with Aprile Millo, Vasile Moldoveanu, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; James Levine.

AMATO OPERA COMPANY—Mozart's "The Magic Flute," in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 14-15, at 7:30, and Sunday, Dec. 16, at 2:30.)

GOLDEN FLEECE LTD.—Presenting the New York première of the London version of Charles Strouse's opera "Nightingale," based on the

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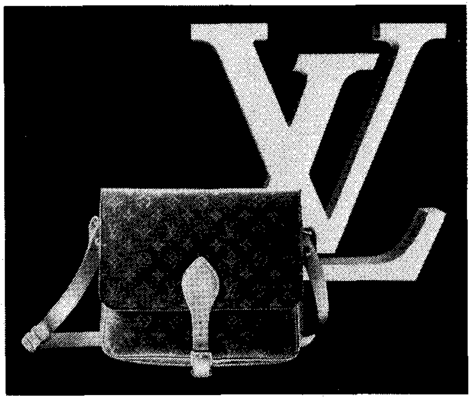

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Hans Christian Andersen story. (TOMI, 23 W. 73rd St. 691-6105. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 13-14, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 15, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, Dec. 16, at 3 and 7.)

Opera Shop of Vineyard Theatre—James Kurtz conducting performances of Thomas Augustine Arne's 1762 English ballad opera "Love in a Village." Staged by Joseph LoSchiavo. (309 E. 26th St. 683-0696. Friday through Sunday, Dec. 14-16, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 21-22, at 8; and Sunday, Dec. 23, at 3.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta directing—Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 13-15, at 8, and Tuesday, Dec. 18, at 7:30 (all with Joseph Robinson, oboe). . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 20, at 8; Friday, Dec. 21, at 2; and Saturday, Dec. 22, at 8 (all with Catherine Malfitano, soprano; Kimball Wheeler, mezzo-soprano; and the New York Choral Artists).

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa directing two performances of Honegger's dramatic oratorio "Jeanne d'Arc au Bûcher," with Mary Burgess and Mary Shearer, sopranos; Jocelyn Taillon, mezzo-soprano; John Gilmore, tenor; Terry Cook, bass; the Tanglewood Festival Chorus; the Boston Boy Choir; the Youth Pro Musica; and Marthe Keller and Georges Wilson in speaking roles. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 12-13, at 8.)

Scandinavian American Chamber Orchestra—Goran Staxang conducting a program of Finnish music, with Arto Noras, cello; Kaija Saarikettu, violin; and the Swedenborg Quartet. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

Mannes Orchestra—Sidney Harth conducting. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Manhattan Philharmonic Orchestra—John Miner conducting a program of twentieth-century music. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave. at 122nd St. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Nathaniel Rosen, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

New York Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra—Raffael Adler conducting, with Jerome Lowenthal, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

Philharmonia Virtuosi Chamber Orchestra—Richard Kapp conducting a performance of Bach's six Brandenburg Concertos. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Dec. 21, at 8.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Gary Graffman, piano, and Jean Dane, viola. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Dec. 22, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 23, at 3.)

"Judas Maccabaeus"—David Randolph directing the St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra in two performances of Handel's oratorio. (Weil Sanctuary, Stephen Wise Free Synagogue, 30 W. 68th St. Sunday, Dec. 16, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 8, with Nan Nall, soprano; D'Anna Fortunato, mezzo-soprano; Grayson Hirst, tenor; Zelotes Edmund Toliver, bass; and John Challener, harpsichord.)

RECITALS

New York Philomusica—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

Steve Reich's "Drumming"—Mr. Reich and eleven other musicians performing this seventy-minute work that had its première thirteen years ago in the same place. (Museum of Modern Art Titus 1 Theatre, 11 W. 53rd St. Wednesday, Dec. 12, at 8:30. Tickets may be obtained at the Museum's information desk.)

League-ISCM Chamber Players—A program of music by Vincent Persichetti, Martin Boykan, Edmund Cionek, and Stravinsky. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

Josephine Mongiardo—Soprano, in an all-Bach program, with assisting artists. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Mendelssohn String Quartet—The last in a series of Mendelssohn-Schoenberg programs, this one with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

Danielle Woerner—Soprano, in a repeat performance of a program of poems set to music. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, Dec. 14, at 6. Tickets at the Bursar's office on the night of the concert.)

Rudolf Serkin—Piano. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—The third in a series of six concerts each featuring a guest violist, this one with Steven Tenenbom. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

Mannes Chamber Ensemble—Per Brevig conducting. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Murray Perahia—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

Sheila Schonbrun—Soprano, with Edmund Niemann, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Chamber Music at BAM—A Bach-Schoenberg-Franck program, performed by Joseph Swensen and Masuko Ushioda, violin; Scott Nickrenz, viola; Laurence Lesser, cello; Jean-Yves Thibaudet, piano; and Francis Menotti, speaker. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8:30, and Sunday, Dec. 16, at 2.)

Orpheus Chamber Ensemble—Presenting works written for, or arranged for, wind instruments. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Dec. 16, at 2.)

Charles Neidich—Clarinet. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Dec. 16, at 3.)

Edward Auer—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

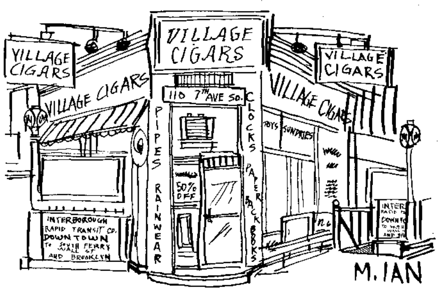
Beverly Morgan—Soprano, in a program of Russian and American songs. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

Harold Stover—Organ. (Second Presbyterian Church, 6 W. 96th St. Monday, Dec. 17, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Stephen Kates—Cello. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Dec. 18, at 2.)

Chamber Music at the Y—Yefim Bronfman, piano; Jaime Laredo, violin; Michael Tree, violin/viola; and Sharon Robinson, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 18-19, at 8.)

Group for Contemporary Music—A program of music by Babbitt, Sollberger, and others. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave. at 122nd St. Tuesday, Dec. 18, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)



Western Wind—A program of Christmas and Chanukah songs. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

Johanna Meier—Soprano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 22, at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Next Wave Festival—Performances of the Philip Glass–Robert Wilson opera **EINSTEIN ON THE BEACH**, with choreography by Lucinda Childs. The final offering in the second annual presentation of a series of programs of contemporary works of dance, music, theatre, and visual effects. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7, and Sundays at 2. Through Sunday, Dec. 23.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (all games at 7:30): Knicks vs. Utah, Thursday, Dec. 13. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Boston, Tuesday, Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Cleveland, Thursday, Dec. 20. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Milwaukee, Wednesday, Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Chicago, Friday, Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Washington, Wednesday, Dec. 19. . . . ¶ Nets vs. San Antonio, Friday, Dec. 21. (Games begin at 7:30.)

Professional Football—Giants vs. New Orleans Saints, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, Saturday, Dec. 15, at 12:30. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Tampa Bay Buccaneers, at Tampa Bay, Sunday, Dec. 16.

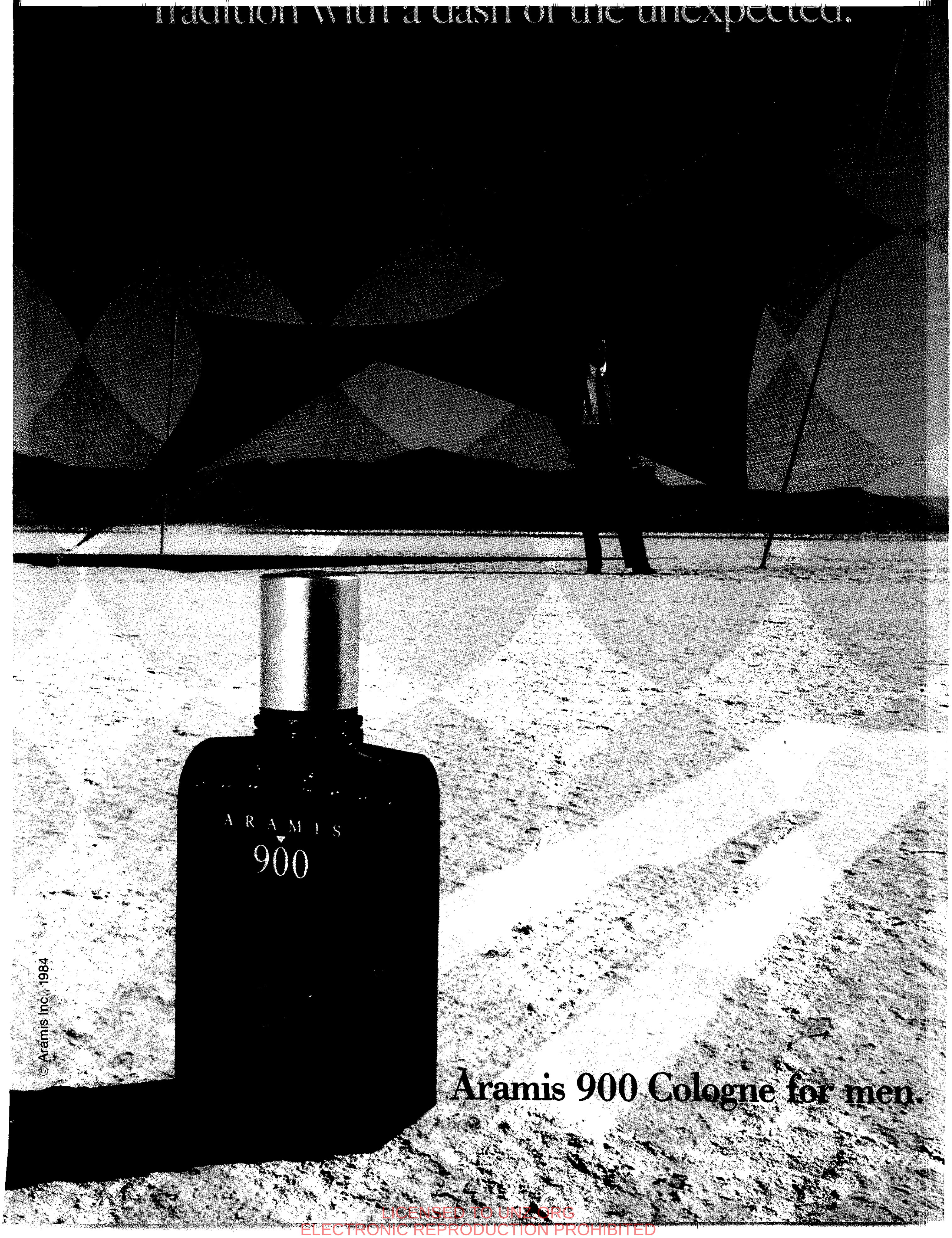
Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, Wednesday, Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Sunday, Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Winnipeg Jets, Wednesday, Dec. 19. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Dec. 15, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Winnipeg Jets, Tuesday, Dec. 18, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Saturday, Dec. 22, at 7:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. St. Louis Blues, Thursday, Dec. 13. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Quebec Nordiques, Saturday, Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Edmonton Oilers, Monday, Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Rangers, Saturday, Dec. 22. (Games begin at 7:35.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. The Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 15; the Roamer Handicap, Sunday, Dec. 16; and the Firenze Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 22. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Monday, Dec. 31.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Drama Readings—Arthur Kopit and Tina Howe reading from their own plays. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Dec. 17, at 8.) . . . ¶ Mary Fell, Garrett Kaoru Hongo, and Richard Kenney reading from their own poetry. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, Dec. 18, at 6. No tickets necessary.)

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Thursday, Dec. 13, at 10:15, and Friday, Dec. 14, at 10:15 and 2: Russian works of art, Russian and Greek icons, and *objets de vertu*. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 13, at 2: English and Continental silver. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 15, at 2: Nineteenth-century French furniture and decorations. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 18, at 2: Musical instruments. Exhibition starts Thursday, Dec. 13. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 4.) Friday, Dec. 14, at 10: Books and manuscripts. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 14, at 2, and Saturday, Dec. 15, at 10 and 2: Twentieth-century decorative arts. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 15, at approximately 4:30: Tiffany glass, from the David Geffen collection.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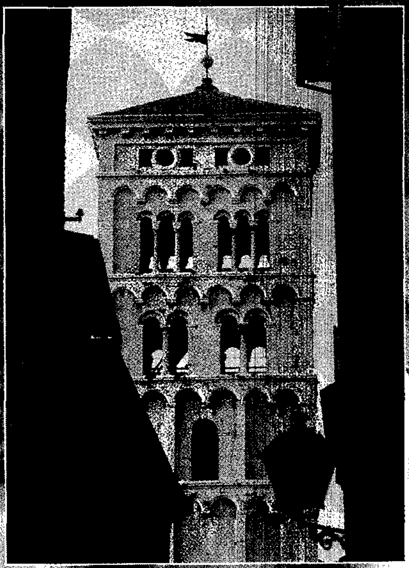
A HERITAGE OF

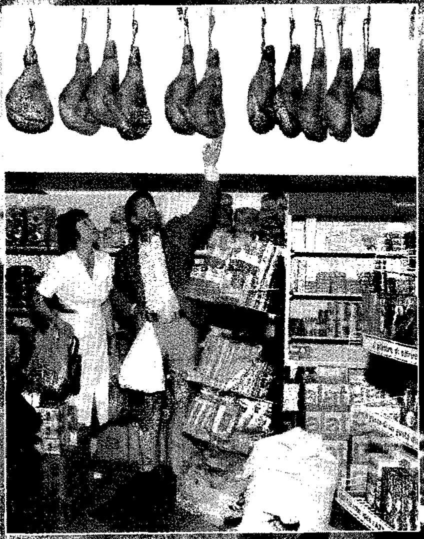
The

Each holiday season, our family celebrates a heritage of wine and food that is centuries old. It extends far beyond our 80 years in California's beautiful Sonoma Valley to Farneta, Italy. This small, 12th century village near Lucca, is the birthplace of my grandfather, Samuele.

My wife Vicki and I recently discovered the great beauty of Lucca's art and architecture, and while exploring the dozens of markets and restaurants we rediscovered the absolute naturalness with which wine and food should be enjoyed together. Though this ancient city has renewed itself over the years, it has done so without destruction of the past, preserving the history and culture of the town.

It is this same continuity of heritage that is the heart of our family winery. Since my grandfather founded Sebastiani Vineyards in 1904, wine styles have changed with changing tastes. But as we have grown and come to produce wines with a greater elegance and complexity, our original vision





Sam and Vicki Sebastiani shopping and sharing the holidays with friends in the ancient Italian city of Lucca.

For your free Holiday menu, write:
Sebastiani Vineyards, Dept. 9
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WINE AND FOOD

idays

remains intact, "Wine and food and family and friends are the classic ingredients of a gracious dinner table."

Our 1983 "Eye of the Swan" Pinot Noir Blanc is a perfect match for holiday foods . . . dry, full-bodied and delicious. This [illegible] white wine is created from the noble Pinot Noir, a red-skinned grape with clear juice. Its magnificent coppery color, so like the eyes of the Australian Black Swan, is created by quickly separating the flowing juice from the color-laden skins.

Vicki has created an exciting six-course Italian Holiday Menu that takes full advantage of the great versatility of "Eye of the Swan." Served chilled, this wine will complement the varied flavors of *Antipasto di Festa* and it is especially elegant with *Arrosto di Vitello con Rosmarino*, a dish that marries the flavors of rosemary and garlic with roast leg of veal. For your free *Italian Holiday Menu*, please write to the address below. Share with us the holiday flavors of Italy.

From my family to your family . . . Buon Natale!

Sam J. Sebastiani

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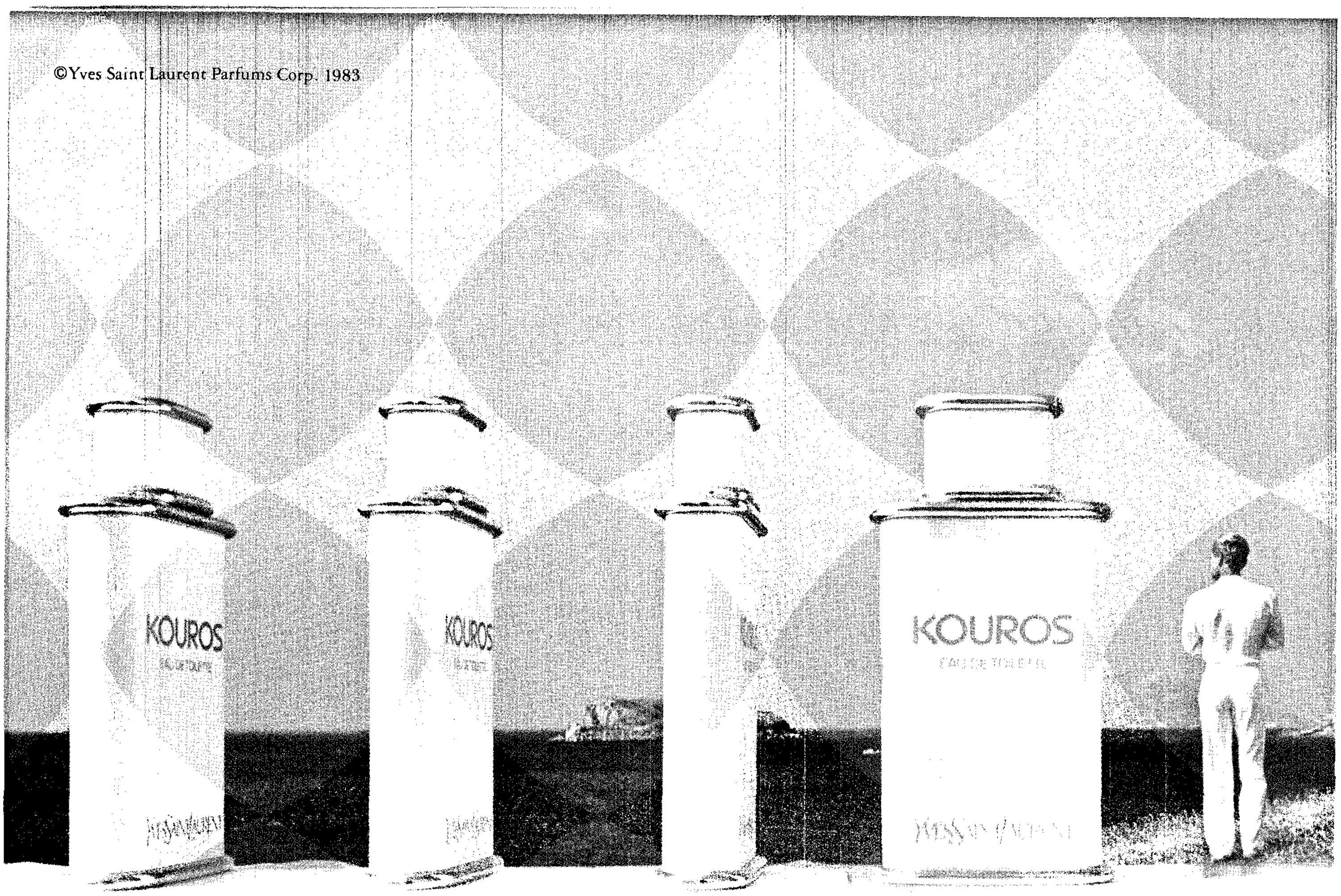
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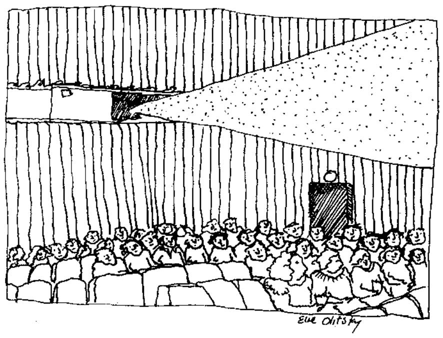
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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16	17	18	19	20	21	22

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 30.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
"Oedipus Rex" (1967; directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Franco Citti and Silvana Mangano.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Dec. 20: "Supergirl" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Faye Dunaway and Helen Slater.
From Dec. 21: "Protocol" (Herbert Ross), with Goldie Hawn and Chris Sarandon.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Dec. 13: "Under the Volcano" (John Huston), with Albert Finney, Jacqueline Bisset, and Anthony Andrews; and "Tender Mercies" (1983; Bruce Beresford), with Robert Duvall.
From Dec. 14: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"City Heat" (Richard Benjamin), with Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Dec. 13: "A Soldier's Story" (†).
From Dec. 14: "Starman" (John Carpenter), with Jeff Bridges and Karen Allen.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Dec. 13: "Oh, God! You Devil" (Paul Bogart), with George Burns.
From Dec. 14: "Dune" (David Lynch), with Kyle MacLachlan.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "2010" (Peter Hyams), with Roy Scheider.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 13: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger. From Dec. 14: "The Cotton Club" (Francis Coppola), with Richard Gere and Gregory Hines.
Theatre 3: "Beverly Hills Cop" (Martin Brest), with Eddie Murphy.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Dec. 13: "No Small Affair" (Jerry Schatzberg), with Jon Cryer and Demi Moore.
Dec. 14-20: "A Soldier's Story" (†).
From Dec. 21: "Micki & Maude" (Blake Edwards), with Dudley Moore, Amy Irving, and Ann Reinking.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Dec. 13: "Night of the Comet" (Thom Eberhardt), with Catherine Mary Stewart and Kelli Maroney.
Dec. 14-20: To be announced.
From Dec. 21: "Pinocchio" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Dec. 16: "Amadeus" (†).
From Dec. 17: "Mass Appeal" (Glenn Jordan), with Jack Lemmon, Zeljko Ivanek, and Charles Durning.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Dec. 20: "Missing in Action" (Joseph Zito), with Chuck Norris.
From Dec. 21: "The Flamingo Kid" (Garry Marshall), with Matt Dillon and Richard Crenna.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Paris, Texas" (Wim Wenders), with Harry Dean Stanton, Nastassja Kinski, and Dean Stockwell.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "City Heat" (Richard Benjamin), with Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 20: "City Heat." From Dec. 21: "Johnny Dangerously" (Amy Heckerling), with Michael Keaton.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 20: "A Soldier's Story" (†). From Dec. 21: "Micki & Maude" (Blake Edwards), with Dudley Moore, Amy Irving, and Ann Reinking.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 13: "Choose Me" (Alan Rudolph), with Keith Carradine, Geneviève Bujold, and Lesley Ann Warren. From Dec. 14: "Starman" (John Carpenter), with Jeff Bridges and Karen Allen.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Dec. 13: "All of Me" (†).
From Dec. 14: "Places in the Heart" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 20: "The Killing Fields" (†). From Dec. 21: "Birdy" (Alan Parker), with Matthew Modine and Nicolas Cage.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 20: "The Little Drummer Girl" (†). From Dec. 21: "The Killing Fields" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 13: "Places in the Heart" (†). From Dec. 14: "Dune" (David Lynch), with Kyle MacLachlan.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 20: "Body Double" (†). From Dec. 21: "Protocol" (Herbert Ross), with Goldie Hawn and Chris Sarandon.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Dec. 18: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 19: "The River" (Mark Rydell), with Mel Gibson, Sissy Spacek, and Scott Glenn.

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "2010" (Peter Hyams), with Roy Scheider.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 13: "Supergirl" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Faye Dunaway and Helen Slater. From Dec. 14: "Runaway" (Michael Crichton), with Tom Selleck.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Falling in Love" (†).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Dec. 13: "Night of the Comet" (Thom Eberhardt), with Catherine Mary Stewart and Kelli Maroney.
Dec. 14-18: "Missing in Action" (Joseph Zito), with Chuck Norris.
From Dec. 19: "Breakin' 2 Electric Boogaloo" (Sam Firstenberg).

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop" (Martin Brest), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 13: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger. From Dec. 14: "The Cotton Club" (Francis Coppola), with Richard Gere and Gregory Hines.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Dec. 20: "Body Double" (†).
From Dec. 21: "A Soldier's Story" (†).

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "City Heat" (Richard Benjamin), with Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 20: "Supergirl" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Faye Dunaway and Helen Slater. From Dec. 21: "Johnny Dangerously" (Amy Heckerling), with Michael Keaton.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Bless Their Little Hearts" (1983; directed by Billy Woodberry).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 13: "Le Gai Savoir" (1968; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud; and "See You at Mao" (1970; Jean-Luc Godard), a documentary. Dec. 14-15: "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Masculine Feminine" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud and Chantal Goya. Dec. 16-17: "Alphaville" (†) and "Weekend" (†). Dec. 18: "Far from Vietnam" (1967); and "A Letter to Jane" (†). Dec. 19-20: "My Life to Live" (†) and "A Married Woman" (†). Dec. 21-22: "Contempt" (†) and "Every Man for Himself" (†).

Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
"The Times of Harvey Milk" (Robert Epstein), a documentary.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 13: "Body Double" (†). From Dec. 14: "Runaway" (Michael Crichton), with Tom Selleck.
Theatre 2: "Amadeus" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 20: "The Little Drummer Girl" (†). From Dec. 21: "The Killing Fields" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 20: "Country" (†). From Dec. 21: "Johnny Dangerously" (Amy Heckerling), with Michael Keaton.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Places in the Heart" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 13: "Metropolis" (†). From Dec. 14: "Choose Me" (Alan Rudolph), with Keith Carradine, Geneviève Bujold, and Lesley Ann Warren.
Theatre 3: "The Ploughman's Lunch" (Richard Eyre), with Jonathan Pryce, Tim Curry, and Rosemary Harris.
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 20: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger. From Dec. 21: "A Soldier's Story" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: From Dec. 21: "Pinocchio" (†).
Theatre 2: From Dec. 21: "Micki & Maude" (Blake Edwards), with Dudley Moore, Amy Irving, and Ann Reinking.
Theatre 3: From Dec. 14: "Starman" (John Carpenter), with Jeff Bridges and Karen Allen.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"A Soldier's Story" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Dec. 13: "The Razor's Edge" (John Byrum), with Bill Murray and Theresa Russell.
From Dec. 14: "A Passage to India" (David Lean), with Peggy Ashcroft and Judy Davis.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Dec. 12: The final day of the week-long festival of Michel Piccoli films.
Dec. 13-17: A five-day festival of Claude Sautet films.
From Dec. 18: A week-long festival of Isabelle Huppert films.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Stop Making Sense" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Sunday in the Country" (Bertrand Tavernier, in French).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Dec. 16: "Repo Man" (†).
From Dec. 17: "Mass Appeal" (Glenn Jordan), with Jack Lemmon, Zeljko Ivanek, and Charles Durning.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Falling in Love" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "A Love in Germany" (Andrzej Wajda; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Marie-Christine Barrault.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 15: "A Nos Amours" (Maurice Pialat; in French). From Dec. 16:

"Man of Flowers" (Paul Cox; an Australian film), with Norman Kaye.
Theatre 3: "Amadeus" (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Bizet's Carmen" (†).
Theatre 2: "Stranger Than Paradise" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 20: "Swann in Love" (†). From Dec. 21: "A Soldier's Story" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 13: "Places in the Heart" (†). From Dec. 14: "Dune" (David Lynch), with Kyle MacLachlan.
Theatre 2: "Beverly Hills Cop" (Martin Brest), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 13: "Beverly Hills Cop." From Dec. 14: "The Cotton Club" (Francis Coppola), with Richard Gere and Gregory Hines.
Theatre 4: "City Heat" (Richard Benjamin), with Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 13: "Reuben, Reuben" (1983; Robert Ellis Miller), with Tom Conti; and "Betrayal" (1983; David Jones), with Jeremy Irons and Ben Kingsley. Dec. 14-20: To be announced. From Dec. 21: "Protocol" (Herbert Ross), with Goldie Hawn and Chris Sarandon.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 13: "Under Fire" (1983); Roger Spottiswoode), with Nick Nolte, Gene Hackman, and Joanna Cassidy; and "The Year of Living Dangerously" (1983; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Sigourney Weaver, and Linda Hunt. Dec. 14-20: To be announced. From Dec. 21: "Micki & Maude" (Blake Edwards), with Dudley Moore, Amy Irving, and Ann Reinking.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 18: "Supergirl" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Faye Dunaway and Helen Slater. From Dec. 19: "Breakin' 2 Electric Boogaloo" (Sam Firstenberg).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 13: "Thief of Hearts" (Douglas Day Stewart), with Steven Bauer and Barbara Williams; and "Footloose" (Herbert Ross), with Kevin Bacon and Lori Singer. From Dec. 14: "Places in the Heart" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 13: "A Nightmare on Elm Street" (Wes Craven), with John Saxon and Ronee Blakley. Dec. 14-20: "All of Me" (†); and "Frances" (1982; Graeme Clifford), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard. From Dec. 21: "Pinocchio" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 13: "Don't Open Till Christmas" (directed by Edmund Purdom). Dec. 14-20: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger. From Dec. 21: "Johnny Dangerously" (Amy Heckerling), with Michael Keaton.
Theatre 2: "City Heat" (Richard Benjamin), with Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds.
Theatre 3: "Purple Rain" (†).
Theatre 4: "Oh, God! You Devil" (Paul Bogart), with George Burns.
Theatre 5: Through Dec. 13: "Jungle Warriors." From Dec. 14: "Don't Open Till Christmas."
Theatre 6: Through Dec. 13: "Night of the Comet" (Thom Eberhardt), with Catherine Mary Stewart and Kelli Maroney. From Dec. 14: "T and A Team."

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Dec. 20: "Firstborn" (Michael Apted), with Teri Garr and Peter Weller.
From Dec. 21: "Pinocchio" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 20: "Body Double" (†). From Dec. 21: "Places in the Heart" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.

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Loews Astor Plaza B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"2010" (Peter Hyams), with Roy Scheider.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 13: "Beverly Hills Cop" (Martin Brest), with Eddie Murphy. From Dec. 14: "The Cotton Club" (Francis Coppola), with Richard Gere and Gregory Hines.
Theatre 2: "Beverly Hills Cop."

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Dec. 13: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
From Dec. 14: "Dune" (David Lynch), with Kyle MacLachlan.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
Through Dec. 20: "Places in the Heart" (†).
From Dec. 21: "Pinocchio" (†).

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 13: "Preppies." Dec. 14-20: "Runaway" (Michael Crichton), with Tom Selleck. From Dec. 21: "Micki & Maude" (Blake Edwards), with Dudley Moore, Amy Irving, and Ann Reinking.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 13: "A Nightmare on Elm Street" (Wes Craven), with John Saxon and Ronee Blakley. From Dec. 14: "Runaway."

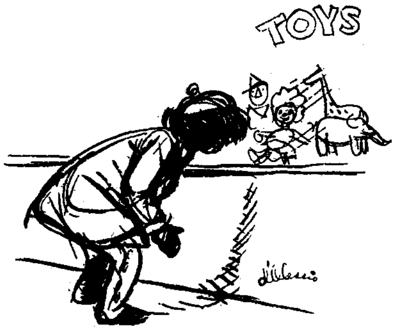
R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 13: "Duel of the Dragon" and "Revenge of the Drunken Master." Dec. 14-20: "A Nightmare on Elm Street" (Wes Craven), with John Saxon and Ronee Blakley. From Dec. 21: "The Flamingo Kid" (Garry Marshall), with Matt Dillon and Richard Crenna.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 13: "Hot Moves" (Jim Sotos). Dec. 14-20: "Missing in Action" (Joseph Zito), with Chuck Norris; and "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger. From Dec. 21: "Protocol" (Herbert Ross), with Goldie Hawn and Chris Sarandon.

U. A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 18: "Supergirl" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Faye Dunaway and Helen Slater. From Dec. 19: "Breakin' 2 Electric Boogaloo" (Sam Firstenberg).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 13: "Missing in Action" (Joseph Zito), with Chuck Norris. From Dec. 14: "Starman" (John Carpenter), with Jeff Bridges and Karen Allen.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema 1, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Dec. 20: A program of Russian films.
From Dec. 21: To be announced.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Through Dec. 20: "Country" (†).
From Dec. 21: "The Bostonians" (1984; directed by James Ivory), with Christopher Reeve and Vanessa Redgrave.



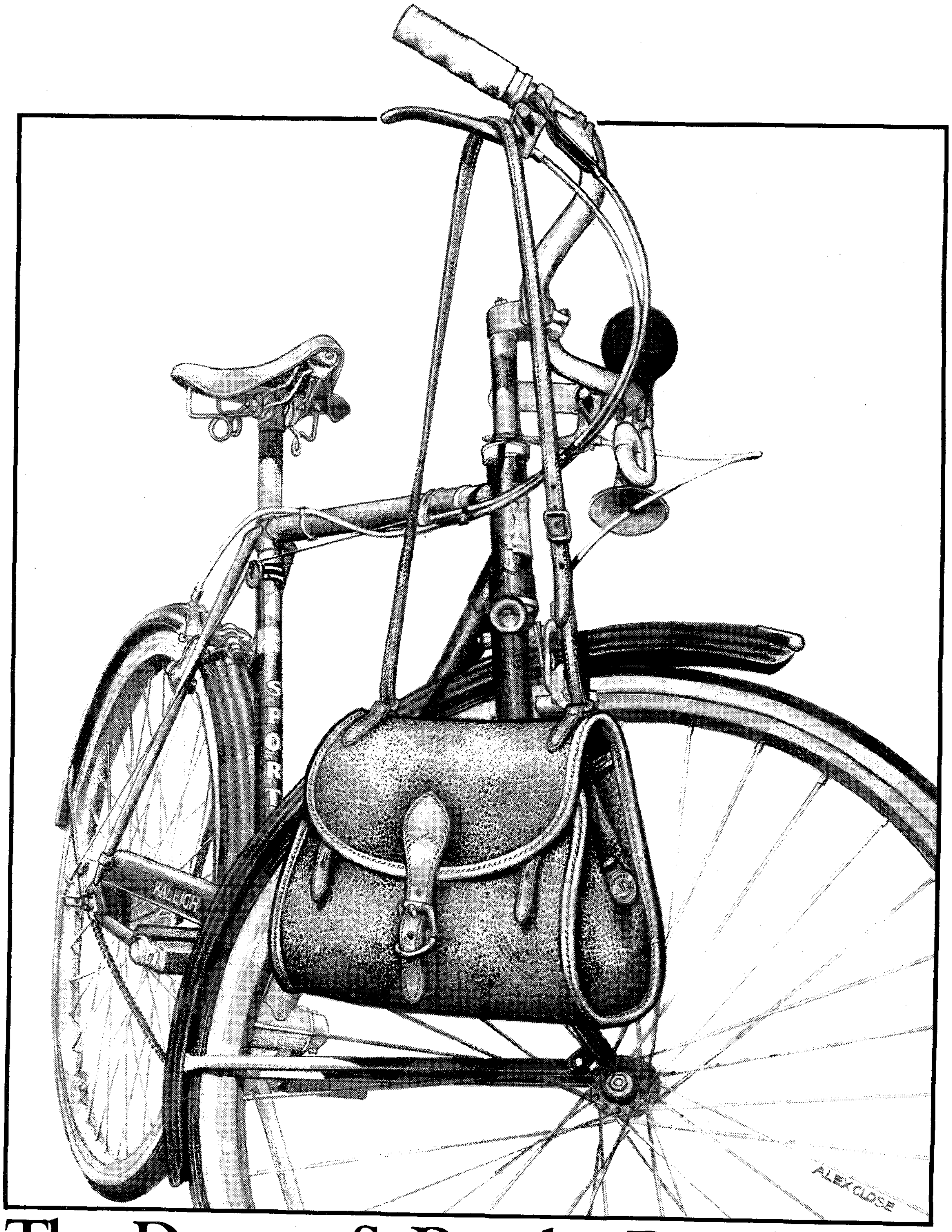
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Dec. 13: "Dr. No" (1963; Terence Young) and "From Russia with Love" (1964; Terence Young), both films with Sean Connery as James Bond.
Dec. 14-15: "Gregory's Girl" (1982; Bill Forsyth), with Gordon John Sinclair; and "Don's Party" (1982; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film, with John Hargreaves.
Dec. 16-18: "Carnal Knowledge" (1971; Mike Nichols), with Jack Nicholson, Candice Bergen, Arthur Garfunkel, and Ann-Margret; and "The Graduate" (1967; Mike Nichols), with Anne Bancroft, Dustin Hoffman, and Katharine Ross.
Dec. 19-20: "The Devil in Miss Jones, Part II" (1984) and "Insatiable" (1982).
Dec. 21-22: "Barbarella" (1968; Roger Vadim), with Jane Fonda, John Phillip Law, and David Hemmings; and "Flesh Gordon" (1974; Howard Ziehm and Michael Benveniste), with Jason Williams.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Repo Man" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Dec. 12: "Barry Lyndon" (1975; Stanley Kubrick), with Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson; and "The Four Musketeers" (1975; Richard Lester), with Oliver Reed, Charlton Heston, Faye Dunaway, and Richard Chamberlain.
Dec. 13-15: "Betrayal" (1983; David Jones), with Jeremy Irons and Ben Kingsley; and "Reuben, Reuben" (1983; Robert Ellis Miller), with Tom Conti.
Dec. 16-17: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (1958; Richard Brooks), with Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, and Burl Ives; and "A Place in the Sun" (1951; George Stevens), with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters.
Dec. 18-19: "C.H.U.D." (1984; Douglas Cheek), with John Heard and Daniel Stern; and "The Philadelphia Experiment" (1984; Stewart Raffill), with Michael Paré and Nancy Allen.
Dec. 20-22: "The Road Warrior" (1982; George Miller; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson; and "Blade Runner" (1982; Ridley Scott), with Harrison Ford and Rutger Hauer.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Dec. 13: "Ciao! Manhattan" (1973; John Palmer and David Weisman); and "Andy Warhol's Bad" (1977).
Dec. 14-15: "The Producers" (1968; Mel Brooks), with Zero Mostel, Gene Wilder, and Dick Shawn; and "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum" (1966; Richard Lester), with Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers, Jack Gilford, and Buster Keaton.
Dec. 16: "Doctor Zhivago" (1965; David Lean), with Omar Sharif, Julie Christie, Tom Courtenay, and Alec Guinness.
Dec. 17-18: "Pink Flamingos" (1974; John Waters) and "Female Trouble" (1975; John Waters), both films with Divine.
Dec. 19-20: "The Story of O" (1975; Just Jaeckin); and "Emmanuelle: The Joys of a Woman" (1976; Francis Giacobetti), with Sylvia Kristel.
Dec. 21-22: "The French Lieutenant's Woman" (1981; Karel Reisz), with Meryl Streep and Jeremy Irons; and "Sophie's Choice" (1982; Alan J. Pakula), with Meryl Streep, Kevin Kline, and Peter MacNicol.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Dec. 12: "Phantom India" (1972; Louis Malle). Parts 5 through 7 will be shown.
Dec. 13: "Signs of Life" (1981; Werner Herzog; in German); and "Even Dwarfs Started Small" (1970; Werner Herzog; in German), with Helmut Döring.
Dec. 14-20: A program of six silent Laurel and Hardy two-reelers.
Dec. 21: "The Ballad of Narayama" (1983; Shohei Imamura; in Japanese); and "Demon Pond" (1982; Masahiro Shinoda; in Japanese), with Tamasaburo Bando.
Dec. 22: "The Big Chill" (1983; Lawrence Kasdan), with Jeff Goldblum, William Hurt, Kevin Kline, Tom Berenger, Glenn



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Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Dec. 12: "The Goddess" (1958; John Cromwell), with Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges, and Steven Hill; and "Frances" (1982; Graeme Clifford), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard.

Dec. 13-15: "Let's Make Love" (1960; George Cukor), with Marilyn Monroe and Yves Montand; and "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953; Jean Negulesco), with Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall.

Dec. 16-17: "The Fortune" (†) and "Shampoo" (†).

Dec. 18-19: "The New Centurions" (1972; Richard Fleischer), with George C. Scott and Stacy Keach; and "The French Connection" (1971; William Friedkin), with Gene Hackman.

Dec. 20-22: "Broadway Melody of 1940" (†); and "Singin' in the Rain" (1952; Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen), with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, Jean Hagen, and Millard Mitchell.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Dec. 12: "Persona" (1967; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann; and "The Devil's Wanton" (1949; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish).

Dec. 13: "Resurrection" (1980; Daniel Petrie), with Ellen Burstyn, Eva Le Gallienne, and Sam Shepard; and "The Southerner" (1945; Jean Renoir), with Betty Field and Zachary Scott.

Dec. 14: "It's a Wonderful Life" (1946; Frank Capra), with James Stewart, Donna Reed, Lionel Barrymore, and Gloria Grahame; and "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" (1939; Frank Capra), with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Claude Rains, Guy Kibbee, and Beulah Bondi.

Dec. 15: "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe" (1973; Yves Robert; in French), with Pierre Richard; and "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me" (1973; François Truffaut; in French), with Bernadette Lafont.

Dec. 16: "And the Ship Sails On" (1984; Federico Fellini; in Italian); and "Fellini: A Director's Notebook" (1973; Fellini).

Dec. 17: "The Lovers" (1959; Louis Malle; in French), with Jeanne Moreau; and "Elevator to the Gallows" (†).

Dec. 18: "Boarding House Blues" (1948; Josh Binney); and "The Cotton Club Revue," featuring films of performers who played at the club.

Dec. 19: "Diary of a Country Priest" (1950; Robert Bresson; in French), with Claude Laydu and Nicole Maurey; and "Mouchette" (†).

Dec. 20: "Los Olvidados" ("The Young and the Damned;" 1950; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish); and "Macario" (1960; Roberto Gavaldon; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

Dec. 21-22: "Total Insanity" (1984), short subjects from the Columbia Studio in the thirties, forties, and fifties; and "3 × 3 Stooges," with the Three Stooges.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: Dec. 13 at 2:30: "Sailors Three" (1940; directed by Walter Forde), with Tommy Trinder, Claude Hulbert, and Michael Wilding. . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 6 and Dec. 14 at 2:30: "Convoy" (1940; Pen Tennyson), with Clive Brook, John Clements, and Edward Chapman. . . . ¶ Dec. 14 at 6: "Went the Day Well?" (1942; Alberto Cavalcanti), with Leslie Banks and Basil Sydney. . . . ¶ Dec. 15 at 2: "Turned Out Nice Again" (1941; Marcel Varnel), with George Formby and Peggy Bryan. . . . ¶ Dec. 15 at 5: "The Goose Steps Out" (1942; Basil Dearden and Will Hay), with Hay and Charles Hawtrey. . . . ¶ Dec. 16 at 2: "Went the Day Well?" . . . . ¶ Dec. 16 at 5: "The Foreman Went to France" (1942; Charles Frend), with Tommy Trinder, Constance Cummings, Clifford Evans, and Robert Morley. . . . ¶ Dec. 17 at 2:30: "The Goose Steps Out." . . . ¶ Dec. 17 at 6: "Turned Out Nice Again." . . . ¶ Dec. 18 at 2:30: "The Next of Kin" (1942; Thorold Dickinson), with Mervyn Johns and Nova Pilbeam. . . . ¶ Dec. 18 at 6: "The Foreman Went to France." . . . ¶ Dec. 20 at 2:30: "Nine Men" (1943; Harry Watt), with Jack Lambert, Gordon Jackson, and Frederick Piper. . . . ¶ Dec. 20 at 6: "The Next of Kin." . . . ¶ Dec. 21 at 2:30: "Nicholas Nickleby" (1947; Alberto Cavalcanti), with Derek Bond, Cedric Hardwicke, Mary Merrall, and Sally Ann Howes. . . . ¶ Dec. 21 at 6: "Nine Men." . . . ¶ Dec. 22 at 2: "San Demetrio London" (1943; Charles Frend), with Walter FitzGerald and Ralph Michael. . . . ¶ Dec. 22 at 5: "Dead of Night" (1945; Basil Dearden, Alberto Cavalcanti, Robert Hamer, and Charles Crichton), a five-episode film.

THEATRE 2: Dec. 13 at 3: "The Trouble with Love" (1984; Helke Sander; in German, with English subtitles), with Sander, Lou Castel, and Rebecca Pauly. . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 6:30: "Final Call" (1984; Dagmar Hirtz; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 14 at 3: "Ten Days in Calcutta: A Portrait of Mrinal Sen" (1984; Reinhard Hauff; in German, with English subtitles), a documentary. . . . ¶ Dec. 14 at 6:30: "Kanakerbraut" (1983; Uwe Schrader; in German, with English subtitles), with Peter Franke and Brigitte Janner. . . . ¶ Dec. 15 at 2:30: "The Olympic Winning Lady" (1983; Herbert Achternbusch; in German, with English subtitles), with Achternbusch and Annamirl Bierbichler. . . . ¶ Dec. 15 at 5:30: "Paso Doble—Dancing Out of Line" (1983; Lothar Lambert; in German, with English subtitles), with Albert Heins and Ulrike S. . . . ¶ Dec. 16 at 2:30: "The Wandering Cancer" (1984; Herbert Achternbusch; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 16 at 5:30: "Fräulein Berlin" (1983; Lothar Lambert; in German, with English subtitles) . . . . ¶ Dec. 17 at 3: "The Swing" (1983; Percy Adlon; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 17 at 6:30: A program of films by Joseph Bernard, who will be present. . . . ¶ Dec. 18 at 3 and 6:30: "Conversations with Roy DeCarava" (1983; Carroll Blue) and "Great Branches, New Roots: The Hmong Family" (1983; Rita LaDoux, Kathleen Laughlin, and Nancy Haley), both documentaries. . . . ¶ Dec. 20 at 3: "The Wandering Cancer." . . . ¶ Dec. 20 at 6:30: "The Olympic Winning Lady." . . . ¶ Dec. 21 at 3: "Paso Doble—Dancing Out of Line." . . . ¶ Dec. 21 at 6:30: "Fräulein Berlin." . . . ¶ Dec. 22 at 2:30: "Clean Sweep" (1983; Hanns Christian Müller; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 22 at 5:30: "Dorado—One Way" (1983; Reinhard Münster; in German, with English subtitles.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Starting Dec. 14, three different programs by video artists looking at television—Tuesdays at 1:15, Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:15, and Sundays at 1:15, "Birth of an Industry" (1977; TVTV), "Television Delivers People" (1973; Richard Serra), "The Selling of New York" (1972; Nam June Paik), and "Media Burn" (1975; Ant Farm). . . . ¶ Tuesdays at 2:30 and 6, Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1:30, and Sundays at 2:30, "Independents Tonite" (1984; Jack Walworth) and "Faces Fear and Fascination" (1984; Tony Cokes). . . . ¶ Tuesdays at 4, Wednesdays through Saturdays at 3, and Sundays at 4, "Race Against Prime Time" (1984; David Schulman) and "About Media" (1977; Tony Ramos). On Thursday, Dec. 20, several of the artists will be present. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

All of Me—Steve Martin is Roger, a lawyer, and Lily Tomlin is Edwina, a rich spinster who has been bedridden since infancy and is about to die. Her spirit pops into Roger's body, and enters into joint occupancy with him. This is the nifty premise of a romantic comedy about how two antagonists in the *same body fall in love and find happiness,* and parts of it give viewers the kind of giddy pleasure that is often what we most want from the movies. Directed by Carl Reiner. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/17/84.) (D. W. Griffith; through Dec. 13. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; Dec. 14-20.)

Alphaville (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard ventures into science fiction, with mixed results. The picture is brilliant, yet it's no good. At first, the dehumanization is funny and alluring and a little eerie, but the people of Alphaville are ruled by a giant computer, and soullessness can be very monotonous. The movie was shot at night, and it seems to give off powerfully soporific vapors, especially since the comic-strip story is an uninspired mixture of sci-fi and private eye that never takes hold. With Eddie Constantine as cool, tough Lemmy Caution (his face is so tired and leathery he's like an old shoe), Anna Karina as the most radiant of robots, and Akim Tamiroff, Laszlo Szabo, Michel Delahaye, and Howard Vernon. Written and directed by Godard. In French. (Film Forum; Dec. 16-17.)

Amadeus—The lofty playwright Peter Shaffer has the minor composer Salieri (F. Murray Abraham) declaring war on Heaven for gypping him, and determined to ruin the incomparable Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (Tom Hulce) because God's voice is speaking through him. The director, Miloš Forman, trudges through the movie as if every step were a major contribution to art, and he keeps the audience hooked. Some redeeming *qualities: Mozart's music, Twyla Tharp's* staging of the dances and opera excerpts, and Abraham's eager, slimy Salieri. (10/29/84) (Waverly, and Lincoln Plaza. . . . ¶ Sutton; through Dec. 16.)

Bizet's Carmen—Directed by Francesco Rosi, this version has a clean, raw vivacity and is supremely romantic. Julia Migenes-Johnson's Carmen revitalizes the story. Her strutting, her dark, messy frizzy hair—her sexual availability—attract the middle-class clod Don José (Plácido Domingo) and drive him crazy. Rosi lets the music carry the passion; what he supplies is ideal conditions for the viewer to experience the opera as a totality. Rosi's handling suggests the most fluently stylized movie musicals. With Faith Esham as Micaëla and Ruggero Raimondi as Escamillo. In French. (10/29/84) (Cinema Studio.)

Body Double—Brian De Palma, working with material that he has grown past: a murder mystery set in L.A., in the overlapping worlds of "serious" acting and performing in porno films. The big, showy scenes recall "Vertigo" and "Rear Window" so obviously *that the movie is like an assault on the people* who have put De Palma down for being derivative. Things pick up close to the midway point, when Melanie Griffith arrives and gives a tickling performance as Holly Body, a porno star with a punk-vamp haircut and a sprig of holly tattooed on her rump. But most of the movie lacks zest. With Craig Wasson, Deborah Shelton, and Gregg Henry. (11/12/84) (Waverly; through Dec. 13. . . . ¶ Gemini, 86th St. East, and Embassy; through Dec. 20.)

Broadway Melody of 1940—Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell, and George Murphy. That's a lot of tapping. Astaire and Murphy are both hoping to get the Broadway role opposite the dancing star, Powell; by mistake, the producers hire Murphy, but Astaire gets to play it, after all. This is a big, lavish M-G-M musical, with a Cole Porter score and lots of spectacular dancing; what's missing is romance, sensuousness, magic. With Frank Morgan, Ian Hunter, and Barbara Jo Allen (Vera Vague) as a receptionist. Directed by Norman Taurog. The choreography is by Astaire and Bobby Connolly. (Regency; Dec. 20-22.)

Contempt (1964)—Jean-Luc Godard's strange, beautifully filmed, sometimes maddening movie about a director (played by Fritz Lang) shooting "The Odyssey," and a woman (Brigitte Bardot) who is contemptuous of her husband (Michel Piccoli). With Jack Palance. In French. (Film Forum; Dec. 21-22.)

Country—This film, which stars Jessica Lange, who conceived it and had a hand in producing it, is trying to be a feminist "The Grapes of Wrath," and doesn't succeed at it—awful as that would be. Essentially, this is a movie

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

about Jessica Lange's spirit-of-the-prairie face. With Sam Shepard, Wilford Brimley, and Levi L. Knebel. Directed by Richard Pearce. (10/1/84) (Greenwich Playhouse, and Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Dec. 20.)

Elevator to the Gallows (1957; also known as "Frantic")—Louis Malle's first film—a thriller about an attempt at a perfect crime, made in a tense yet velvety style. Jeanne Moreau, who was to become famous the next year in Malle's second film, "The Lovers," is less expansive here; her sullen, sensual mask is just right for this limited but absorbing *policier*, set to Miles Davis's music. The film has an unusual sense of control and style, considering that the plot itself is third-rate. With Maurice Ronet, Lino Ventura, and Georges Poujouly. In French. (Thalia; Dec. 17.)

Every Man for Himself (1980)—The setting is a nameless Swiss city where the lives of the three main characters are loosely intertwined—Jacques Dutronc is a video filmmaker, Nathalie Baye is the woman who is leaving him, and Isabelle Huppert is a practical-minded prostitute. It's about money and about people selling themselves—their minds or their bodies. Jean-Luc Godard's political extremism has been replaced by a broader extremism—total contempt, colored by masochism. He's saying, "Everything is for sale." The look of the picture isn't inhuman, even though what it's saying is: that's its poignancy. Godard shows us the soft shadings of what might have been. In French. (Film Forum; Dec. 21-22.)

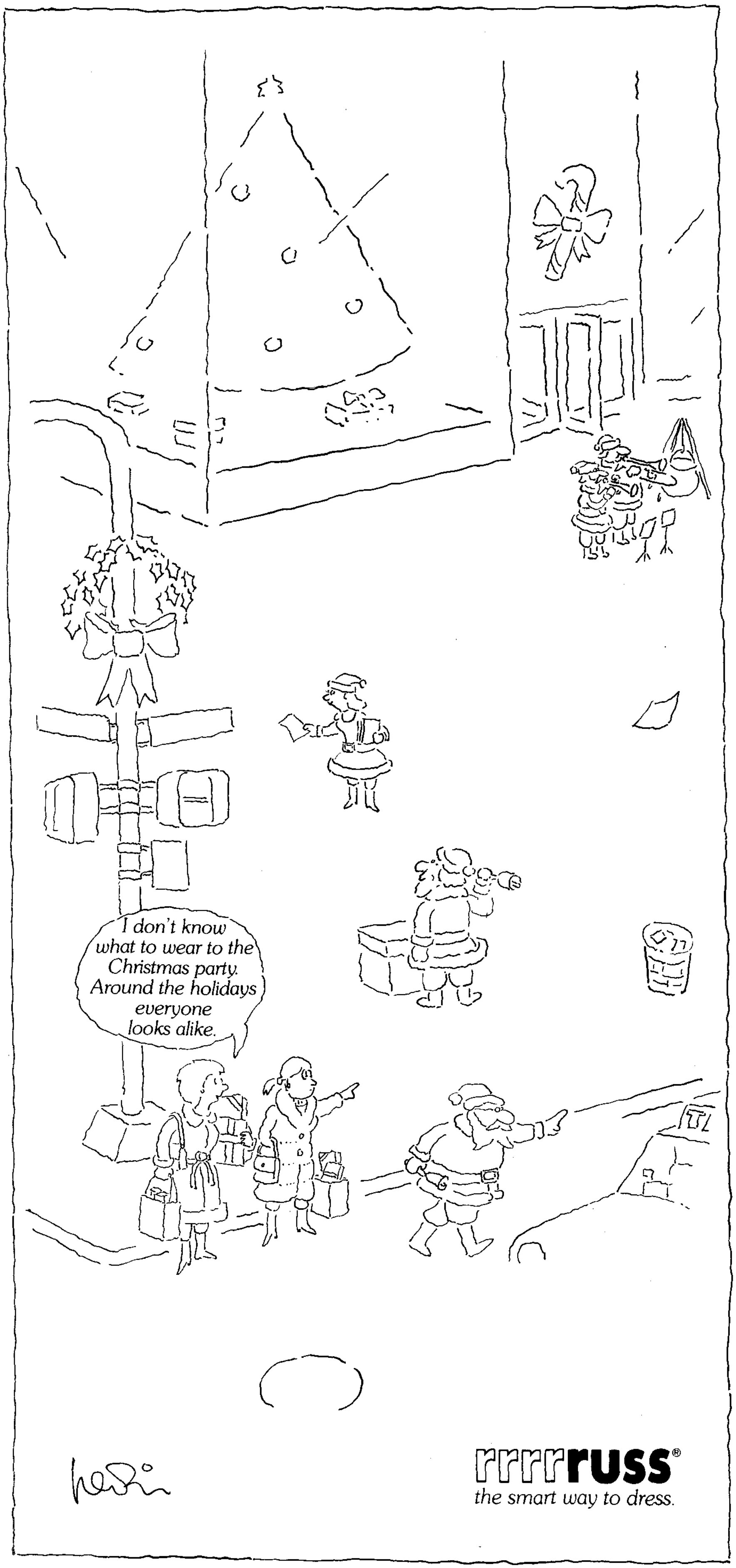
Falling in Love—A piece of big-star packaging in which Robert De Niro and Meryl Streep play two prosperous Westchester commuters, each married to someone else, in marriages that have become empty. It's pleasant to see these two in a picture where they're not carrying all the sins of mankind on their shoulders, but they've gone too far in the opposite direction—they're not carrying anything. The picture has been called an eighties "Brief Encounter," but it's interminable, and in some ways it's more like an East Coast "Tender Mercies"—it's about two anomics who inch their way to spiritual rebirth. Directed by Ulu Grosbard, from a vacuous, would-be-romantic script by Michael Cristofer. Peter Suschitzky's cinematography has a vibrancy that makes you feel hopeful, and Michael Kahn's editing has an elating precision, but after a while the pleasures of technical proficiency shrivel. With Jane Kaczmarek (who's lively in her first scenes), Harvey Keitel, George Martin, Dianne Wiest, and David Clennon. (12/10/84) (Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount.)

The Fortune (1975)—Charmless slapstick farce set in the twenties, with Warren Beatty as a larcenous sheikh and Jack Nicholson as a gleaming-eyed lowlifer and freaky coward. These two play mercenary clowns who fumble in their attempts to kill a plump-cheeked heiress (Stockard Channing). The whole thing seems to exist in a frame of reference that rules out feeling, but then the heiress's mascara is smeared at the end; this suggests that she's capable of suffering, though she has never been permitted a human emotion, such as believing in the two men. Some vital element seems to be missing from the film—affection, maybe, or confidence in the insulated, cloud-cuckoo-land atmosphere. Mike Nichols directed. With Scatman Crothers. (Regency; Dec. 16-17.)

Ghostbusters—Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, and Harold Ramis as parapsychologists who try to save New York from an influx of spooks. Murray is the film's comic mechanism, but nobody else has much in the way of material, and since there's almost no give-and-take among the three men, Murray's lines fall on dead air. With Sigourney Weaver and Annie Potts. Produced and directed by Ivan Reitman. (6/25/84) (Embassy.)

Hair (1979)—A sunny film rendering of the harmonically not especially distinguished stage musical of the sixties, directed by Miloš Forman, who managed—in a very Slavic way—to make a benign, small folk town of New York. (Metro Cinema; Dec. 22.)

The Killing Fields—Based on Sydney Schanberg's 1980 *Times Magazine* article "The Death and Life of Dith Pran," the British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film shows us the Khmer Rouge transforming Cambodia into a nationwide gulag, and the scenes of this genocidal revolution have the breadth and terror of something deeply imagined. Like the article, the film tells the story of how Schanberg (Sam Waterston), who was the *Times* correspondent in Cambodia from 1972 to 1975, was separated from his interpreter and assistant, Pran (Haing S. Ngor), and of his remorse and general anguish until the wily, resourceful Pran, after four years of slave labor and hiding, made his way into Thailand, late in 1979, and got word to him. It's an ambitious movie made with an inept, sometimes sly, and very often equivocal script (by Bruce Robinson); it's written like a TV docudrama and it bogs down in the crosscutting between Pran's experiences of the atrocities in Cambodia and Schanberg's guilt and misery in various settings in the U.S. At times, it's almost as if Cambodia only existed to make Waterston's Schanberg suffer and soliloquize, endlessly asking, "Did I do what was right?" But it's by no means a negligible movie. Roland Joffé, making his début as a movie director, and the cinematographer, Chris Menges, give us imagery that suggests the work of a macabre lyric poet, and there are accomplished performances—most notably by John Malkovich, Bill Paterson, and Athol Fugard. The score, by Mike Oldfield, mars some of the finest scenes; it insists on hyping death. (12/10/84) (Cinema I; through Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Cinema II, and Greenwich Playhouse; starting Dec. 21.)

A Letter to Jane (1972)—A forty-five-minute-long lecture-demonstration that is a movie only in a marginal sense. A single news photograph appears on the screen; it is of tall Jane Fonda towering above some Vietnamese, and on the track Jean-Luc Godard and Jean-Pierre Gorin discuss the implications of the photograph. Their talk is didactic, condescending, and offensively inhuman. In French. (Film Forum; Dec. 18.)

The Little Drummer Girl—George Roy Hill's film centers on Charlie (Diane Keaton), an American actress working in a third-rate repertory company in England; a left-wing pro-Palestinian, she is recruited by an Israeli intelligence unit that turns her thinking around and uses her to infiltrate the Palestinians and trap their chief terrorist (Sami Frey, who gives the film a bit of bravura). Charlie is an actress looking for a role to play that will make her feel "real." But Keaton takes this cliché so far that she gives it a painful, shrill validity; initially off-putting, she leaps right over likability and crowd-pleasing—she's out there all alone doing something daring. It's maddening that this performance can't carry the dead weight put on it. With Klaus Kinski, Yorgo Voyagis, Moti Shirin, and Michael Cristofer. (11/12/84) (Cinema II, and Greenwich Playhouse; through Dec. 20.)

A Married Woman (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's peculiarly abstract treatment of a young married woman (Macha Meril), her dissatisfactions, her patterns as a consumer, and her infidelities. In French. (Film Forum; Dec. 19-20.)

Metropolis (1926)—Fritz Lang's prophetic city of the twenty-first century has two levels: one for the rich and pleasure-loving, the other—labyrinthine and underground—for the slave workers who tend the machines. One of the last examples of the imaginative, but often monstrous, grandeur of the Golden Period of German film, "Metropolis" is a spectacular instance of Expressionist design, with moments of almost incredible beauty and power, absurd ineptitudes, and oddities that defy analysis. Note: The version showing now was reconstructed by Giorgio Moroder; he has gone in for a lot of hocus-pocus with the footage and put on a pop score. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 13.)

Mouchette (1966)—Robert Bresson has made several films of such sobriety that while some people find them awesomely beautiful, other people find sitting through them like taking a whipping and watching every stroke coming. "Mouchette," from a Bernanos novel, is about a lonely, mistreated fourteen-year-old girl who commits suicide. In French. (Thalia; Dec. 19.)

My Life to Live (1962)—Anna Karina as a shopgirl who drifts into prostitution. Jean-Luc Godard employed some innovative tech-

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niques of exposition; some work superbly, others seem mannered and foolish. Memorable though erratic. In French. (Film Forum; Dec. 19-20.)

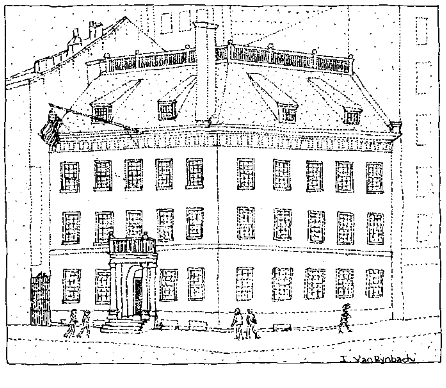
Pinocchio (1940)—Walt Disney's classic, which seems always to please kids, though it can bother grownups because of the usual Disney punitiveness and thick symbolism. (Eastside Cinema, 23rd St. West Triplex, Olympia Quad, Embassy 1, and New Embassy 49th Street; starting Dec. 21.)

Places in the Heart—This inspirational film, written and directed by Robert Benton, is set in his home town, Waxahachie, Texas, in 1935. Sally Field plays a good Christian woman with two children, who is suddenly widowed and left without enough money to meet the next mortgage payment. She holds her family together and hangs on to her house and forty acres by, of course, grit and total determination. The movie's major accomplishment is that it never goes over the brink into utter corny shamelessness. (10/15/84) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Gemini, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Dec. 13. . . . ¶ New Embassy 49th Street; through Dec. 20. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith, and Olympia Quad; starting Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Dec. 21.)

Purple Rain—In this fictional bio, Prince, the twenty-six-year-old pansexual rock star, appears as the Kid, a vulnerable loner and struggling musician. It's pretty terrible (there are no real scenes—just flashy, fractured rock-video moments), but those willing to accept Prince as a sexual messiah aren't likely to mind. Directed by Albert Magnoli. (8/20/84) (Criterion Theatres.)

Repo Man—The L.A. of freeways and off ramps and squarish, pastel-colored buildings is the perfect setting for a movie about men who take out their frustrations by repossessing other people's cars. There's nothing at the center, but the young English writer-director Alex Cox keeps his dazed sociopaths speeding around, and he never once slips—never lets things get sentimentalized or organized. (8/6/84) (8th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; through Dec. 16.)

Shampoo (1975)—When George (Warren Beatty), the hairdresser hero, asks his former girlfriend, Jackie (Julie Christie), "Want me to do your hair?," it's his love lyric. The film deals with George's frantic bed-hopping during forty-odd hours, in which he tries to borrow the money to open his own shop, so he can settle down with this current girlfriend, Jill (Goldie Hawn). The script by Robert Towne, with the collaboration of Beatty (who also produced), isn't about the bondage of romantic pursuit—it's about the bondage of the universal itch among a group primed to scratch. The director, Hal Ashby, has the deftness to keep us conscious of the whirring pleasures of the carnal-farce structure and yet to give it free play. This was the most virtuoso example of sophisticated, kaleidoscopic farce that American moviemakers had yet come up with; frivolous and funny, it carries a sense of heedless activity, of a craze of dissatisfaction. With Jack Warden, Lee Grant, and Carrie Fisher. (Regency; Dec. 16-17.)



A Soldier's Story—This tense, wholehearted combination of melodrama and psychodrama is set in and around an Army base in Louisiana in 1944; a black drillmaster (Adolph Caesar) has been murdered, and a black lawyer, Captain Davenport (Howard E. Rollins, Jr.)—the first black commissioned officer ever to be seen in this part of the country—has been sent down from Washington, D.C., to investigate. Charles Fuller did the adaptation of his "A Soldier's Play," and there's some daring in his perception that in a racist society the temptation toward self-hatred is part of being black. The material is like the trumped-up, creaky yet powerful socially conscious plays-into-movies of the past. But the director, Norman Jewison, has given it an atmosphere that recalls his crack 1967 comedy-mystery "In the Heat of the Night," and he has also given it a beautiful sense of pace. With Denzel Washington, Art Evans, Larry Riley, David Alan Grier, Robert Townsend, David Harris, Dennis Lipscomb. (11/26/84) (Guild. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema; through Dec. 13. . . . ¶ Baronet; through Dec. 20. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; Dec. 14-20. . . . ¶ 86th St. East, Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Dec. 21.)

Stop Making Sense—Directed by Jonathan Demme, this concert film by the New York new-wave rock band Talking Heads is a continuous rock experience that keeps building, becoming ever more intense and euphoric. It's a happy movie from beginning to end. The lead singer, David Byrne, is a stupefying performer who gives the group its modernism—the undertone of repressed hysteria, which he somehow blends with freshness and adventurousness and a driving beat. He designed the stage lighting and the elegantly plain performance-art environment. The sound is better than live sound—it has been filtered and mixed and fussed over, so that it achieves ideal clarity. (11/26/84) (57th St. Playhouse.)

Stranger Than Paradise—The young writer-director Jim Jarmusch uses a minimalist aesthetic for low-key comic effects. This punk picaresque is in black-and-white, and each scene is a single take followed by a blackout; the three principal characters—deadpan deadbeats—live in dead space. Jarmusch keeps the picture formal and cool, and it has an odd, nonchalant charm; it's fun. But it's softhearted fun—shaggy-dog minimalism—and it doesn't have enough ideas (or laughs) for its ninety-minute length. With John Lurie, Eszter Balint, and Richard Edson. (11/12/84) (Cinema Studio.)

Swann in Love—Proust's writing requires the most subtle feeling for rhythms, and neither the director nor the scriptwriters seem to do anything to draw us in. The movie doesn't even have the force of real desecration. Ornella Muti is a wily, plausible Odette, and Alain Delon is at least amusing as the Baron de Charlus. But as Swann, Jeremy Irons doesn't suggest intelligence or feeling—he's a stick. Directed by Volker Schlöndorff. In French. (10/1/84) (Embassy 72nd St.; through Dec. 20.)

Weekend (1968)—Only the title of this extraordinary poetic satire is casual and innocent. The writer-director, Jean-Luc Godard, begins with just a slight stylization of civilized living now—the people are more adulterous, more nakedly mercenary, touchier. They have weapons, and use them at the slightest provocation, and it seems perfectly logical that they should get into their cars and bang into one another and start piling up on the roads. The traffic jam is a prelude to highways littered with burning cars and corpses. As long as Godard stays with cars as the symbol of bourgeois materialism, the barbarity of these bourgeois—their greed and the self-love they project onto their possessions—is exact and funny. But the picture goes much further—sometimes majestically, sometimes with surreal details that suggest an affinity between Godard and Buñuel, sometimes with methods and ideas that miss, badly. Though deeply flawed, this film has more depth than any of Godard's earlier work. It's his vision of Hell, and it ranks with the greatest. With Mireille Darc and Jean Yanne. In French. (Film Forum; Dec. 16-17.)

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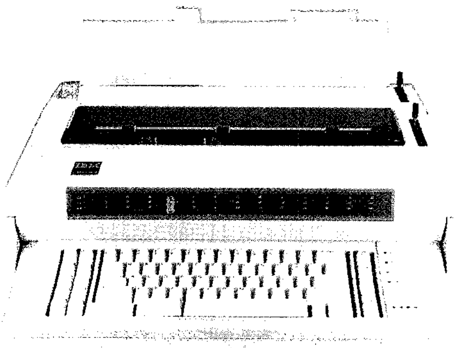

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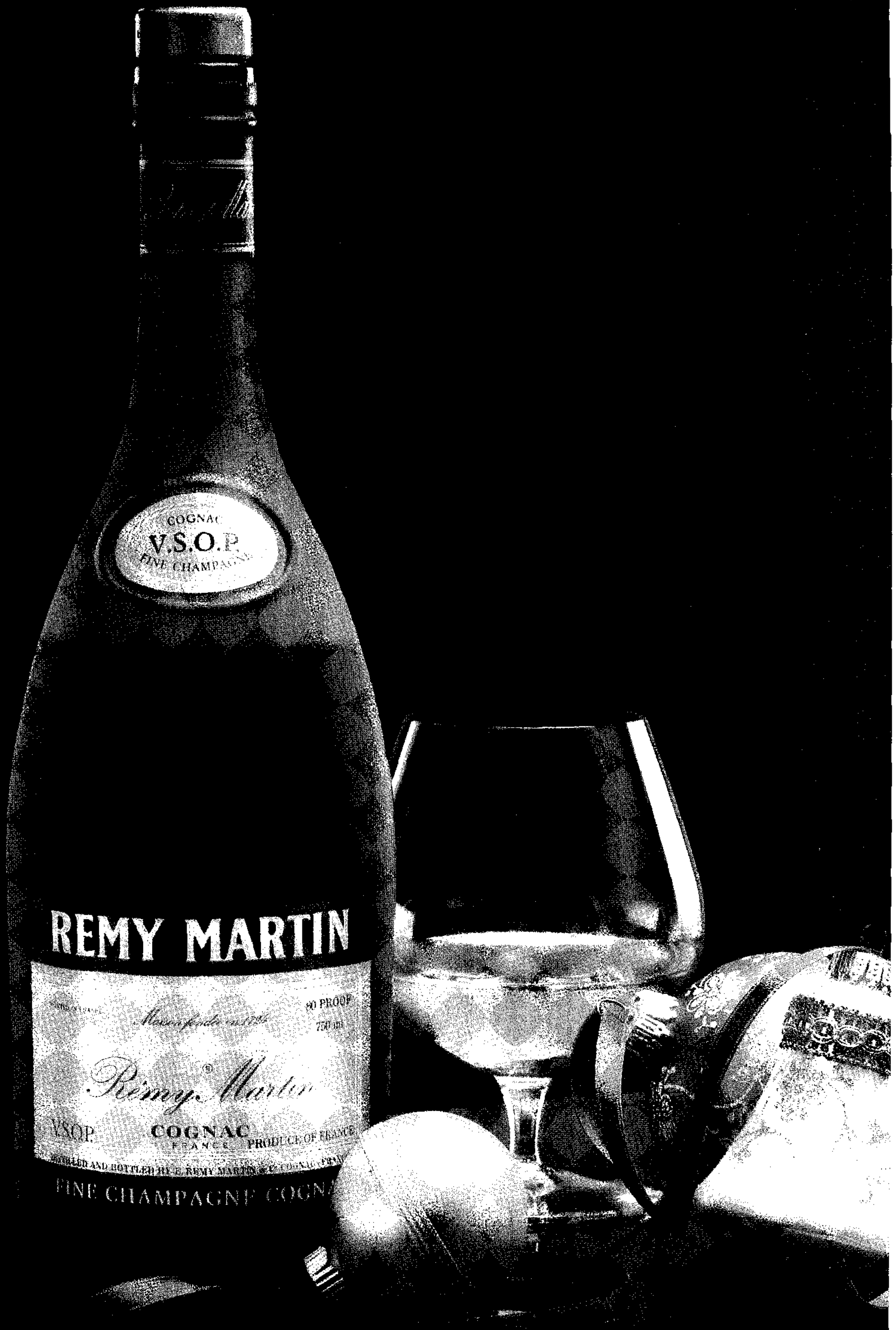
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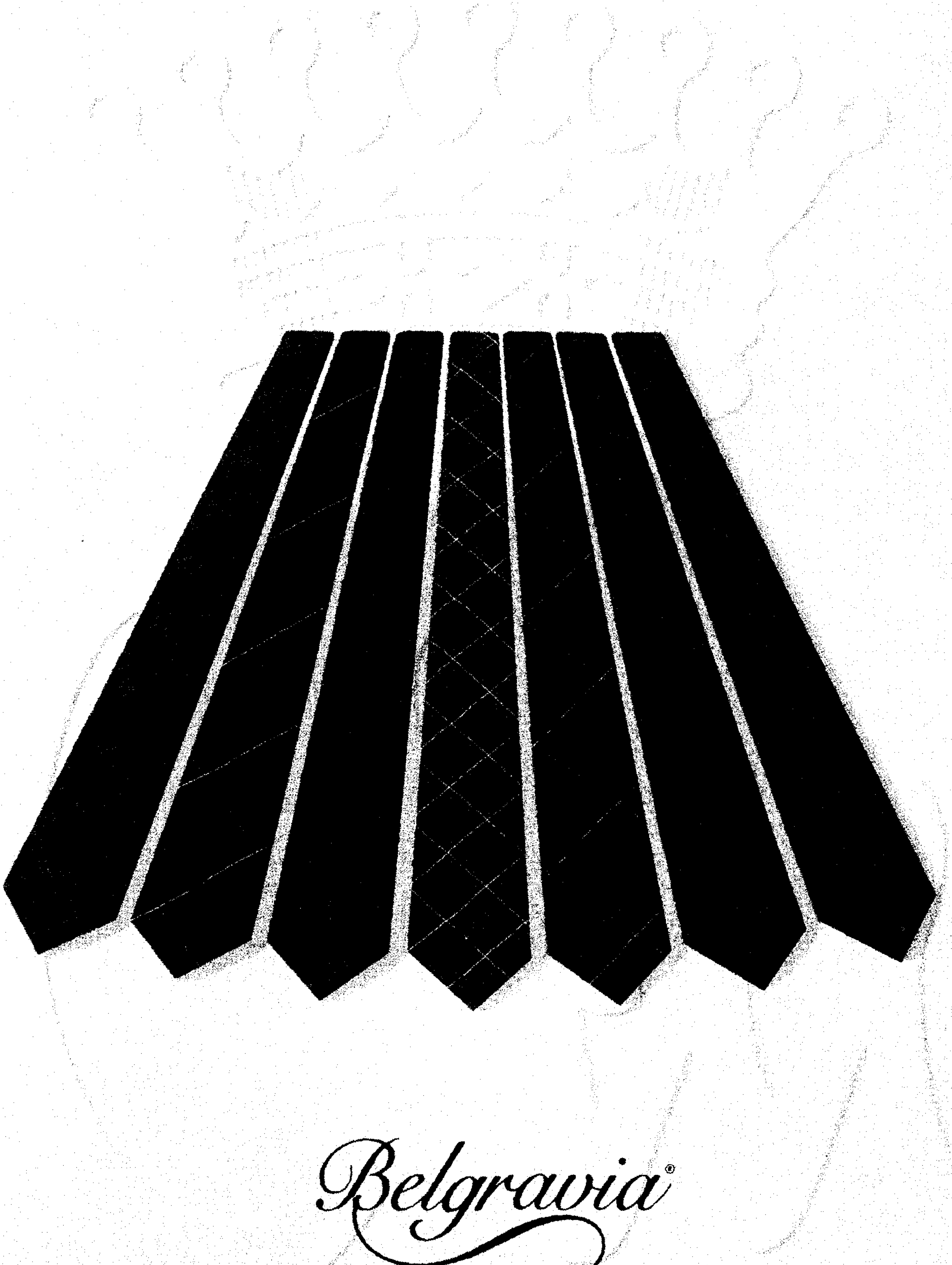

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

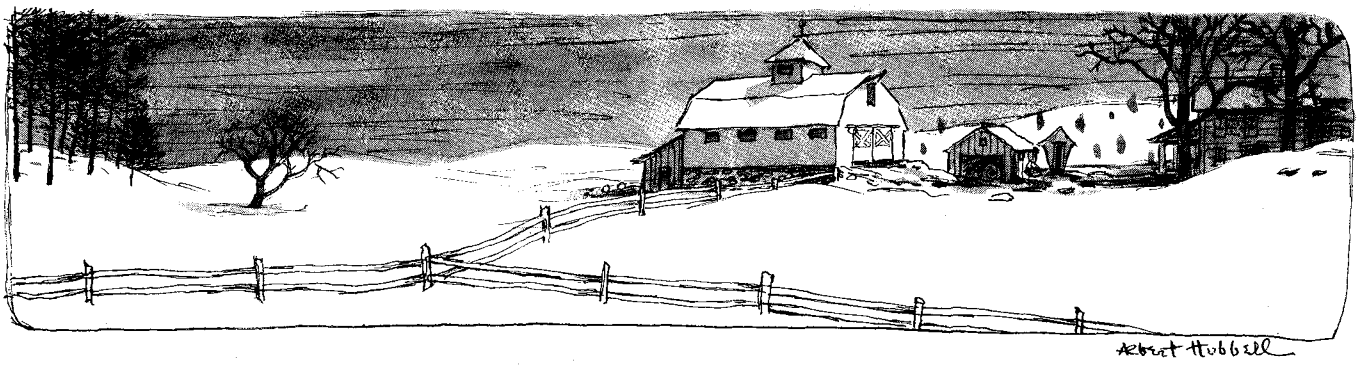
Notes and Comment

A YOUNG staff member writes: I hadn't known her very well, but we went to high school together, and I liked her, and we shared friends. Six weeks ago—the Sunday before the Presidential election—a woman saw Roberta Lee, by then a junior at Berkeley, being dragged into a brown van by a bearded, beer-bellied man twice her size. Her body was found last Sunday morning. The effort to find her was run from a friend's fourth-floor apartment a block off the campus. Maps of Northern California lined the walls, with the areas where volunteers had posted leaflets outlined in red. The areas still to be covered were colored yellow, and though several million of the leaflets had gone out, patches of yellow remained at the end. Roberta's friends, and also a lot of strangers—such good people, all of them—sat on the apartment floor addressing envelopes to all the auto-body-repair shops in the Bay Area, or all the churches in Oakland, or all ten thousand postal routes in Northern California and Nevada. An account in the San Francisco *Chronicle* noted that by the third week most of the weeping had ceased; the human mechanism weakens under the strain of endless, bottomless grief, and so people joked about the weather, or the classes they were missing, or the writer's cramp that comes after a couple of hundred envelopes. For a while, industriousness can keep dark thoughts away—thoughts about that damnable van. And the work itself was somehow necessarily divorced from the goal. People set out in the morning to put posters in every Quik Stop and on every telephone pole along Route 9 up in the mountains behind Santa Cruz—they didn't set out to "find Roberta." That way, at day's end they had accomplished something, even if it might never mean anything more than increased public awareness—even if the thug never drove his van through Boulder Creek or Felton or Ben Lomond.

Four weeks to the day after Roberta was abducted, a Harvard graduate living on the Upper West Side, Caroline Isenberg, was murdered during a robbery and attempted rape on the roof of her building. I didn't know her, except by sight—I had seen her act when I was at school. She was my age and had come to the big city for somewhat similar reasons (she to act, I to write), and she was close to people I do know and care about: a little of what they felt I could discern in their voices.

Early the next morning, Darren Styles, a messenger in the business department of *The New Yorker*, was shot twice in the head and killed, in the lobby of an apartment building in the Brooklyn housing project where he lived. Styles, who was twenty years old and had graduated from August Martin High School, in Queens, was going to school nights at De Vry Technical Institute. Last summer, he had testified against a thief who had robbed him of a gold chain, and police speculated that revenge may have been the motive for the killing. Or maybe not—maybe it was just that someone shot him. I knew him only to chat with in the elevator—no more than that—but I've been told he was an exemplary young man in every way.

Everyone who has read "The Brothers Karamazov" remembers the story of the Grand Inquisitor. Just a few pages before it, in the course of the same argument, comes a passage that sticks as solidly in my mind. Ivan, trying to prove the world beyond redemption, recounts a gruesome story to Alyosha: A noble, with "kennels of hundreds of hounds and nearly a hundred dog-boys—all mounted, and in uniform," notices one day that his favorite dog is lame. He is told that a certain boy threw the stone that hurt, accidentally, the animal's paw. He orders the eight-year-old stripped, and



in front of all the other serfs he sets his hounds upon him, and they tear the boy to pieces. Ivan and Alyosha are arguing theology, Ivan being unable to say, "Thou art just, O Lord." The case of the child, he says, presents "a question I can't answer."

And the events of the last few weeks present questions I can't answer—a position that chafes. The three crimes are not really similar except that they are all senseless, not explained even by sudden rage, say, or mercenary calculation. Ordinarily, my inclination is always to think of some program that will turn out healthy, well-adjusted people. Perhaps they need school lunches, or career counselling, or psychiatric evaluation, or more welfare. Right at the moment my gut is interested in vengeance, in locking people up and a lot worse. But both feelings are bogus. *Newsweek* recently ran an article on serial killers—men who murdered many people, one at a time. A drifter named Henry Lee Lucas confessed to about three hundred and sixty killings. "Killing someone is just like walking outdoors," he said. "If I wanted a victim, I'd just go get one." *Newsweek* called the rise in random murders an "epidemic," and it showed pictures of such men—most of them white, not looking especially poor, and, horribly, not looking especially evil. They weren't larger than life; they were smaller, if anything, but twisted. Welfare and food stamps and school lunches and psychiatric counsellors are good ideas for all sorts of reasons, but not because they will change people like these. And the thought that someone capable of killing a hundred people would calculate the odds of his receiving, say, a death sentence is a sick joke.

The deepest instinct is to gather close around you those you love, and live your life. But the world keeps intruding. I'm afraid that I'll begin to believe this world beyond redemption, not necessarily in a theological sense but in a human one. I don't want to hate the world. At one point in "The Brothers Karamazov," Alyosha comes across a gang of schoolboys stoning a pale, sickly classmate, and shields him with his body; with the same aggressive, individual, gratuitous, healing love, he turns a proud lad, Kolya, into a man. No other course of action suggests itself to me.

• •

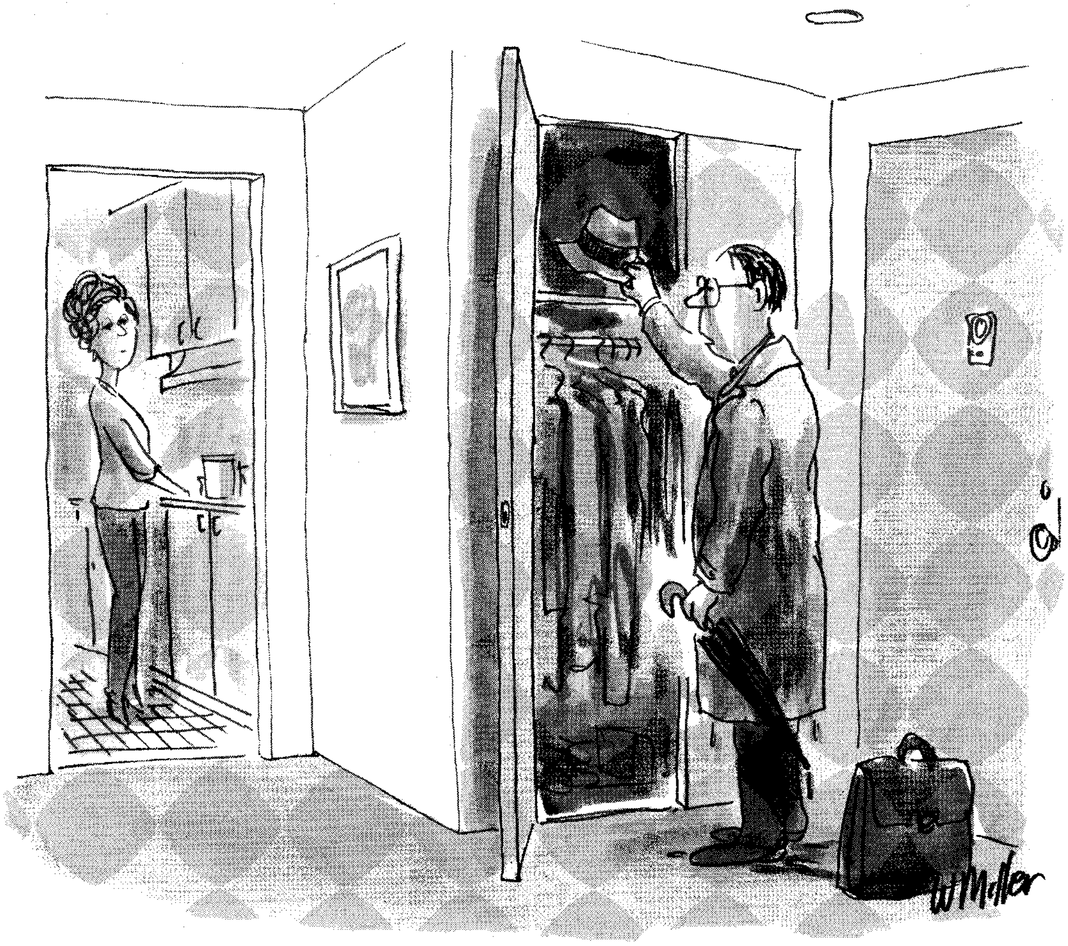
Wilson's Light

THE shaft of light from the wings picked out first the face of the small boy, then his whole person. He was standing perched on a derrick-like tower twenty feet above the stage of the Opera House at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, where the director Robert Wilson was rehearsing lighting changes for the forthcoming revival of his opera "Einstein on the Beach."

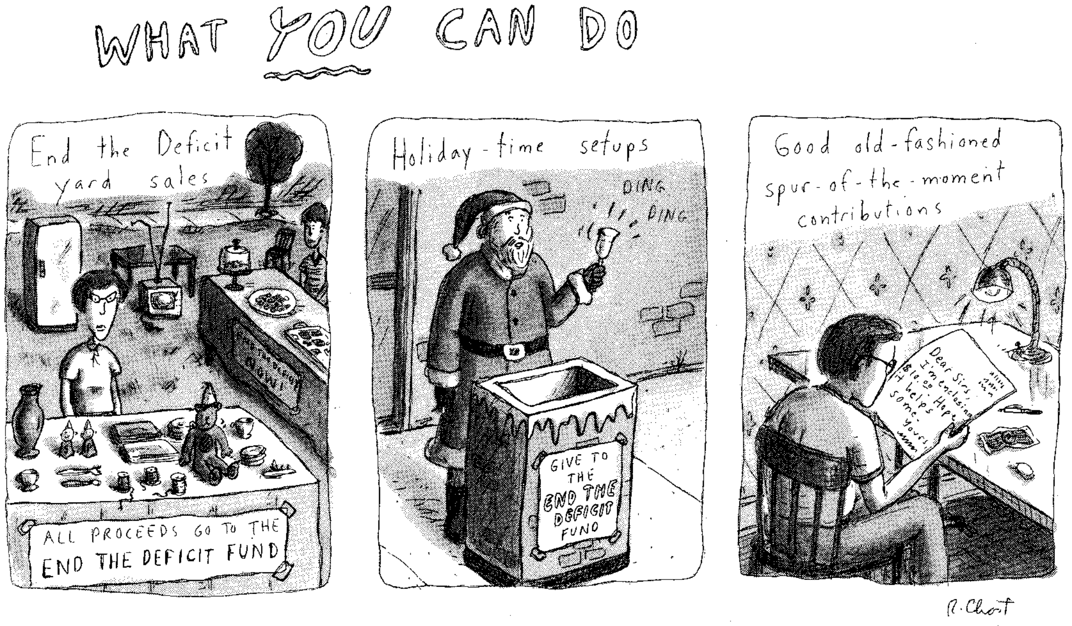
The child stood patiently, his head slightly bowed. The spotlight glinted briefly on a safety wire running upward from his back to disappear into the flies above. A bulging canvas bag was slung across a shoulder. In his left hand he held up what looked like a large building block made of clear glass.

"O.K., Lute, show me how you change the cube," Wilson said. Although disembodied in the darkness of the empty auditorium, his voice was very soothing. The child—he was Lute Ramblin' Breuer, the nine-year-old son of the actress Ruth Maleczech and the writer Lee Breuer, of Mabou Mines, the experimental-theatre company—slowly lifted his right hand and used it to twist the cube to a different face. A mote of reflected light darted across the backdrop and settled near the cowcatcher of a Victorian steam train—a giant cutout image that filled a large part of the stage. From the train's funnel a smoke machine puffed stealthy steam, wreathing the gray and black shapes of the set in softening mist. A column of incandescent white light descended at the back of the stage like a Pentecostal apparition.

"String people, there's



"No, it's not Ralph. Ralph will be home late. It's me—Julio Iglesias."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your cue," Wilson said as the music of the Philip Glass score was struck up again. Three dancers held up a lopsided triangle of string. Next, a painting of another train, this one moving through a snow-covered landscape, was lowered; it began to glow blue amid all the surrounding gray.

"Is that the strongest blue we've got?" Wilson asked his lighting director, Beverly Emmons, who was sitting at her computerized console by his side.

Lucinda Childs, the dancer-choreographer, was doing a funny, mechanical arm-swinging dance-walk upstage and back, over and over and over. She was in costume—a short-sleeved white shirt, basketball sneakers, trousers with children's-style suspenders. The side spots painted the delicate bones of her face with light and passed right through her ears, making them pink and translucent, like the ears of baby rabbits. Young Lute, on his tower, reached into his bag and pulled out a paper airplane, which he launched to drift down on the scene below. Time passed in the darkened Opera House: minutes—days, perhaps. The most precise adjustments were made to effects of light. Now a short woman had taken her place on the apron, standing on one leg and holding an illuminated conch shell to her ear.

"Flatten your hand, Marie." Wilson's voice came out of the dark. "There you go! Closer to your body. Just a second, I'll come." He made his way quickly down the aisle and up onto the lighted stage. A man in his early forties, well over six feet tall, with horn-rimmed spectacles and conservatively cut dark hair, he was dressed in bluejeans and a tattersall-check shirt. He had a distinctive way of moving: agile without being athletic, and with a kind of soft, stately dreaminess even when he was walking fast. He rested his hands on his thighs and stood slightly bent, looking intently at the woman who was standing on one leg. Then he moved behind her, curved his tall form right over her short one, took her hand in both of his to rearrange its fingers, and, looking along her line of vision, pointed out a spotlight in the wings. Clouds were now moving very slowly across the backdrop. An engineer was standing in the train's cab. Lute was launching another paper airplane.

Wilson, back in his seat, said, "The train is going to move." The short woman shifted the shell to her other hand and shook out her pins and needles. The engineer faded and vanished into blackness; then so did his train. Dark silhouettes of dancers could just be seen crouched in the gloom.

"Take eighteen down to twelve," said the lighting director. "The rod of light stays on."

That was what time it was, then: time for Wilson, cast, and crew to leave the place, go out into the other world to eat. He stood at the top of the steps outside the Academy, arranging his muffler and fastening his coat. There was a clear winter-twilight sky in front of him—spread wide, like a drop, behind the low, dark roofs of Brooklyn. A sky of a nice, strong blue, with, upper left, a sparkle of crescent moon.

Chocolate

A GOOD many years ago, a favorite aunt of ours told us that when we were grown up we'd prefer dark chocolate to milk chocolate, and the other day, at a party to celebrate the reopening of the Godiva chocolate shop on Fifth Avenue and the introduction of Godiva's new chocolate-truffle line, Cary Schroeder, the company's product manager, told us more or less the same thing. "Europeans are more sophisticated than Americans about chocolate," he said. "They like the dark, more intense, bittersweet flavor. In Europe, you buy your bread, you buy your cheese, you buy your chocolates. But—can you imagine?—up until two years ago people here had never heard of a chocolate truffle! Our truffles are very fresh, and very fragile. We have eight varieties, one of which is white chocolate, but we can't call it white chocolate here, because of the F.D.A., which says that if something is to be called chocolate it has to have a certain amount of chocolate actually in it. So we call these Les Petites Truffes à la Vanille. White chocolate is basically cocoa butter, which is fat. But it's pure. Now, your big white-chocolate Easter bunnies that you see in the drugstores—those are made with less expensive vegetable oils and very little cocoa butter." Mr. Schroeder, who was wearing a dinner jacket, pronounced the last sentence with horror. "I'm very emotional about chocolate," he went on. "Even though I'm involved with designing the packaging, I'm pleased that Godiva never shows a box in its advertisements. The emphasis must be on showing the pure line."

Mr. Schroeder then introduced us to Susan Kerr, who helped design and construct the chocolate piano that stood outside the door, on Fifth Avenue. "Horrible," she said. "It's horrible what they put in those Easter bunnies."

Mrs. Kerr, who also helped out with the acclaimed Mozart Cake for the première party for the movie "Amadeus," studied industrial design at the Pratt Institute and is now with the Internation Pastry Arts Center, in Bedford Hills, New York. "The piano motif is for Peter Allen, the singer, who is supposed to show up later, for the party. Peter Allen likes chocolate. At the center, I'm the assistant pastry chef to Albert Kumin, who is the real master. He is extraordinary. There is no one who can do what he can do with pastry. For the piano, we got our specifications from Baldwin—Peter Allen plays a Baldwin—and although it looks smaller it's actually exactly half size. We used seventy-five pounds of dark semisweet Godiva morsels and ten pounds of white morsels."

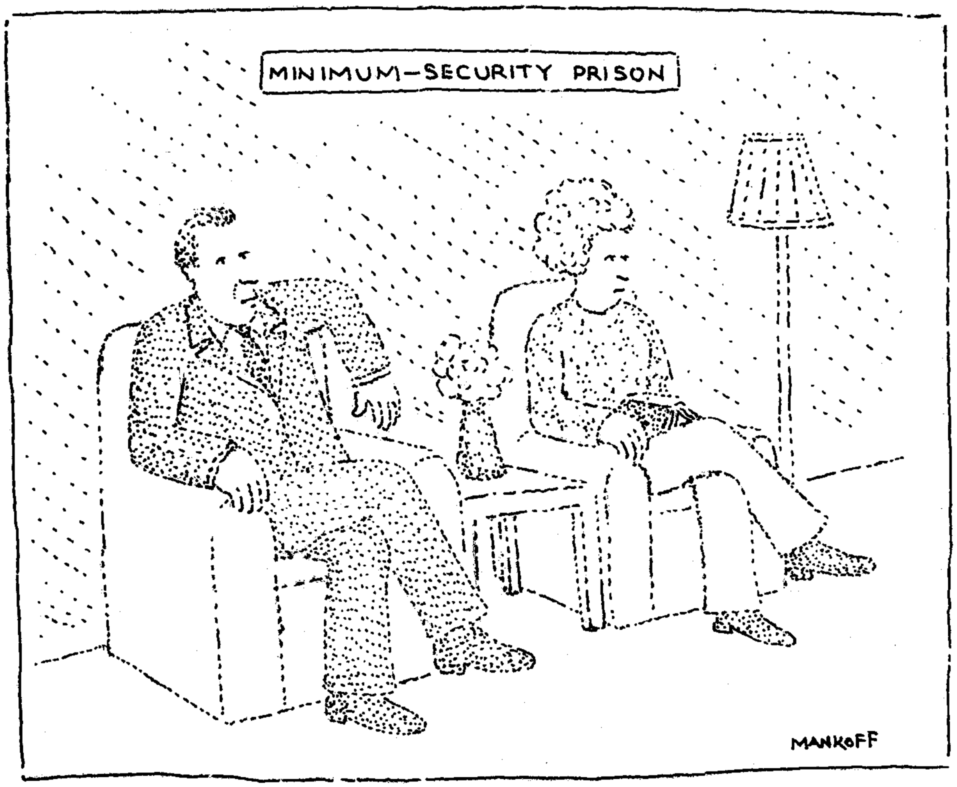
Out by the piano, a woman in a flesh-tone body stocking sat on a gray horse. The woman had long strawberry-blond hair, with flowers in it, and her name was Louise; for the afternoon, she had signed on as Lady Godiva. She felt comfortable around horses, she said, because she had taught riding at a stable in the South of France, called Les Trois Oiseaux. The horse's name was Caruso, and he felt comfortable around cities, because he lived at the Claremont Riding Academy, on West Eighty-ninth Street. According to his trainer, a young man named Toni Cacioppo, Caruso is much in demand. "I get him around the city," said Mr. Cacioppo. "He was on cable TV with Linda Blair—you know, the girl in 'The Exorcist'—and he stood around while she talked about horseback riding, which I guess she likes. Next, Caruso is expected to appear in Richard Pryor's new movie, 'Brewster's Millions,' in which Lady Godiva rides around distributing 'Vote for Brewster' buttons. It'll be Caruso, all right, but with a different Lady Godiva."

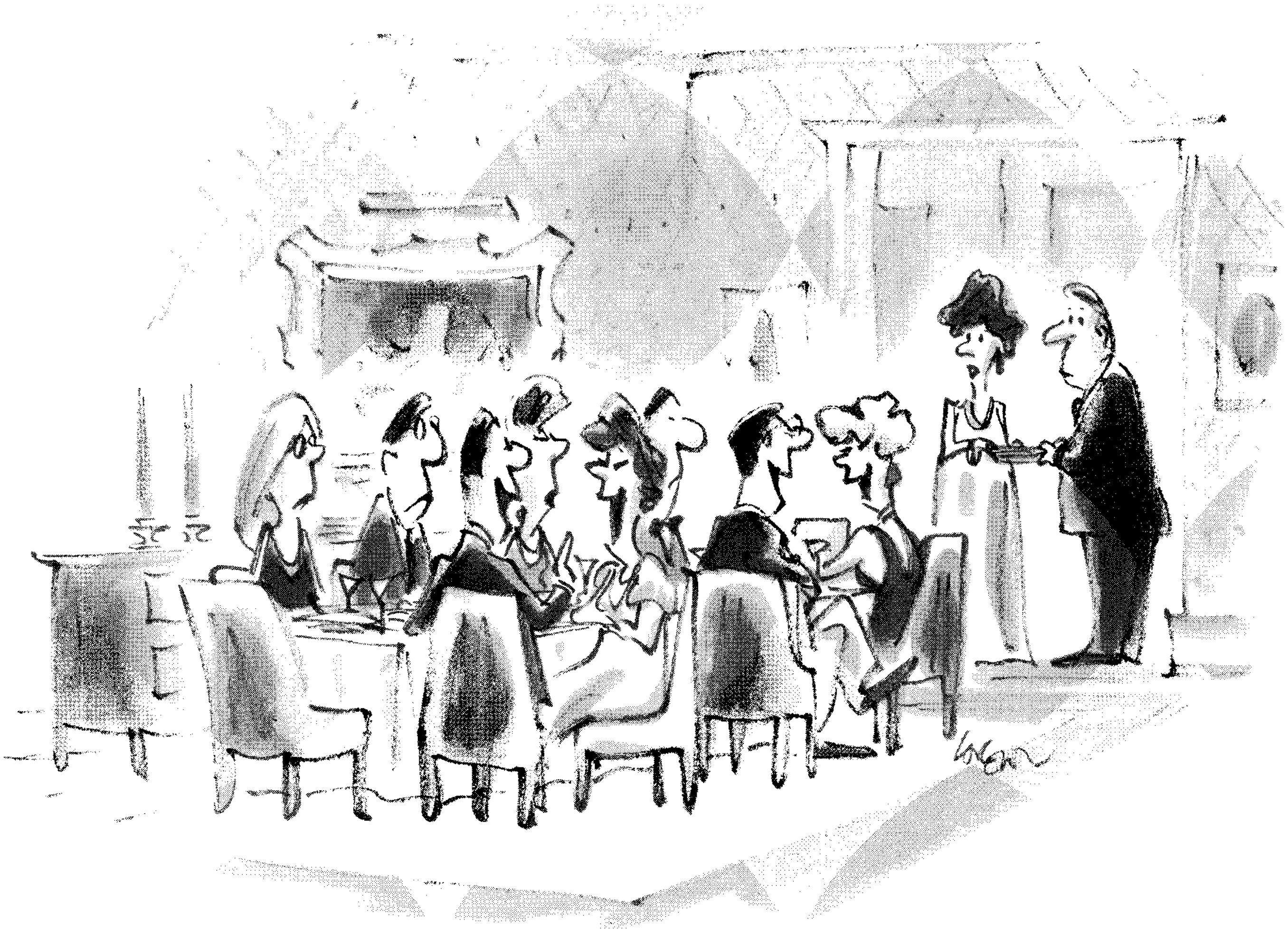
Ergonomic Break

SCIENCE has never been our strong suit, but we gather from the works of Professor Spielberg and Professor Lucas (to mention just two of the authorities whom we consult on such matters) that the really advanced beings of the future will, like E.T. and Yoda, have far larger brains in proportion to their other components than contemporary human beings have. As the intellectual demands of modern life expand and the physical demands shrink, the body, experts predict, will adjust accordingly. This is a thrilling process, it seems to us, and one in which every sedentary worker can take a degree of participatory pride. But evolution requires time, and scientists do not generally expect the human torso and limbs to fade away to vestigial insignificance within the next few million years.

In the meantime, what can be done about lower-back pain? This is the question that took us, one recent afternoon, out to the New York College of Osteopathic Medicine, on the campus of the New York Institute of Technology, in Old Westbury, Long Island, to see Dr. Clifford Gross, who is the chairman of the college's Department of Biomechanics and the president of a new firm called the Biomechanics Corporation of America. In the latter role, Dr. Gross is developing a range of products and services designed to help people keep their backs, and their other moving parts, in working order. Among the projects at various stages of development in Dr. Gross's gleaming laboratory, through which he escorted us, are a pedal that will allow workers to exercise their legs while they're sitting down; a chair that can be fitted to the shape of the user's spine; and a bio-shock monitor with which people can hear (as a high, squealing noise) the abuses to which their knees and elbows—notorious weak points in the human infrastructure—are subjected in the course of daily living.

If these measures seem desperate, so, we learned, is the state of affairs that has prompted them. "Approximately eighty per cent of the adult population will experience significant back pain at some time," said Dr. Gross, a soft-spoken man with a curly brown beard, who was wearing steel-rimmed glasses and a white laboratory coat. "In the United States, approximately fourteen billion dollars was spent on musculoskeletal injuries last year," he continued, "and back trouble now looms as the largest nonfatal health problem in the Western world." Dr. Gross envisages some of his products as consumer items; he expects runners and tennis players to buy the bio-shock monitor, for example, which will be on the market in the spring. But the company's main emphasis will be on helping employers reduce the "micro-damages" that workers suffer on the job. "We





"Oh dear! I put all the post-articulates on the same side of the table."

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provide a week-long training program," he said. "We introduce body mechanics, anatomy of the spine, healthful movements for lifting and moving things. It's ergonomics-skills training."

We could feel a blank expression taking shape on our face.

"Ergonomics," Dr. Gross responded, "is an interdisciplinary science—a fusion of engineering, medicine, and psychology—aimed at preventing injury and promoting health and productivity in the workplace. If you're an office worker, for example, we teach you how to sit properly, how to strengthen the major muscle groups and reduce the pooling of the blood in your legs. We want to get you up from your desk and moving around, so we've developed a program you can do in five-minute intervals. Little ergonomic breaks that you can take. You see, as bipeds, human beings have a huge capacity for doing physical work, but because half the work force in this country is behind a desk, that capacity is not being tapped. The negative health aspect of that is the disuse of a tremendous part of the musculoskeletal system."

One of the tools used by the Biomechanics Corporation in its training programs is a spinal-stress monitor—a transistor-radio-size appliance that Dr. Gross agreed to demonstrate for (and on) us. "Hold your arms out in front of you," he said after he had affixed it to our waist. We did so, and the monitor howled ferociously.

"You're increasing the moment on your spine," Dr. Gross said. The "moment" is the pressure. "Very often, the heaviest thing you lift in the course of a whole day—even if you're a mail handler for the Postal Service—is your own body. If your arms are out where you're holding them now, their weight may be in excess of twenty pounds. That's why we talk about 'covert lifting tasks.' And when you're sitting down it's worse, because your lordosis—the curve of your back—unfolds."

Dr. Gross explained the need for something like the spinal-stress monitor as he disconnected us from it. "The major monitoring device we have in our bodies is pain," he said, "and you hate to use it as an early-warning system, because by the time you feel pain in your back you've probably done some considerable damage. This is a tool that enables you to hear when you're straining yourself, and respond."

It was growing late, so we said good-bye and dragged our musculoskeletal system back to the city, with some assistance from the Long Island Rail Road. It is too soon to say how our work routine will change as a result of what we have learned, but of one thing we can be sure: from now on, whenever we take a walk down the hall we will regard it as an ergonomic break, and anyone who wants to call it something different is asking for trouble.

OUR SIDE OF THE STORY

ANECDOTAL material has its place—neither Ed nor I is in a position to deny that. In fact, we got pretty deeply into that issue on our first date, drinking Rolling Rock beer at the Superba and telling all the stories we'd each heard about how horrible the other person was—stories that would curl your hair—and then finding out that while they weren't untrue, exactly, they hadn't been put into a full perspective. So we're highly aware that the anecdote in reportage, while useful, needs to be interpreted very, very cautiously.

That caution is exactly what we find lacking in the way people are now jumping to conclusions about us on the basis of these "eyewitness" reports being spread around by recent visitors to our Village apartment—not only journalists but private citizens who have come down here on junkets to see how our new regime is working out. Naturally, we hoped they would drum up popular support for our internal struggle to create a better life. We even hoped they might influence policy toward us. So much for hope. Their reports always begin with the person's breast-beating explanation of how painful it is for them to be honest about what they saw—how they had been our biggest supporters at first, and how their initial gush of sympathy gradually dried up as they were forced to confront the evidence of their senses. Far be it from us to question their sincerity, but a lot of their disillusionment is of their own creation, stemming from their original need to see me and Ed in mythic terms. Right off the bat they convinced themselves that Ed and I were going to demonstrate the impossible: that two people with bad reputations—I and Ed—could get together and be transformed overnight into a model relationship.

But I don't want to get bogged down in generalizations about what's wrong with *their* relationships to make them so desperate for a myth. Let me just take some of the specific stories they've been reporting, and deal with those. This one guy, a foreign correspondent who has actually moved into our building, has been saying he often sees a queue outside our apartment door—as he puts it, "like in Eastern Europe." From what we've heard, he goes into vivid detail about long lines of depressed-looking people shifting from foot to foot, wearing shabby clothes, carrying pathetic little parcels and lunchboxes, etc. He says one time a dowdy woman in a babushka, with a heartbreakingly small chicken she was dangling by the feet, told him tearfully that she'd been waiting outside our door for over two hours.

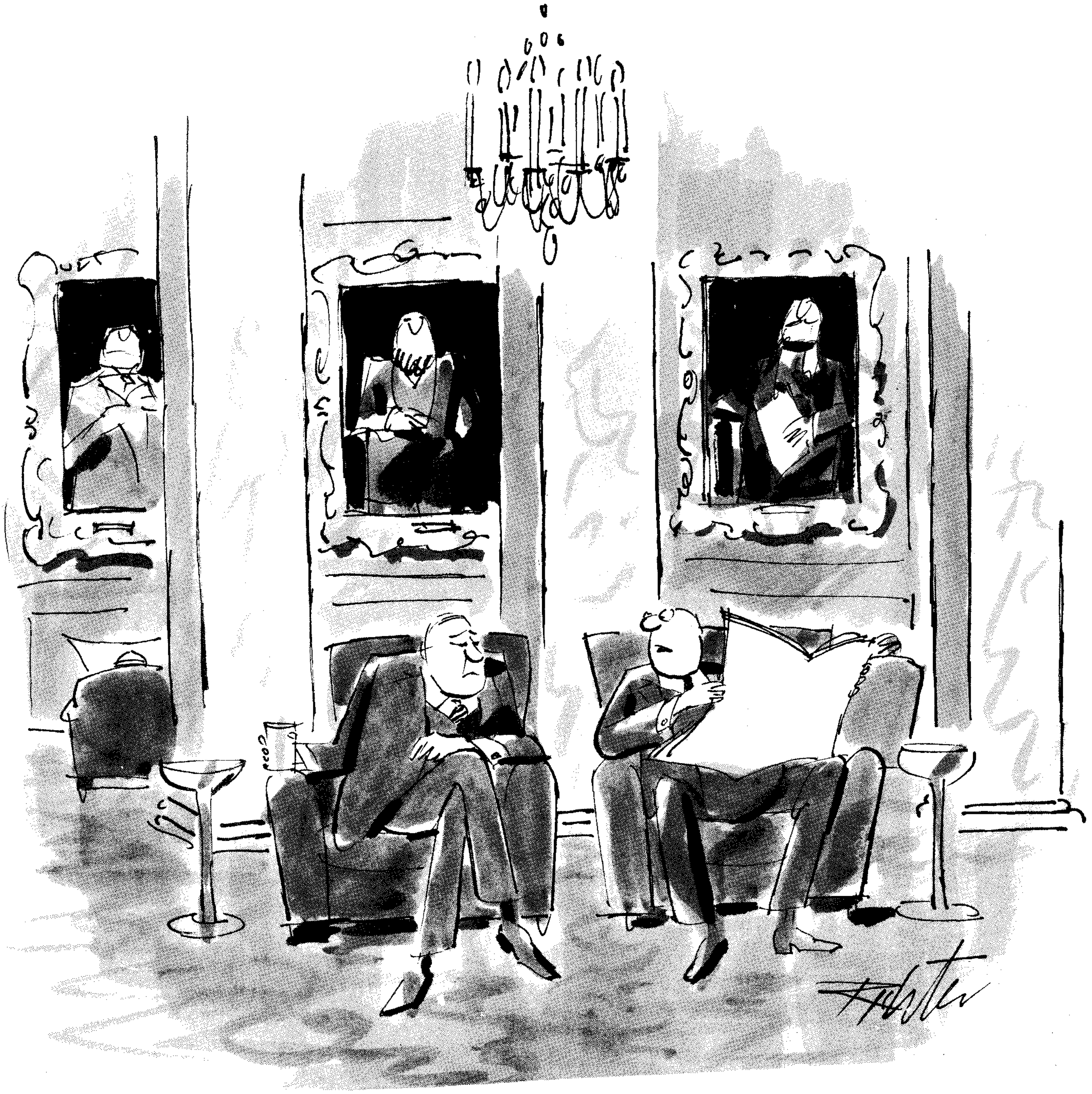
Now, Ed and I have been victims lately of a certain amount of economic sabotage—mainly from the Manhattan Cable TV company, Con Edison, and the phone company—and more than likely what this guy saw was a few repairmen, etc., who had failed to show up at the assigned time and then, hearing a radio or something in the apartment, assumed we were home and hung around trying to get in. As for the all too colorful touch of the woman with the undersized chicken: first of all, it was a Cornish game hen, Ed's favorite food; and second of all, the woman was his mother (who would be astonished to hear the word "dowdy" applied to herself, or "babushka" to the Hermès scarf she wears to cover her curlers). She had come over to cook dinner for Ed's birthday while we went to a movie, and she accidentally locked herself out when she went into the hall (absent-mindedly holding the game hen), thinking she heard a burglar.

It's true that Ed and I have some problems in the area of consumer goods. We wouldn't dream of minimizing that. And if some of our visitors get disenchanted when they see us using paper towels for napkins because we ran out—granted, they have a valid point, and we're working on a better-organized central system of supply. But lately one of Ed's ex-girlfriends—who of course claims that she always wished us the best and feels just awful being obliged to say anything negative about us—has been blabbing it around that we're so unhappy we don't even have enough faith in our relationship to invest in the basic necessities. She made her observations on a couple of transient visits to our place while I was away on business and Ed let her come over out of the goodness of his heart—and, I might add, her idea of "basic necessities" is a decadent bourgeois fantasy. She has gotten enormous mileage out of recounting how shocked she was when she saw that we don't have a toaster. For her information, we make toast in a frying pan because we prefer it that way.

Another thing these reports always mention is the bribes. They say Ed's and my relationship is corrupted by bribery at every level. One story that comes up over and over (always in the same words, curiously enough) is that I was seen going to various Village stores, buying stuff, and getting it wrapped up in pathetic little parcels, and then later that evening was seen giving the same parcels to Ed as a bribe to keep him at home. Again, the details are accurate as far as they go, but the story fails to mention that it was Ed's birthday eve, when (using money we could have spent on a toaster) we threw a huge birthday party, at which some of the guests apparently got too drunk to put what they saw into context. On top of which, when their own rowdiness provoked a noise complaint from upstairs, they went and reported the next day that Ed and I were destabilizing our neighbors.

Then there's the stuff about low morale—how Ed and I have such a demoralizing effect on each other that neither of us has been able to make a dentist's appointment for the entire year we've been together. The woman who's the source of this news may not have realized, as she flipped through our appointment books while Ed was in the bathroom, that we have our own priorities and are not in the habit of going to the dentist right around the time of Ed's birthday, or on other days when we have a lot on our minds—for example, when my birthday is coming up.

Oh, well—whatever we do or don't do is grist for their mill now that this revisionist line about us has set in. If Ed pinches me on the bottom in public, it's seen as evidence that we have a degenerate, sexist relationship—which makes us hypocrites into the bargain, since that's the kind of relationship we



"Of course, there's the editorial 'we' and the royal 'we,' but I've always felt the corporate 'we' carried the most weight."

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set out not to have. It doesn't occur to people that if Ed pinches me on the bottom, maybe he's doing it for exactly that reason—that he's being *ironic*.

I could go through every one of these stories—the one about us being seen drunk on the street (it was Ed's birthday, for heaven's sake!), the one about me being seen at midnight wearing dark glasses and looking "alienated" (I'd simply had too much to drink), etc. I could go bing bing bing, right down the list, but what good would it do? People just aren't skilled at interpreting what they see, and we can't spend the rest of our lives correcting them. If some intelligent, attractive person wants to move in with us for a few months and really observe us with an open mind, great. Otherwise, everybody who's interested can find out all they need to know by going to the Superba, where we still hang out, and looking at the front table, where recently Ed carved our initials in a heart. The heart was already there, along with a mess of other old carvings, and when Ed put our initials inside it, they looked raw and pale by comparison. He wanted to age them by rubbing them with cigarette ash, but I said no, I liked it that they looked fresh. I said all the other initials had probably been carved by people who hate each other now and are no longer even on speaking terms. Ed said I was right—that we were still new, even though the heart was old and ready-made. —VERONICA GENG

KID MACARTHUR

I GREW up in the Army. About the only kind of dove I ever saw was a dead dove resting small-boned upon a dinner plate. Even though we were Protestants and Bible readers, no one regarded the dove sentimentally as a symbol of peace—the bird who had flown back to Noah carrying the olive branch, as if to say, "The land is green again, come back to the land." When I was thirteen, my family moved to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, only a few weeks before the dove-hunting season opened. My father, who liked to tinker with guns on weekends, sat down at the dining-room table one Saturday and unwrapped a metal device called the Lombreglia Self-Loader. The Self-Loader was a crimping mechanism that enabled a person to assemble shotgun ammunition at home. "Save Money and Earn Pleasure," the box label said. "For the Self-Reliant Sportsman Who Wants to Do the Job Right!"

"If you can learn to handle this," my father said, "you can load my shells for me when the hunting season arrives." He was addressing my brother, MacArthur, who was ten years old. We pulled up chairs to the table, while my mother and grandmother remained near the light of the kitchen door. My father delivered a little lecture on the percussive action of the firing pin as he set out the rest of the loading equipment—empty red cartridges, cardboard wads, brass caps, a bowl of gunpowder, and several bowls of lead shot. He spoke in his officer's briefing-room voice—a voice that seemed to say, "This will be a difficult mission, soldier, but I know you are up to the mark." MacArthur seemed to grow taller listening to that voice, his spine perfectly erect as he helped align the equipment in the center of the table. My father finished the lecture by explaining that the smallest-size shot was best for dove or quail, the medium size was best for duck or rabbit, and the largest size was best for goose or wild turkey.

"And which size shot is best for humans?" my grandmother said. She did not disapprove of guns, but she could rarely pass up a chance to say something sharp to my father. My grandmother was a member of the W.C.T.U., and he was conducting this lesson in between sips of a Scotch-and-soda.

"It depends," my father said. "It depends on whether you want to eat the person afterward."

"Well, ha, ha," my grandmother said.

"It is a lot of work trying to prize small shot out of a large body," my father said.

"Very funny," my grandmother said.

My father turned to MacArthur and grew serious. "Never forget that a gun is always loaded."

MacArthur nodded.

"And what else?" my father said to MacArthur.

"Never point a gun at someone unless you mean to kill him," MacArthur said.

"Excuse me," my mother said, moving near the table. "Are you sure all of this is quite safe?" Her hands wavered above the bowl of gunpowder.

"That's right," my grandmother said. "Couldn't something blow up here?"

My father and MacArthur seemed to have been hoping for this question. They led us outside for a demonstration, MacArthur following behind my father with the bowl of powder and a box of matches. "Gunpowder is not like gasoline in a tank," my father said. He tipped a line of powder onto the sidewalk.

"It's not like wheat in a silo, either," MacArthur said, handing the matches to my father.

"Everybody stand back," my father said as he touched a match to the powder. It flared up with a hiss and gave off a stream of pungent smoke.

We watched the white smoke curl into the branches of our pecan tree, and then my grandmother said, "Well, it surely is a pleasure to learn that the house can burn down without blowing up."

Even my father laughed. On the way back into the house, he grew magnanimous and said to me, "You can learn to load shells, too, you know."

"No, thanks," I said. "My destiny is with the baton." I was practicing to be a majorette. It was the white tasselled boots I was after, and the pink lipstick. Years later, a woman friend, seeing a snapshot of me in the white braided costume, a sort of paramilitary outfit with ruffles, said, "What a waste of your youth, what a corruption of your womanhood." Today, when I contemplate my wasted youth and corrupted womanhood, I recall that when I left

"You can't beat live music."

high school I went to college. When MacArthur left high school, he went to war.

IT is nine years after the gunpowder lesson, and I am a graduate student teaching a section of freshman composition at a large university. On a bright June day, at the end of the school year, one of my students, a Vietnam veteran, offers to give me a present of a human ear. We are walking under a long row of trees after the last class of the term and moving into the dark, brilliant shadows of the trees, then again into the swimming light of the afternoon. We are two weeks short of the solstice, and the sun has never seemed so bright. The student slides his book bag from his shoulder and says, "I would like to give you a present for the end of the course."

Ahead of us, the plane trees are so uniformly spaced, so beautifully arched that they form a green arcaded cloister along the stone walk. A soft, easing wind passes through the boughs with the sound of falling water. "Don't get me wrong," he says. "But I'd like to give you an ear."

Did he know that I came from a military family? Did he know that I had a nineteen-year-old brother in Vietnam? Did he know that my sense of the war derived largely from the color snapshots MacArthur had sent of happy young men posed before the Army's largest movable artillery weapon, their boots heavy with red dust, the jungle rising like a green temple behind them? There were two things MacArthur asked me to send him during his thirteen-month tour—marinated artichoke hearts and Rolling Stones tapes. The only artichoke hearts I could find came in glass jars and were not permitted in the Army's mailbags. The first Stones tapes I sent were washed away in a monsoon flood. I sent more tapes. These were stolen by an old man who wanted to sell them on the black market. I sent more Stones tapes. These MacArthur gave to a wounded boy who was being airlifted to a hospital in Tokyo.

It has been said that the war in Vietnam was so fully photographed that it was the one war we learned the truth about. Which truth did we learn, and who learned it? One of the most famous pictures to come out of the war was the videotape of the South Vietnam chief of police firing a bullet into the head of a prisoner, a man who stood before the chief in shorts and a loose plaid shirt. He looked the chief in the eye, looked with fear and no hope, and was still looking with fear and no hope in that moment when he was already dead but had not yet fallen like a rag into the Saigon street. There were other memorable pictures like that. There were also ones like the picture of the blond, blue-eyed soldier, his head wrapped becomingly in a narrow bandage ("Just a flesh wound, sir"), reaching toward the camera as if to summon help for his wounded comrade. This photograph, with its depiction of handsome, capable white middle-class good will, was so popular that it appeared in every major American news source and has been republished many times since, whenever a news agency wants to do a story on the Vietnam era.

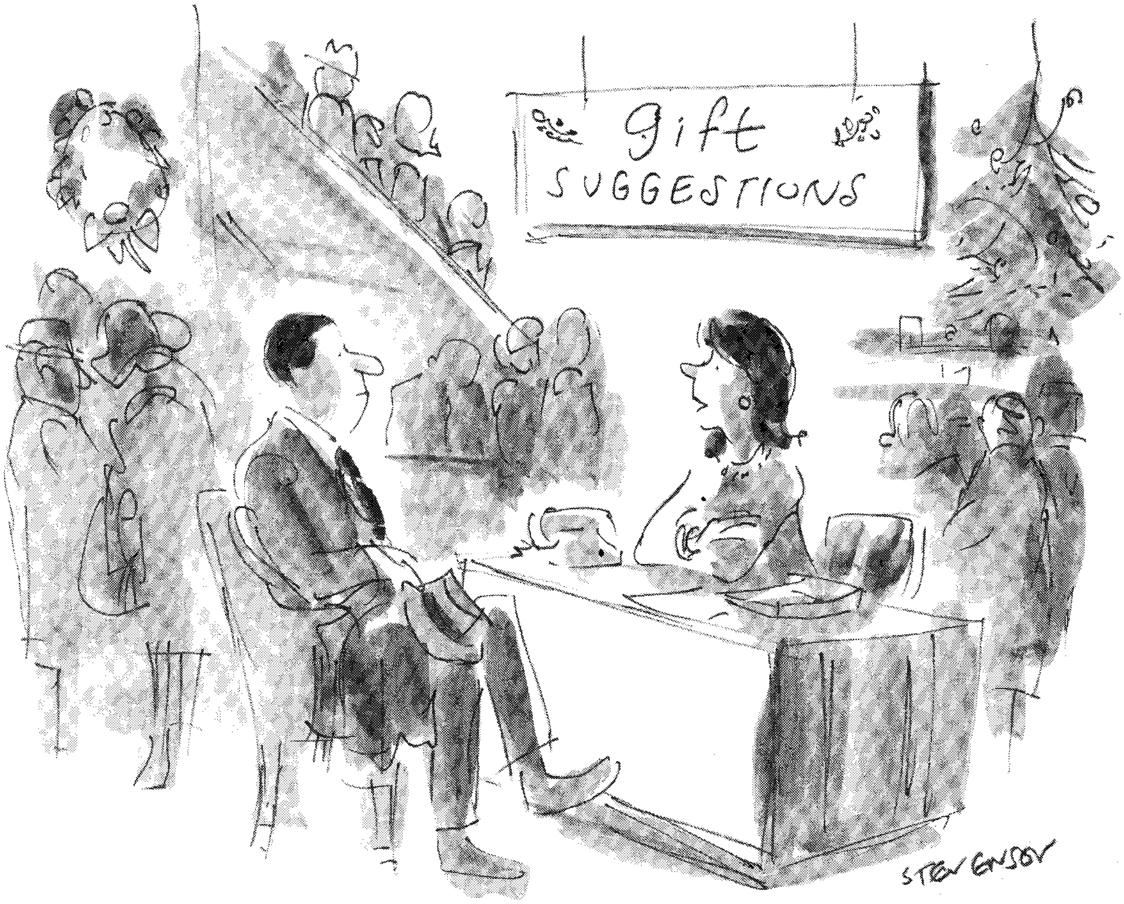
That picture always reminds me of my student, a man in his late twenties who had served three tours of duty in Vietnam and was being put through college by the Army so that he could return to active duty as an officer—the student who stood before me pulling a canvas sack from his book bag on that dazzling June day at the end of my first year as a teacher.

"Don't get me wrong," the student said. "But I would like to give you an ear."

"What would you want to do that for?"

"I want to give you a present. I want to give you something for the end of the course." He withdrew his hand from the sack and opened it, palm up.

You probably have heard about the ears they brought back with them from Vietnam. You may have heard how



"From your description, sir, I don't believe you could give her anything she'd like, and I'd suggest you save your money."

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the ears were carried in pouches or worn like necklaces, the lobes perforated so that they could be threaded on a leather thong. You may have heard that the ears looked like dried fruit, or like seashells, or like leaves curling beneath an oak tree. The mind will often make a metaphor when it cannot make anything else.

A human ear, though, still looks like a human ear. It is only after you have stared at it for a long while, at its curving ridges and shallow basins, that you begin to see: here is the dry bed of a wide river valley, here is the tiny village, the bright paddy, the water buffalo. Here is the world so green you could taste that greenness even from an altitude of ten thousand feet in a jet bomber.

As the student and I looked at each other in the sunlight, two young women strolling along the walk separated in order to pass us—parted like river water moving around an island. They were laughing and did not notice what the student held in his hand. "So," said one of the women, "my mother calls me back to say they had to put the poor dog to sleep, and you know what she says?" The student and I turned to hear what the mother had said. "She says, 'And you know, Anita, that dog's mind was still good. He wasn't even senile.' "

When the student turned back to me, he was smiling. "What a world," he said. He extended his hand.

"Thank you," I said. "But I do not want that present."

We had begun to move again. I was walking slowly, trying to show with my easy pace that I was not afraid. Perhaps he was angry with me for something I had said in class. Perhaps he was on drugs.

"It's O.K.," he said. "I have lots more."

"Really," I said. "No, but thank you."

"If you don't want this one, I can give you a better one." He reached into the bag again.

"How can you tell which is which?" I said calmly, as if I were inquiring about fishing lures or nuts and bolts or types of flower seed.

"I can tell," he said. "I've got this one memorized. This one's a girl." The girl, he told me, was thirteen. At first, the men in his outfit had taken pity on her and given her food and cigarettes. Then they learned that she was the one who planted mines around their encampment in the night.

It took us a long time to cross the campus and shake hands and say goodbye. Two days later, the student left a bottle of vodka on my desk while I was out. Apparently he had been sincere in wanting to give me a present. I never saw the student again. I did not see another war souvenir of that kind until after my brother returned from Vietnam.

THE autumn we lived at Fort Sill, our family ate five hundred doves. There was a fifty-day dove season, a ten-dove limit each day. Every night, my mother brought the birds to the table in a different guise. They were baked and braised and broiled. They were basted and stuffed, olive-oiled and gravied. But there were too many of them, each tiny and heart-shaped, the breastbone prominent in outline even under a sauce. Finally, a platter of doves was set before us and MacArthur said, "I am now helping myself to a tuna casserole. There is cheese in this casserole, and some cracker crumbs." He passed the platter to me. "And what are you having, Gemma?"

"I'm having jumbo shrimps," I said. "And some lemon."

In this way, the platter moved around the table. My mother was having lamb. My grandmother was having pork chops. My father hesitated before he took the meat fork. All his life, he had been shooting game for the dinner table. He believed he was teaching his family a lesson in economy and his son a lesson in wilderness survival. No one had ever made a joke about these meals. He looked at MacArthur. Although my father had never said it, MacArthur was exactly the kind of son he had hoped to have—tall and good-natured, smart and obedient, a boy who could hit a bull's-eye on a paper target with his .22 rifle. "All right," my father said at last. "I'm having a steak."

However, after dinner he said, "If you want to play a game, let's play a real game. Let's play twenty questions." He took a pen from his pocket and flattened a paper napkin to use as a scorecard. He looked at MacArthur. "I am thinking of something. What is it?" We were all going to play this game, but my father's look implied that MacArthur was the principal opponent.

MacArthur tried to assume the gamesman's bland expression. "Is it animal?" he said.

My father appeared to think for a while. He mused at the candles. He considered the ceiling. This was part of the game, trying to throw the opponents off the trail. "Yes, it is animal."

"Is it a toad?" my grandmother said.

"No, no," MacArthur said. "It's too soon to ask that."

"It is certainly not a toad," my father said. He made a great show of entering a mark against us on the napkin. This was another part of the

DESIRES OF HERE AND THERE

We of the North—the soundless, beating part
Of the recumbent world, where the hearth has
Its reasons which the seasons cannot know—
Yearn for the palmy wind of the Southwest.
The laughing yucca mocking our own green
Weeps still within at thoughts of water, of
Our massive rivers running toward the main.
The warm palm pines not for the cold itself
But for the consequences of the cold:
The difficulty of the very air
Where circumstance solidifies; the sky
Which dark, untousled firs keep pointing at;
White lakes breaking up, ice coldly giving
Slow, painless birth to its own watery mother;
And even what we dream among ourselves
By an unfathomable Eastern shore,
Dreams of high summer, from whose echoing rocks
We hail a seal as a far sail heels over.

—JOHN HOLLANDER

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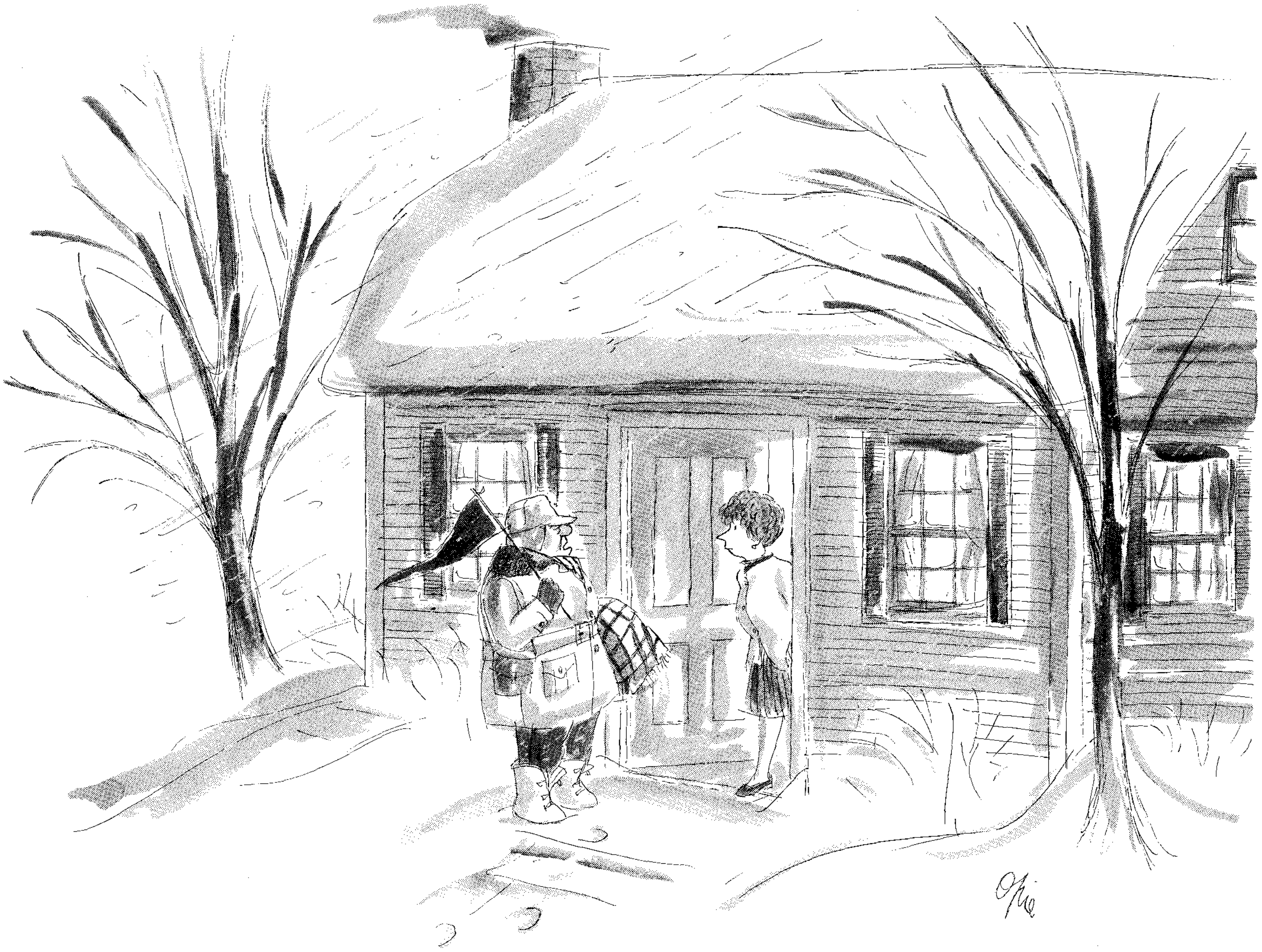

"Along about the third quarter, I finally realized that I no longer have what it takes."

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game, trying to rattle the opponents by gloating.

"Is it bigger than a breadbox?" my mother said.

"Yes."

"Is it bigger than a car?" I said.

"Yes."

"Is it bigger than a house?" MacArthur said.

"Yes."

"Is it the Eiffel Tower?" my grandmother said.

Again my father used exaggerated motions to record the mark. MacArthur dropped his head into his arms. This was an unmanly response. "Settle down," my father said. "Think."

"Can't we play some other game?" my grandmother said. "This game is never any fun."

"We are not trying to have fun," my father said. "We are trying to use our minds."

So the game went, until we had used up our twenty no answers, and my father revealed the thing he had been thinking of. The thing was "the rocket's red glare"—the light from exploded gunpowder. Gunpowder, if you analyzed its ingredients, was actually animal, vegetable, *and* mineral—providing you agreed that the carbon component could be derived from animal sources. He poured a drink and leaned back to tell us a story. The first time he had played the game he was a soldier on a ship going to England. The ship was in one of the largest convoys ever to cross the Atlantic during the Second World War. The sea was rough. German submarines were nearby. Some men got seasick, and everyone was nervous. They began to play games, and they played one game of twenty questions for two days. That was the game whose answer was "the rocket's red glare." My father had thought that one up.

That was as close as he ever came to telling us a war story. He had gone from England to Normandy Beach and later to the Battle of the Bulge, but when he remembered the war for us he remembered brave, high-spirited men not yet under attack. When he had finished speaking, he looked at his glass of Scotch as the true drinker will. He looked at it as if it were a crystal ball.

THE spring following the season in which we ate whole generations of doves, MacArthur acquired two live chicks. A Woolworth's in the town near the post was giving chicks away to the first hundred customers in the door the Saturday before Palm Sunday. MacArthur was the first customer through the door and also the fifty-seventh. He named the chicks Harold and Georgette. He made big plans for Harold and Georgette. He was going to teach them how to count. He was going to teach them how to walk a tightrope made of string and ride a chicken-sized Ferris wheel.

A week later, Harold and Georgette were eaten by our cat while we were at church. The chicks had been living in an open cardboard box on top of the refrigerator. No one imagined that a cat as fat and slothful as Al Bear would hurl himself that high to get an extra meal.

Looking at the few pale feathers left in the box, MacArthur said, "He ate them whole. He even ate the beaks."

"Poor chicks," my mother said.

"They were making an awful lot of noise up there," my grandmother said. "They should have kept those beaks shut."

Everyone looked to see if MacArthur was crying. In our family, people believed that getting through a hardship intact was its own reward. "This is nothing to be upset about," my father said. "This is the way nature works." It was in the natural order of things for cats to eat birds, he told us. Even some birds ate other birds. Some animals ate cats. Everything we ate had once been alive. Wasn't a steak part of a steer? MacArthur looked away just long enough to roll his eyes at me. My father began to gesture and to project his voice. Now he was lecturing on the principles of Darwinian selection. He used the phrase "nature red in tooth and claw." He seemed to like that phrase, and used it again. The third time he said "nature red in tooth and claw," Al Bear walked up behind him and threw up on the floor, all the little bird parts of Harold and Georgette still recognizable on the linoleum.

MacArthur never became a hunter of birds. By the time he turned twelve, and was given a shotgun for his birthday, we were stationed in Italy. The Italians, always a poor people, would shoot a bird out of a tree or blast one on the ground to get a meal. They had gone through entire species of game birds this way and were now working on the German songbirds that flew south for the winter. Thus, the misfortunes of the Italian economy allowed my brother to turn from real birds to imitation ones. Soon after his birthday, he was taken to the skeet range at Camp Darby, where he was permitted to shoot fifty rounds at black-and-yellow discs, called pigeons. Fifty recoils of a large gun are a lot for a boy, even one big for his age, like MacArthur. By the time he got home that day, there were bruises beginning to bloom across his shoulder.

"Maybe he should wait until he's older," my mother said.

"What ever happened to the all-American sports?" my grandmother said. "Couldn't he learn to throw or kick something?"

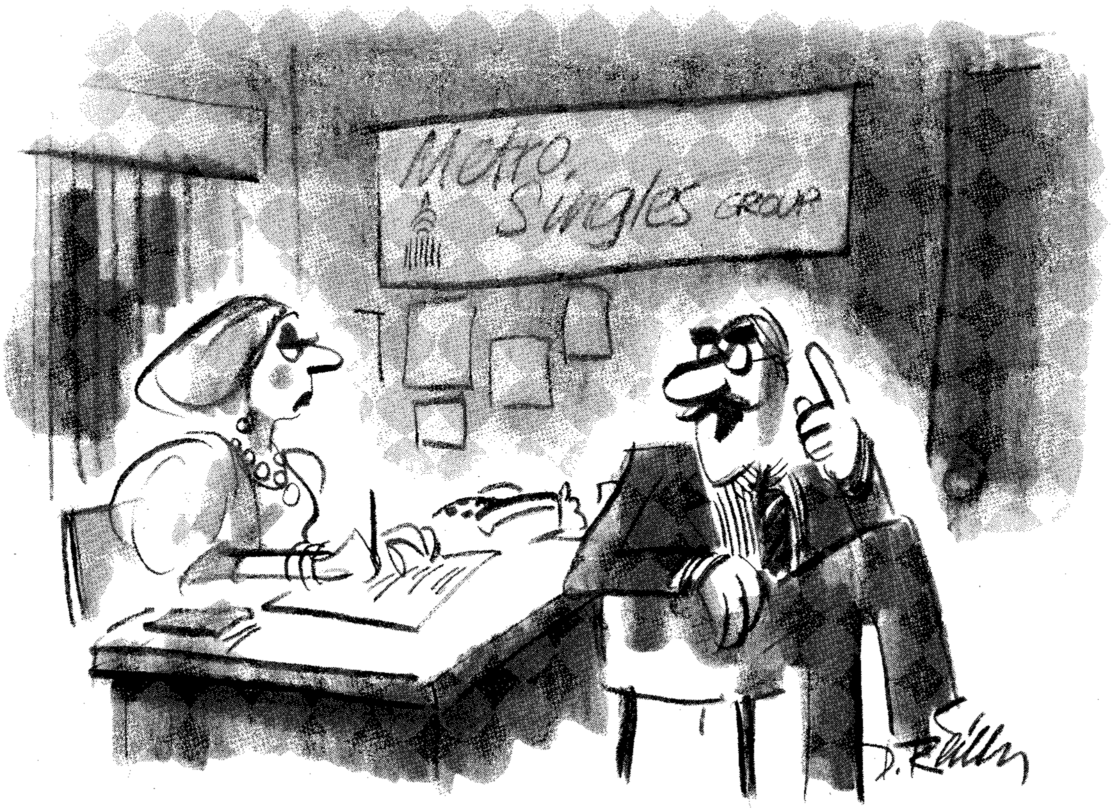
Months later, when we all drove into the post to see him shoot in his first tournament, MacArthur kept saying, "See Kid MacArthur forget to load the gun. Watch fake birds fall whole to the earth." "Kid MacArthur" was what he called himself when something went wrong. He did not like the general whose name he bore. He did not admire him, as my parents did, for being the man who said, "I shall return." MacArthur was not one of those ordinary names, like John or Joan, which you could look up in my grandmother's Dictionary of Christian Appellations. MacArthur was a name my brother had to research. General MacArthur, he decided, had talked a big game but then allowed his entire air force to be bombed on the ground the day after Pearl Harbor. General MacArthur had sent his troops into Bataan but had not sent along the trucks that carried food for the battalions. The general had fled to Australia, uttering his famous words, leaving his men to perish in the Death March.

"You'll be fine if you don't look out any windows," my father said. "Looking out the window" was his expression for allowing the mind to wander.

"I'm pulling down all the shades on my windows," MacArthur said. "I'm battening all the hatches in my head."

Something overtook MacArthur when the tournament got under way and he finally stepped onto the range, the only boy among the shooters. The bones of his face grew prominent. His eyes became opaque, like the eyes of a man who can keep a secret. By the second time around the stations, he was third among the five shooters. No one spoke, except a man named Mr. Dimple, who was an engineer working for the American government in Italy, and the only civilian on the skeet range.

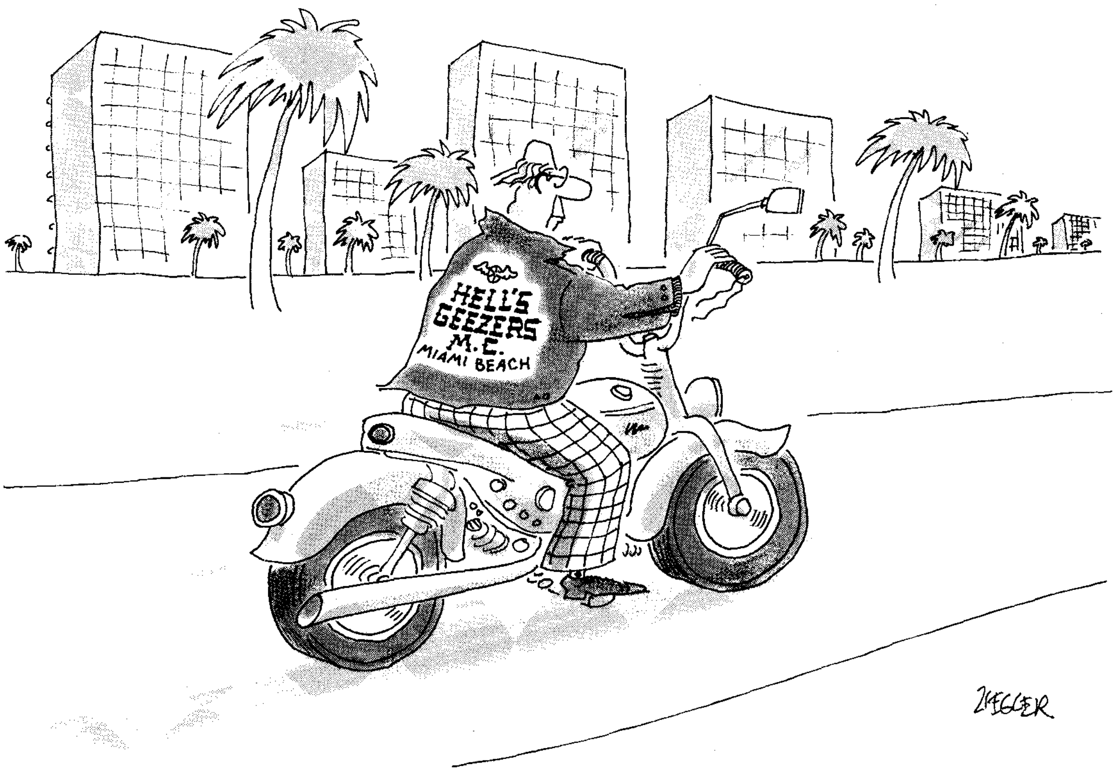
"That gosh-damned sun," Mr. Dimple said. "Those gosh-



"Oh, and she should be into Mozart, long walks, whales, Fats Waller, Thai cuisine, Richard Nixon, self-hypnotism, the Poconos, commodities options, Zoroaster, and spelunking."

damned trees.” It was a hot, bright day, and the angle of the sun made it difficult to see the discs as they sailed in front of a pine forest at the back of the range.

“Maybe we need a fence in front of those trees,” Mr. Dimple said. After his next two shots, he said, “Darned if the wind didn’t get to those birds before I did.” It was clear that Mr. Dimple was disgracing himself before the cream of the American Army. When he spoke, the other men looked at the grass. The women, seated behind the semicircular range, looked at each other. Their eyes seemed to say, “Our men are not going to complain about any trees. Our men are not going to complain about the wind or the sun.”



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“I’m not wearing the right sunglasses,” Mr. Dimple said.

MacArthur stepped up to the station just in front of the viewing area and called for the pigeons. “Pull!” Swinging to his right, he aimed just ahead of the flying, spinning disc. He pulled the first trigger and began the swing back to his left to get the second sailing bird before it touched the ground. The first bird exploded in a star of fragments and fell to the earth with the sound of raining gravel. The second bird fell untouched and landed on the ground with a *clack* as it struck another unexploded bird. Perhaps because his swing back had seemed so sure, so exactly timed, MacArthur could not believe he had missed. He shook his head as he stepped away from the station.

My father looked over at him and said within hearing of everyone on the range, “Whenever you step back from that peg, you step back the same way, hit or miss. You do not shake your head.”

Mr. Dimple put his hand on his hip and sighed at his gun. Colonel Ridgewood and Major Solman looked away.

“Do you understand?”

MacArthur did understand. He was embarrassed. “Yes, sir,” he said.

As the group moved to the next station, the other men nodded at my father and gave MacArthur friendly punches on the arm. He was not going to grow up to be a Mr. Dimple.

The next year, MacArthur won a place on the championship team my father took to Naples. For years, my father liked to tell about MacArthur’s first day on the range. “He was black-and-blue all over,” my father said. “But he never spoke a word of complaint.”

TWO years later, we returned to the States to live on a post on Governors Island, which was in the middle of New York Harbor and so close to the Statue of Liberty that we could see her torchlight from our bedroom windows. It was on Governors Island that my father received a letter from the government which seemed to imply that MacArthur might not be an American citizen, because he had been born in the Philippines. He was not quite a foreigner, either, because his parents had been born in Ohio.

“He’s a juvenile delinquent, is what he is,” my grandmother said one day when my father was trying to explain the citizenship difficulty. She had slipped into MacArthur’s room and found a cache of cigarette lighters. “Where does a fourteen-year-old boy get enough money to buy these things?” she said. “What does he do with them, anyway?”

“He doesn’t smoke,” I said, although I knew that with my father the health issue would not be the central one.

My mother beheld the lighters with great sadness. “I’ll have a talk with him tonight.”

“No one will speak to him yet,” my father said. He was troubled because the evidence of MacArthur’s criminality had been gathered in a kind of illegal search and seizure.

“Does this mean that MacArthur can never become President of the United States?” I said. In our family, we had been taught that if children were scrupulously honest, and also rose from their seats when strangers entered the room, and said “Yes, sir” and “No, sir” at the appropriate moments, and then went on to get a college education, they could grow up to be anything, including President of the United States. Even a woman could be President, if she kept her record clean and also went to college.

No one smiled at my joke.

The document my father held seemed to suggest that even though MacArthur was the son of patriots, someone somewhere might question the quality of his citizenship. It was a great blow to learn that he might be a thief as well as a quasi foreigner.

The document was a letter from the Judge Advocate of the post advising that foreign-born children be interviewed by the Department of Naturalization and Immigration. It also advised that they attend a ceremony in which they would raise their right hands, like ordinary immigrants, and renounce any residual loyalty to the countries of their births. It did not “require” that they do these things but it did “strongly recommend” that they do so. We never learned why the government made its strong recommendation, but there was something in the language of the letter which allowed one to think that foreign birth was like a genetic defect that could be surgically altered—it was like an extra brain that could be lopped off. (A Communist brain! A Socialist brain! The brain that would tell the hand to raise the gun against American democracy.)

“What were you doing in his chest of drawers?” my father said.

“I was dusting,” my grandmother said.

“You were dusting the contents of a brown sack?”

“This would never have happened in Ohio,” my grandmother said. “If we lived in Ohio, he would already be a citizen and would not have to hang around that neighborhood after school.”

“In this house, we do not take other people’s possessions without asking.”

“That’s the point.” My grandmother picked up a lighter with each hand. “These *are* other people’s possessions.”

It was dark when I slipped out to intercept MacArthur. At night, it was always a surprise to ascend the slope of the post golf course and come upon a vision of New York City standing above the harbor, the lights of Wall Street rising like fire into the sky, all the glory and fearfulness of the city casting its spangled image back across the water to our becalmed and languorous island. If you looked away from the light of the city, you looked back into the darkness of the last three centuries, across roofs of brick buildings built by the British and the Dutch. The post was a Colonial retreat, an administrative headquarters, where soldiers strolled to work under the boughs of hardwood trees, and the trumpetings of the recorded bugle drifted through the leaves like a mist. It was a green, antique island, giving its last year of service to the United States Army.

My grandmother never boarded the ferry for Manhattan without believing that her life or, at the very least, the quality of her character was in peril. She did not like New Yorkers. They were grim and anxious. They had bad teeth. They did not live in a place where parents told their children that if they bit into an apple and found a worm, they would know that they were just getting a little extra protein.

“About how many do you think she took?” MacArthur said to me.

“She took about exactly all of them.”

His face went slack. He still did not have that implacable expression that was supposed to help you through any crisis. “I was going to hock those on Monday to get some more cash for Christmas.”

“By Monday, you will be restricted to quarters. By Monday, you will be calling your friends to tell them you can’t go to any movies or parties over the holidays.” I handed him a lighter. “I don’t think they’ve got them counted,” I said. The others were still lying on the dining table.

He was grateful for that lighter. “Thanks,” he said. “This is the best one.”

“How about a light?” I said. I opened a pack of my father’s cigarettes and took one out.

He snapped open the lighter and ignited it so deftly that the whole movement looked like a magic trick. “This is what we learn to do at P.S. 104,” he said.

Neither of us smoked, but we inflicted the cigarette upon ourselves with relish, exhaling fiercely into the raw night air. “I’m not asking where you got them, of course,” I said.

He smiled. “I won almost every one of them throwing dice and playing cards. At lunch everybody goes out to steal, and after school everybody plays for the loot. Remember me? Kid Competition. I’m good at games.”

“That’s a story you could probably tell them,” I said.

He ground the cigarette out under his foot. “Look at me,” he said. “I’m littering Army property.” Then he said, “I did steal a couple of them. Either you steal, and you’re one of the guys, or you don’t steal, and you’re a sleazo and everybody wants to fight.”

He was very tall by then. The bones close to his skin—his wrist bones, knees, shoulder bones—looked as though they had been borrowed from a piece of farm machinery. If you were as big as he was and also the new kid at school, someone would always want to fight you. We had started walking and were now on the dark side of Governors Island, standing by the seawall that looked toward the small lights of Brooklyn. The wind was blowing at our backs from the west, bringing the sharp, oily smell from the New Jersey refineries, but we could also smell the salt and fish taste of the ocean, and for a moment I could imagine us far away from every city and every Army post and every rural town we had ever known. He leaned across the railing of the seawall and looked tired. He had posed for himself an even more demanding ideal than the family had, and he was humiliated to perceive himself as a thief.

“Look,” I said. “Just tell them you

Confession of Love

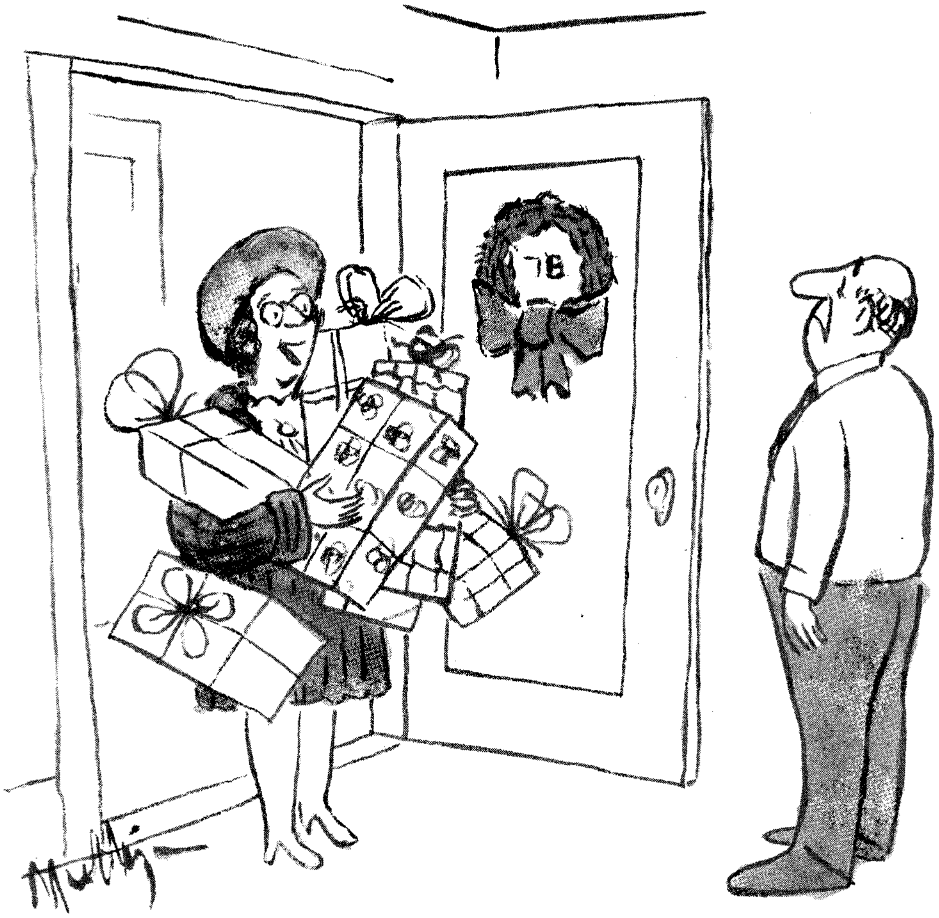
bought a couple of lighters with your lunch money to get the stake for the gambling." He nodded toward the water without conviction. "Don't ruin Christmas for yourself."

"O.K., I won't."

The next day he volunteered the truth to my father and was not only restricted to quarters but also made to go uptown to meet the victims of the crimes. My father wore his uniform, with the brass artilleryman's insignia, two cannons crossed under a missile. MacArthur wore the puffy green jacket and the green hat that had inspired his friends to call him the Jolly Green Giant. They were a gift from my mother and grandmother, so he had to wear them. They made him look like a lumbering asparagus stalk, a huge vegetable king, who could be spotted on any subway platform or down any length of city blocks. At each store, he removed his green hat and made a speech of apology, then returned one or several of the lighters. Since the lighters were now used, he also paid for them out of his Christmas-shopping money. It hurt him to be the one who had nothing to give on Christmas morning. And at school he was an outcast.

"I am now Kid Scum," he said. "The Jolly Green Creep."

He got a Certificate of Citizenship, though, and when he entered the Army, four years later, he went in as a real American.



"Everybody at Macy's wished me a Merry Christmas."

• •

ON MacArthur's last day of leave before he left for Vietnam, we drove him to the Cleveland airport and then stood like potted palms behind the plate-glass window of the terminal building. My father had retired from the Army by then, and the family had returned to Ohio.

"He ought to love the heat," my grandmother said. "He was born in the heat."

"He's a smart soldier," my father said. "It's the smart men who are most likely to get through any war." My father had always believed in smartness as other people believe in amulets.

The plane began to move, and we strained to find MacArthur's face in one of the small windows. "There he is," my mother said. "I see his hand in the window."

A woman standing next to her said, "No, that's our son. See how big that hand is?"

The woman's husband said, "Our son was a linebacker at Ohio State. He weighs two hundred and sixty-five pounds."

"He's a good boy," the woman said, and we all nodded, as if it were obvious that physical size could be a measure of a person's character.

After we left the freeway and drove south to the fertile, rolling land of the Killbuck Valley, which had never produced a war protester, my grandmother said, "I believe in Vietnam." She emphasized the word "believe," as if Vietnam were a denomination of the Christian faith. In the nineteen-fifties, she had been a member of something called the Ground Observer Corps. Members of the Corps scanned the skies with binoculars, looking for Russian aircraft. At that time, she lived in a small Ohio town whose major industries were a bus-seat factory and an egg-noodle plant. Twice a month, she stood on the roof of the high school to keep these vital industries safe.

"I believe in luck," I said. "I believe the Jolly Green Giant's luck will get him through. Remember how he always won at bingo?"

"We took care of the Japs and the Jerries," my grandmother said. "We held off the pinkos in Korea."

"I do not think that any pinkos are planning to invade the United States," I said.

"You've got a lot to learn," my mother said. "They're already here."

"When you get back to school, I do not want to hear that you are marching in those protests," my father said.

I was already marching, but that was a secret. "Isn't this the place where we notice the grass?" I said.

When my father was still in the Army, we spent all of his leave time going back to the Killbuck Valley. As we crossed the state line and drew closer to the valley where the Killbuck River ran and all of our relatives lived, my father would say, "Doesn't anyone notice that the grass is getting greener?" We used to say, "Naw, this grass looks like any other grass." We made a joke of the grass, but we all did love the look of that land. On some level, the grasses of the Killbuck Valley, the clover, timothy, alfalfa, the corn, wheat, and oats, the dense woods of the hills, the freshwater springs, and the shivering streams—all of this was connected with the necessity of a standing Army. It was as if my father had said, “This is what we will fight for.”

CARDIAC ARREST

This is the time when the gods come
for your heart.
Down the long blue corridors,
past one door, then another,
a last dark turn and then—
light. Simplicity of motion,
of gestures, in a gallery
of white shadows.
And you dream without sleeping:
of miners who scrape coal
from the earth like roe from a fish;
of the monks in Hell
with the lead-lined cloaks;
of obsidian eels at a hundred fathoms
who have witnessed the birth of whales;
of the hands against a golden light
which bathed and combed you
and turned you in your sleep.
You are flat on the sidewalk
of a busy city street
and a crowd has gathered to watch
the policeman loosen your collar.
High, high in the sunlight
a construction crane raises a man
in a cage—a deus ex machina
swaying against the clouds.
Truly, the man could be a god,
rising even higher now, escaping
with your heartbeat in the palm of his hand.

—Nicholas Christopher

• •

MacArthur had been out of the Army for a year, and his life seemed defined by negatives—no job, no college, no telephone, no meat. He lived alone in a rented farmhouse deep in the Killbuck Valley, about twenty miles from the town where the family had settled.

“He comes every other Sunday and all he eats is the salad or the string-beans,” my grandmother said to me. The soul of our family life always hovered over the dinner table, where we renewed the bond of our kinship over game and steaks and chops and meat loaf. My parents and grandmother perceived MacArthur’s new diet both as a disease and as a mark of failing character. When they went to visit, they took along a roast or a ten-pound bag of hamburger.

“See what you can find out,” my mother said. I was home for Christmas week and on my way out to see him. “Talk to him. See if he has any plans.”

He did not have any plans. What he had was a souvenir of the war just like the one my student had tried to give me on that June day under the trees. This one was tucked into a small padded envelope lying on the kitchen table. The envelope made me curious, and I kept reaching out to finger the ragged edges of brown paper as we drank a pot of tea. MacArthur, sitting on the kitchen counter because there was only one chair, finally said, “Go ahead. Look.” I opened the envelope and looked. There was a moment then when the winter sun was like heavy metal in the room, like something that could achieve critical mass if a question mark sparked the air. For some reason, I thought of the young woman reporting what her mother had said about the dead dog—“And you know, that dog’s mind was still good. He wasn’t even senile.” I thought of what I had wanted to say to my student that day: “I didn’t think that something like this could look exactly like itself so much later and so far away.”

“That’s not mine,” MacArthur said. “That belongs to Dixon.” His face was as flat as pond ice, and I saw that at last he had achieved the gamesman’s implacable expression. Even in the long curves of his body there was something which said that nothing could startle or move him.

“Who’s Dixon?” I said.

“Oh, you know who he is. My friend the space cadet. The one in the V.A. hospital.”

“The one from Oklahoma.” Now I remembered Dixon from the snapshots. He was the one who glued chicken feathers to his helmet.

“This is his idea of a great Christmas present,” MacArthur said.

His eyes were so still and wide I could see the gold flecks in them. He looked away, looked down at his legs dangling from the counter, and I suddenly felt the solitariness of that rented farmhouse in the Killbuck Valley, the hills and fields hardened under snow, the vegetable garden rutted with ice. When I stood up to touch his arm, he did not move or speak. He seemed to have escaped from me in an evaporation of heat. Even in my imagination, I could not go where he had gone. All I knew was that somewhere in the jungle had been a boy named Dixon, a boy from Oklahoma, who had grown up on land just like the land my father used to hunt while MacArthur trailed behind with bright-red boxes of home-made ammunition. But now Dixon was a nut who sent ears through the mail, and MacArthur was unemployed and living alone in the country.

Suddenly the ear was back in the envelope Dixon had sent it in, and MacArthur was saying, “I’m sorry, but I don’t have much around here you’d like to eat.”

Later, we stood out back where the garden was and looked at the corn stubble and broken vines. MacArthur paced the rows and said, “These are my snap beans. These are my pumpkins.” He proceeded past carrots, beets, onions, turnips, cabbages, and summer squash, looking at each old furrow with a stalwart affection, as if the plants he named would bloom in snow when they heard him speak.

“They asked me to find out what you plan for the future,” I said.

“Oh, great.” He kicked a hump of snow. “Did you ever notice how with the family your life is always a prospective event? ‘When you’re a little

"Isn't this fun?"

• •

older, when you grow up, when *you* get old just like me'?" He relaxed again and dropped an arm across my shoulders. "I'm just a carpenter now. Let me show you my lights." I thought he meant lamps, since most of his rooms were empty except for secondhand lamps standing in corners. He was restoring the house for its owner, to work off the rent. In the front room, he said, "Now we are going to play a game. Tell me what you see."

"I see an old iron floor lamp."

"No, tell me about the light. What kind of light do you see?" The walls were freshly painted white, but the sun had moved around the house, so the room was growing dark.

"Eggshell light?" I said.

He made a great show of entering an imaginary mark on an imaginary napkin in his hand. "Nooooo," he said. "It is certainly not eggshell light."

Then I understood, and I laughed. "Is it animal light?"

"Settle down, now. Use your head."

"Is it vegetable light?"

He surveyed the room, its greens, and blue-greens and ochres, the pale colors of a northern room at the end of the day. "Yes, I think you could call this vegetable light. Maybe *eggplant* light." He laughed and wadded up the imaginary napkin.

We moved through the house then, making up ridiculous names for the light we saw. We found moose light, and hippopotamus light, and potato-chip light. We found a violet light we named after our cousin Neilon's purple car, and an orange light we called Aunt Sheila's Hair, and a silver light we called Uncle Dave, after the silver dollars he used to send us on our birthdays. We returned to the kitchen, with its wide reach of western windows, and saw the red light of the sunset splayed across the cabinets. "Oh, yes," MacArthur said. "And here we have another light. Here we have a light just like the light of the rocket's red glare."

The sun had dropped below the tree line when he went to turn on his lamps, and I put on my coat. "Well, I have to go," I said. "I'll keep writing. I'll come see you the next time I'm back."

He walked me to the car, holding my arm as I slipped over the pebbly snow. We stopped to look at the western sky, now furrowed with that fierce red you see at that time of year when there are ice crystals in the air. All the things nearby had become brilliant black silhouettes—the stand of trees to our right, the boarded-up barn, the spiky fragments of the garden. The sky grew fiercer and gave off a light I could not name.

"The shortest day of the year," MacArthur said. He reached into his jacket and withdrew the brown envelope. "Take this," he said.

He held it out, and this time, because he was my brother, I said, "All right," and took it. I hugged him and got in the car. I knew he was not going to be home for Christmas. "You're going all the way to Oklahoma to see Dixon, aren't you?"

He had already started back to the house and had to turn to face me with his surprise.

"Remember me?" I said. "I'm the

Kid's sister. I'll think of something to tell them at home."

"Thanks," he said.

When I got to the bottom of the lane, I stopped the car to wave. He had come back through the house and was standing on the dark porch, legs evenly spaced, like a soldier at ease, the gold light of his house swooning in every window. Before I drove off, I slipped the envelope under the front seat with the road maps, thinking that someday I would remove it and decide what to do.

IT was still there five years later, when I sold the car. During those five years, my father, always a weekend drinker, began to drink during the week. My grandmother broke her hip in a fall. My mother, a quiet woman, was now helped through her quiet by Valium. MacArthur finished restoring his rooms and moved to another farmhouse, in a different county. Finally, he took a job as a cook—a breakfast cook, doing mostly eggs and pancakes—and in this way continued to be a person without plans.

The boy I sold the car to was just eighteen years old and wanted to go West to California. He was tall, like my brother, and happy to be managing his own life at last. The cuffs of his plaid flannel shirt had shrunk past his wrists, and, seeing his large wrist bones exposed to the cold bright air, I liked him immediately.

"Are you sure you're charging me enough for this?" Leaning under the hood, he looked like a construction crane. "This is one of the best engines Ford ever made," he said. "Whoo-ee!"

"Believe me. I'm charging you a good price."

He wanted to celebrate the purchase and buy me a drink. "I bet this old Betsy has some stories to tell." He winked at me. He could not believe his good luck, and he was flirting. The cold spring air seemed to take the shape of a promise, but then there was still the problem of the envelope under the front seat. In five years, I had removed it several times. I had thought of bureau drawers and safe-deposit boxes. I had even thought of getting Dixon's address and sending it back. Again and again, I slid it under the seat once more unopened.

"Come on," the boy said. "Let's have a drink and tell some stories."

"Really, I can't," I said. "I have to go somewhere." I didn't want to get to know him. I had meant to retrieve the envelope before I turned over the car, but, standing on the curb, signing the pink slip, I discovered it would be easier just to leave it there.

"Hey," the boy said. "Look what you did. You made a sheep."

"What?" I said.

"You made a sheep with your breath. Hey—there, you did it again." Now I tried to see what he had seen in the frosty air, but it was gone. He gave me the money, we shook hands, and he got in the car. "Not many people can make a whole sheep," he said. He turned the key. "Most folks just puff out a part of a sheep."

"Wait," I said.

He put the car back in neutral and leaned out the window. "You change your mind? You hop in and I'll take you to Mr. Mike's Rock-and-Roll Heaven."

"No," I said. "I have to tell you something. There's something I didn't tell you about the car."

He stopped smiling, because he must have thought I hadn't given him a good price after all—that there was a crack in the engine block or a dogleg in the frame.

"Well, what the heck is it? Just lay me out then. The last car I had broke down on me in three weeks." He was remorseful now and disappointed in both of us.

I paused a long time. "I just think I should tell you that this car takes premium gas."

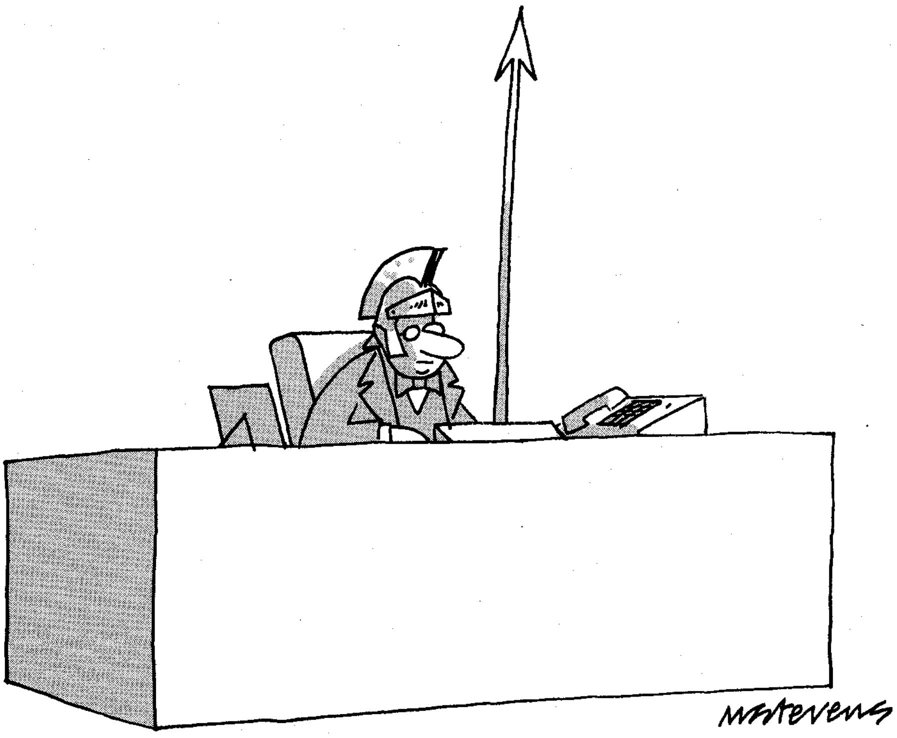
He was happy again. "Shoot, I knew that," he said. He put the car back into gear.

"You be careful," I said. "You have a good trip."

He gave me the thumbs-up sign and edged away from the curb, looking both ways, in case there was traffic.

I liked that boy. I wanted him to get safely to California and find a good life and fall in love and father a large brood of cheerful people who would try to give you too much for a used car and would always wear their shirtsleeves too short. I watched him drive away and around the corner. I started back to the house but then turned to look at the cloud of exhaust that hung in the air. I wanted to see what figure it made. I wanted to see if it would be a sheep or a part of a sheep or a person or something else, and what I saw instead, before it unfurled into the maple trees, was a thin banner of pale smoke.

—Stephanie Vaughn



A PLAY IN ONE ACT

PROFILES

THE STAFFS OF LIFE

III—FIAT PANIS

Let husky wheat the haughs adorn,
An' aits set up their awnie horn,
An' pease an' beans at een or morn,
Perfume the plain;
Leeze me on thee, John Barleycorn,
Thou King o' grain!

On thee aft Scotland chows her cood,
In souple scones, the wale o' food!
Or tumblin' in the boiling flood
Wi' kail an' beef;
But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood,
There thou shines chief.
—*Robert Burns.*

IT is a sobering fact of life—or, perhaps, of minimal existence—that although hundreds of millions of inhabitants of the earth have far too little to eat, billions of bushels of the staple food plants on which mankind has always been dependent are used annually for the concoction of alcoholic beverages. All over the world, throughout history, people have gone hungry because they allocated too much of their just-ripened crops to the brewing of potions with which to celebrate those very harvests. The authors of "Wheat in Human Nutrition," a publication put out by the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization, write, "We can assign to wheat the credit, or discredit, of having contributed to the evolution of the intoxicating alcoholic drinks which enliven human existence." It is at least implicit in this statement that at harvest time or any other time the great grain drinks can make life a little more bearable for the otherwise disadvantaged. Besides, it has been argued that Bantu beer, for example—more than a hundred million gallons of which were brewed for South African blacks every year in the nineteen-seventies—is highly nutritious. Bantu beer, which, in keeping with the color codes so characteristic of South Africa, is made from a kind of sorghum called red kafir corn, was given its due in a 1937 book published in Cape Town: "In times of plenty it is not only freely consumed, but often is the principal or sole food of many men for days on end. But it also plays a very important part in their social life. The whole social system of the people is inextricably linked up with this popular beverage, which is the first essential in all festivities, the one incentive to labour, the first thought in dispensing hospitality."

Robert Burns, being Scottish, naturally had a tender spot for barley, which has been a base of beer and of malt whiskey (malt is sprouted barley that has been dried) since the start of recorded history. The Egyptians have had a barley beer they call *booza* since ancient times; some say Gypsies carried that word as far north as England, where it evolved, the nature of the original ingredients having been forgotten along the way, into "booze." Burns would probably not have been surprised by some twentieth-century American statistics. In 1918, the United States produced more than two hundred and twenty-five million bush-

"It's nice to see he hasn't lost his sense of humor."

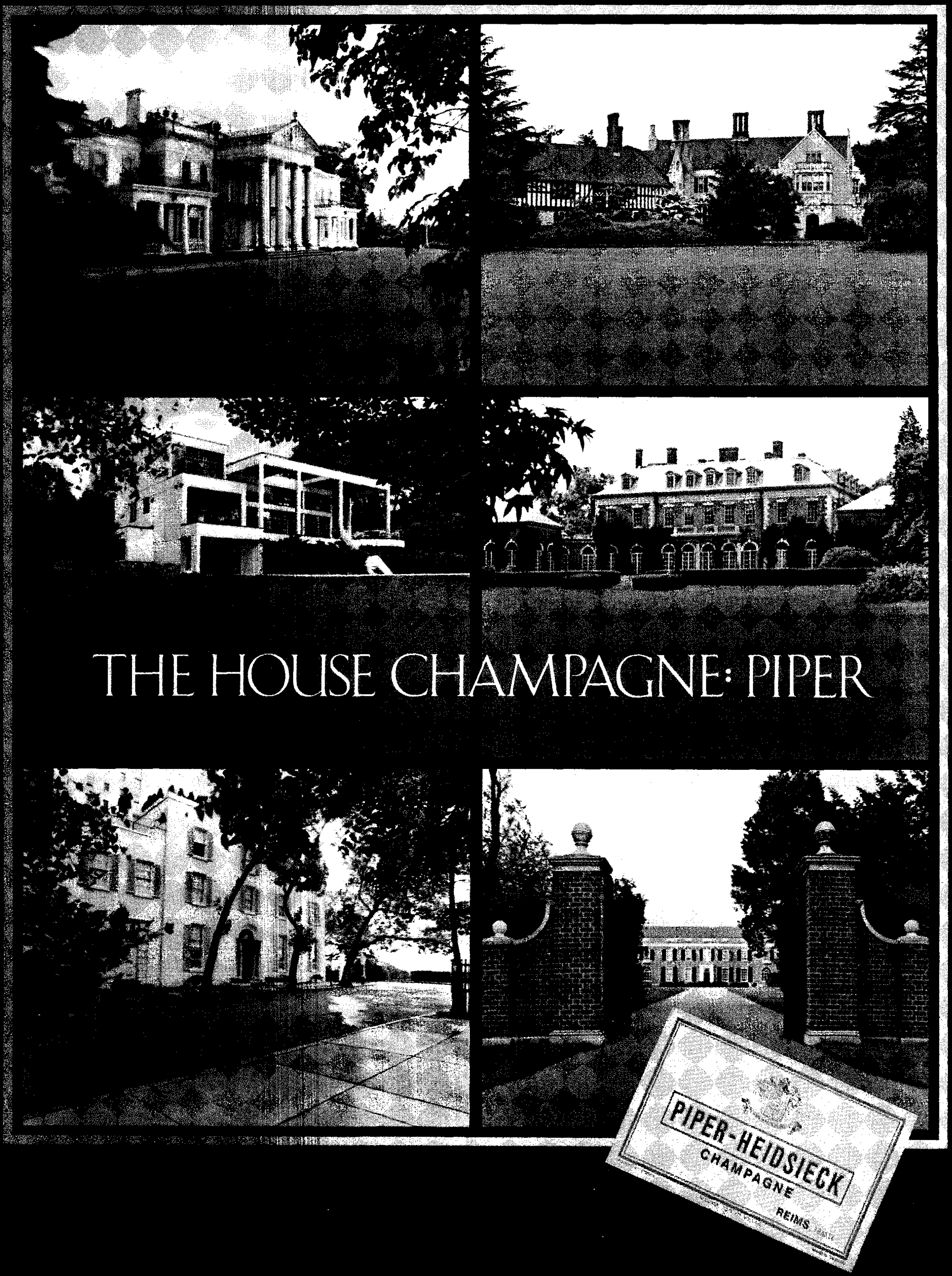
els of barley on just over nine million acres of land. That crop clearly did not all go into barley soup, for when Prohibition came along barley acreage the following year plummeted by about two and a half million acres and production by about ninety-four million bushels. Of the five hundred million bushels of barley that are annually grown in the United States nowadays, more than half is used for livestock feed—and some, on the eve of Jewish holidays, to fatten carp—and a quarter is earmarked for malting and brewing. By 1935, the first year American farmers had a chance to react fully to Repeal (and to good growing weather), both barley totals were not just back to but well above their 1918 levels—twelve and a half million acres and more than two hundred and eighty-eight million bushels. Such robust figures would surely have heartened an anonymous contributor to the *Memoirs* of the New York State Board of Agriculture in 1821, who wrote of barley:

> This grain, at present, is only cultivated in the vicinity of breweries, which being unfortunately few in number, the market is circumscribed, and the price of consequence altogether at the mercy of a few consumers. Nothing is more to be desired than that barley should be extensively grown; for next to wheat and corn, it is the most valuable of grains. A more general cultivation of barley, would be a proof of the increase of breweries, and of the substitution of malt liquor for ardent spirits. These from their cheapness, are the bane of our labouring population, and furnish a delusive poison to our harvest fields, in the place of a refreshing beverage. Children, as soon as they are able to lift a rake, are accustomed to coarse rum and whiskey, and the habit growing up with them to manhood, too often destroys their usefulness and happiness. I know of nothing which promises so efficaciously to root out this pernicious habit, as the multiplication of breweries: the establishment of every new brewery, is to be considered as an additional safe-guard to the morals and welfare of the most numerous part of the community.

Burns' Scotland not only was a barley worshipper's mecca but, with its damp, cool climate, was singularly hospitable to oats—or, as the poet put it, aits. In the eighteenth century, the standard ration there for an unmarried plowman consisted almost entirely of seventeen and a half pounds of oatmeal a week, with enough milk to moisten it. "The beggars of London, and within ten miles of it, eat more white bread than the whole kingdom of Scotland," Daniel Defoe wrote in "The Complete English Tradesman: Directing him in the several Parts and Progressions of TRADE From his First Entring upon Business, to his Leaving off." The man generally credited with being the first serious breeder to try to improve oats was a Scotsman, Patrick Shirreff, of Haddington, who in the eighteen-sixties released three varieties called, with commendable directness, Early Fellow, Long Fellow, and Fine Fellow. (Other Scottish oat names were often descriptive of their environment: Angus, Banner, Drummond, Highlander, Sandy, Black Tartarian, Royal Scot.)

Long before that, oats, which may have been in the British Isles as far back as 400 B.C., had acquired a reputation there for being more than mere sustenance. John Gerard wrote, in his 1597 "Herball," that colic or a stitch in the side could be much relieved by the application of some heated oats secured in a linen bag; that one could treat chapped hands or feet or other abrasions by holding the afflicted parts over the steam from a pot of boiling oats; and that an application of oats could make a ruddy maiden's complexion fairer—give it, indeed, the paler hue of tallow. (In the fourth century A.D., a remedy for a colicky animal was to stir up some oats in wine and inject the mixture into the ailing beast's left nostril.) Oats are still an ingredient of some specialty soaps; oat hulls also help heal wounds in trees.

Wild oats are a weed, and a mean one. They caused nearly two hundred million dollars' worth of damage in North Dakota in 1973, a year of such severe infestation that one per cent of the wheat fields of that state looked like oat fields. Wild oats are sown principally through man's activities, but also by birds, animals, and the wind. The phrase "to sow wild oats" may, as H. L. Mencken asserted, be of sixteenth-century English origin. Or it may stem from an old Jutland legend, in which the earth mother—Hulda, or Bertha—put werewolves at each corner of her grainfields to scare off predators, and at night the larksome fire god Loki stole past the sentinels and scattered wild-oat seeds: thus the connection between wild oats and naughtiness. Still another tale has it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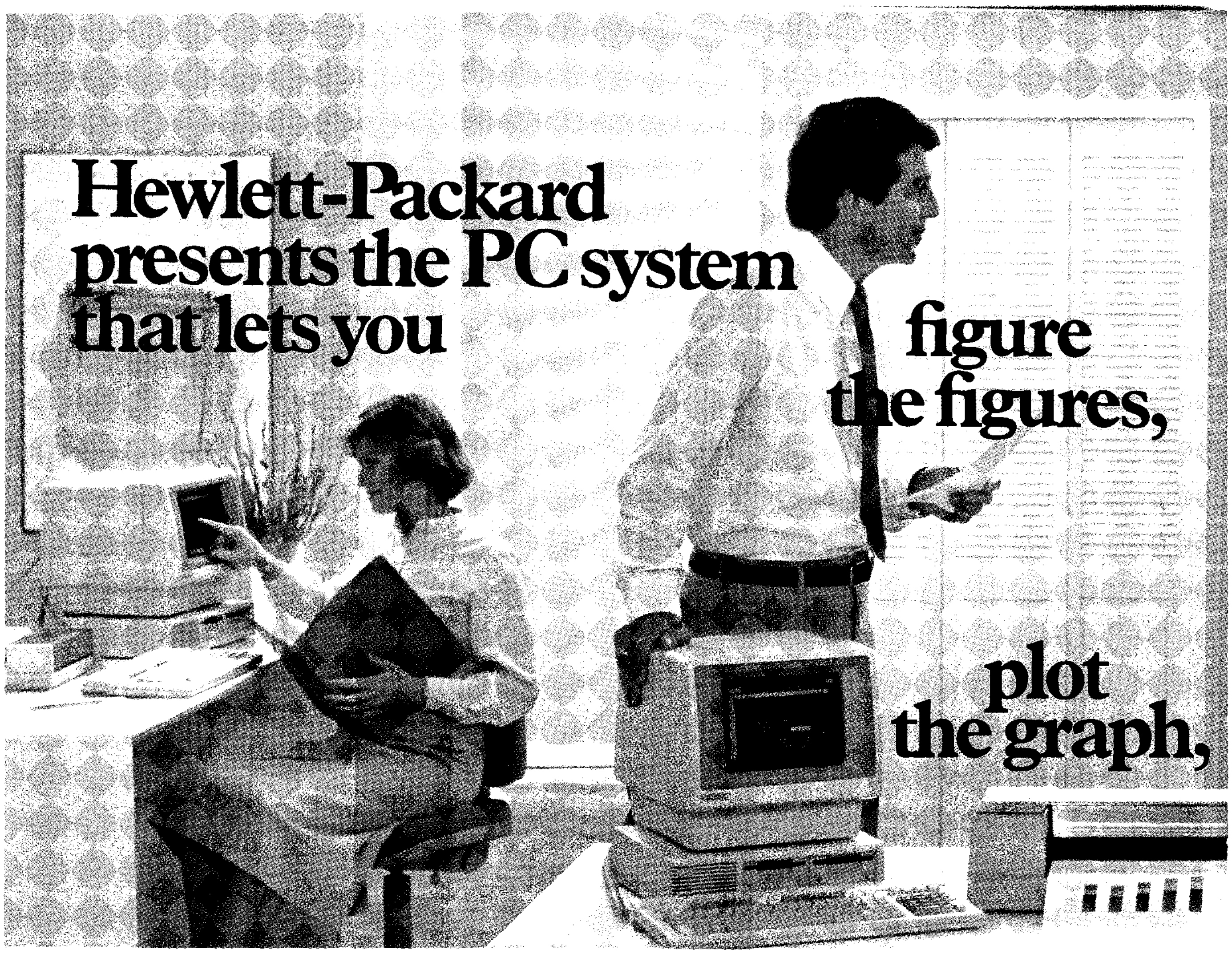
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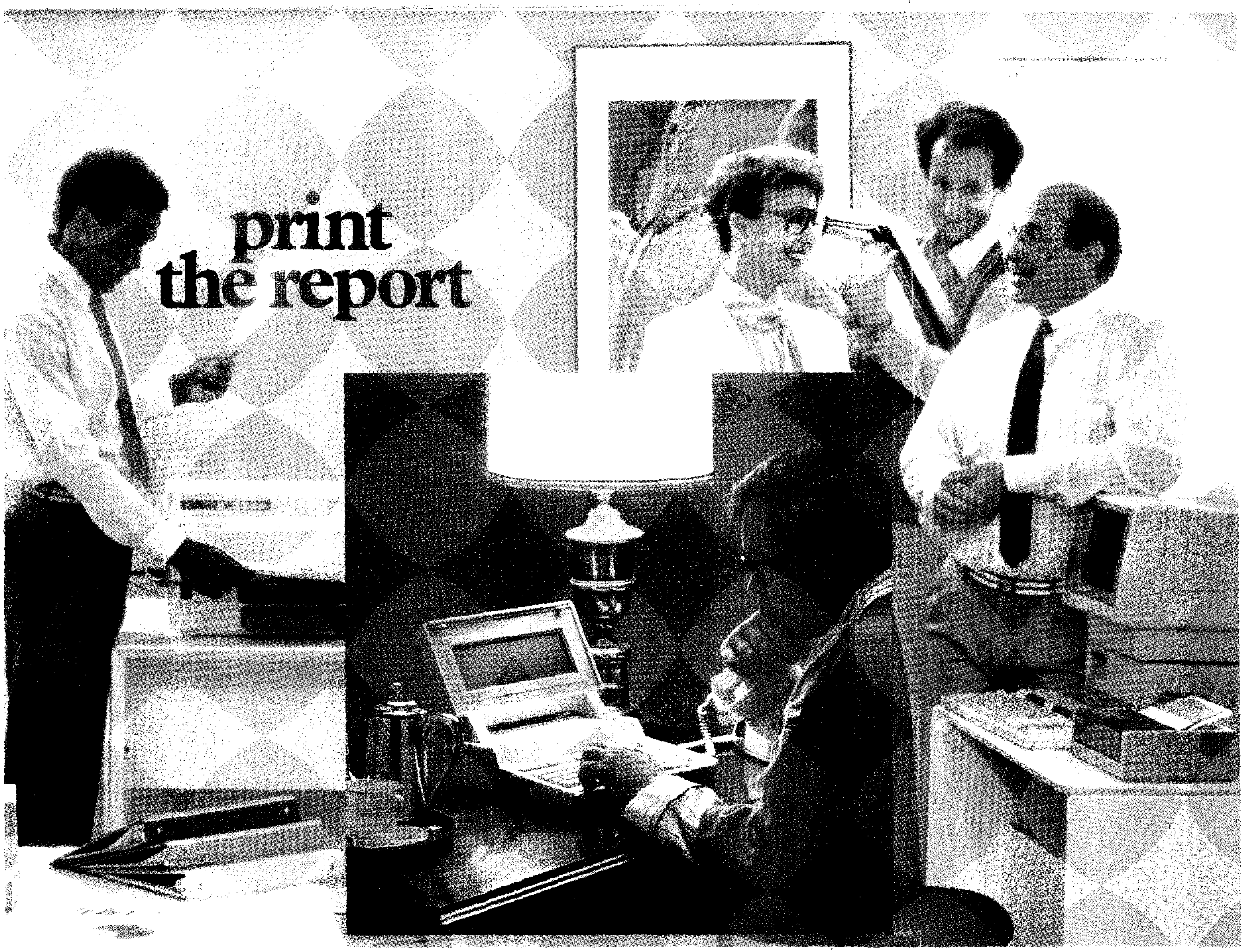

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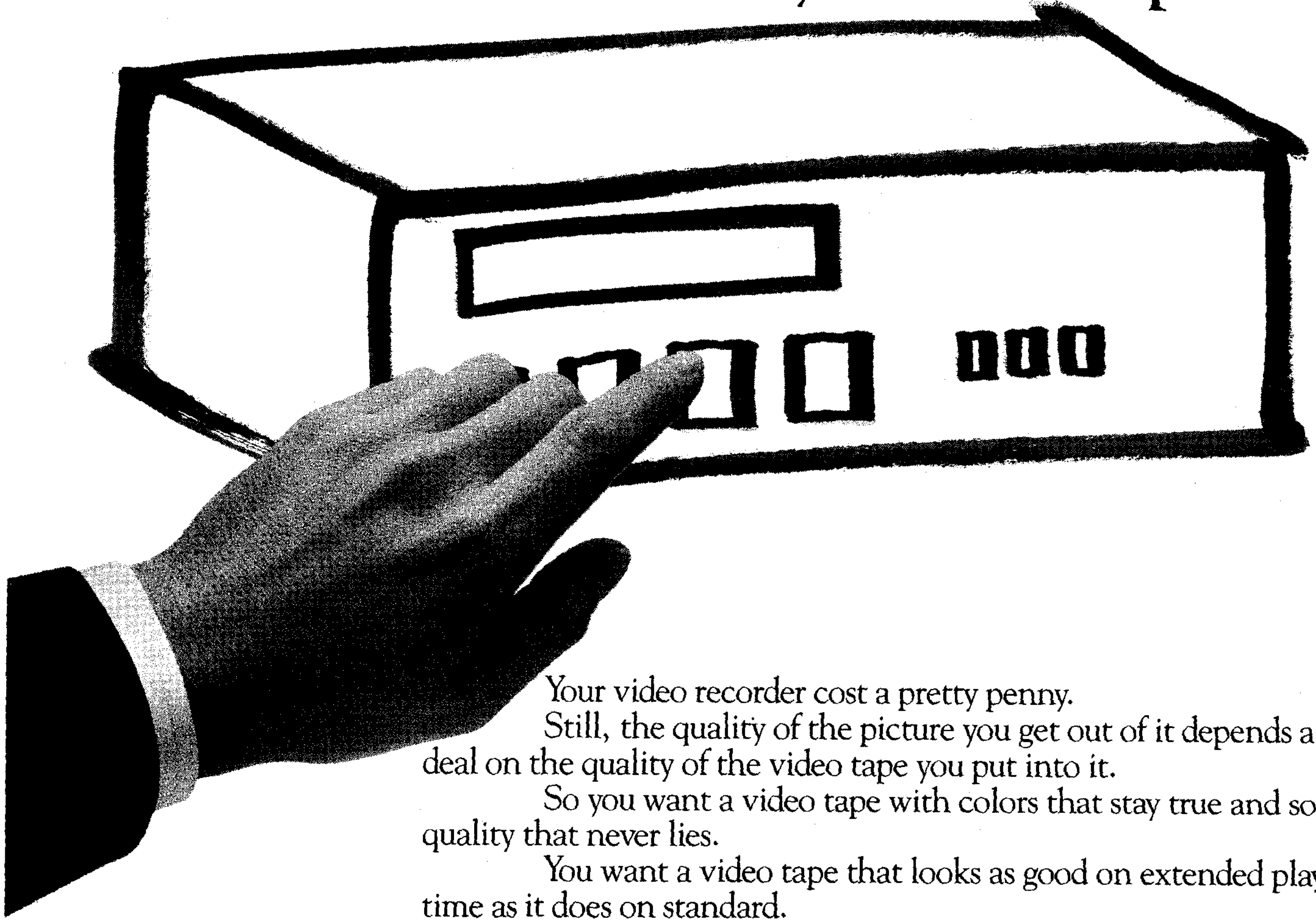

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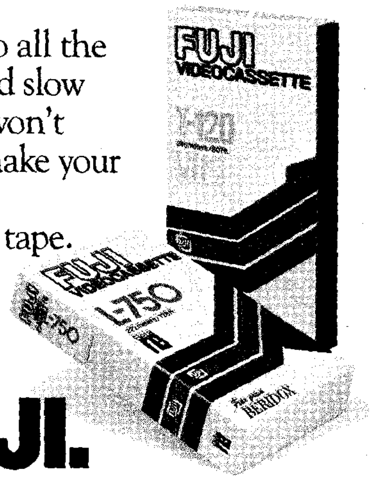

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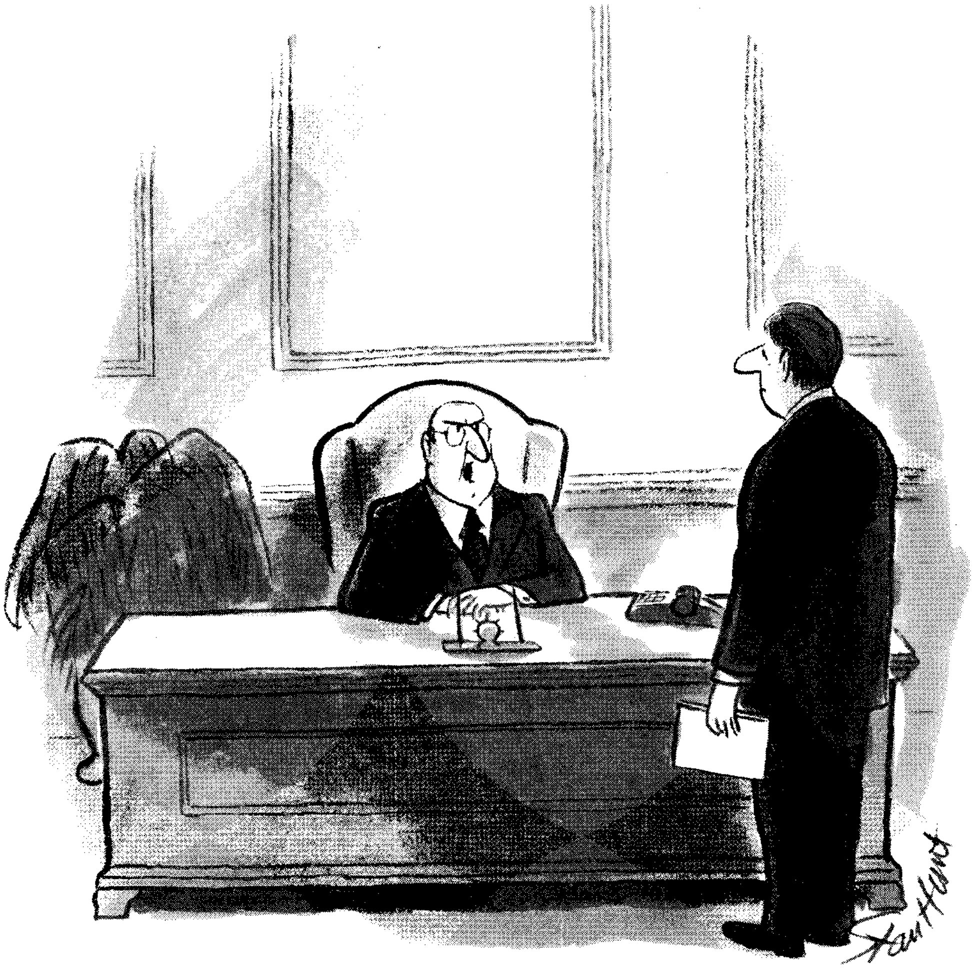
that God once gave Satan oats, and then changed his mind and wanted them back. But how to get them? St. Paul said he'd take care of it. When he saw the Devil heading his way, skipping along and jubilantly crying, "Oats! Oats!," St. Paul hid under a bridge. He leaped forth and scared the devil out of Satan, who complained that St. Paul had made him forget the name of his precious burden. Was it rye, St. Paul asked, or perhaps wheat? No, neither. How about sow thistle? The poor addled Devil said that sounded right, and that was what he ended up with.

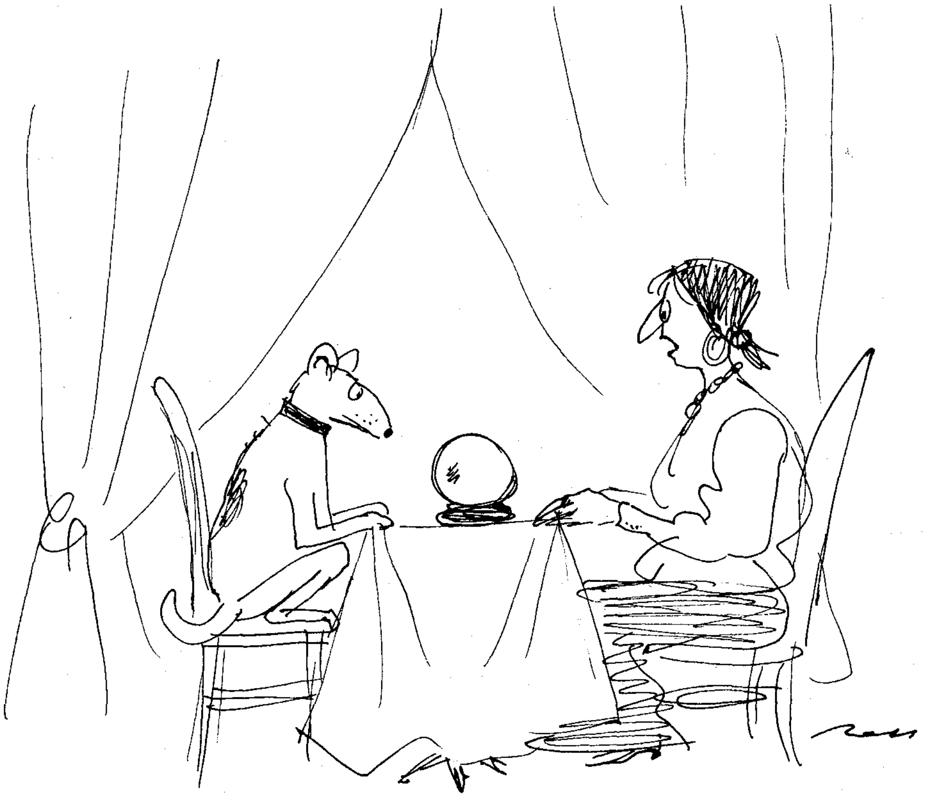
Cultivated oats have not always been treated with the deference their fanciers believe they deserve, although Caligula is said to have fed oats (some, however, maintain it was barley) to his favorite horse out of a golden cup. Franklin A. Coffman, for decades an oats specialist with the United States Department of Agriculture, grumbled in 1961, after forty-four years' unswerving devotion to his favorite crop, that wheat, corn, rice, and cotton had all "received more attention from publishers than oats." Coffman, in his "Oats and Oat Improvement," did his best to rectify that. Still, there was no gainsaying that much more widely remembered writings about oats were Pliny's observation that, wild or tame, they were only a noxious weed, and Dr. Samuel Johnson's definition of them as "a grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people." (Johnson later confessed to Boswell, "I own that by my definition of oats I meant to vex them.") To which Lord Elibank, a Scottish military officer, gallantly retorted, "Very true, and where will you find such horses, and such men?" Coffman did not live long enough to know that, as part of a scientific experiment, the unappreciated oat—sprouted—would in 1982 soar skyward aboard the third test flight of the space shuttle Columbia.



"Damn it, Quigley, you know I'm a pompous ass. Don't just stand there—state your business."

• •

THE family of grasses to which most staple food plants belong—the Gramineae—can be proud of its place in literature. Take the Bible. What love-smitten poet has improved on Solomon's song lyric "Thy belly is like a heap of wheat set about with lilies"? While it is true that Abel, the good guy, was a shepherd and Cain, the bad guy, was a farmer, and while the authors of the Book of Judges did elect to recount an unflattering Israelite dream in which some Midianites were struck down by a cake of barley bread that fell into their camp, did not God, in Genesis, create food plants before he created fish, birds, animals, or man? In pre-Biblical times, it is alleged, the Egyptians, who warily shared the Nile with crocodiles, were cannibals. The crocodiles never adapted to civilized eating, but the Egyptians, so their high priests informed them, were weaned from their crude ways by the goddess Isis, who returned from a journey to Lebanon with some wheat and barley. Osiris, who was both husband and brother to Isis, taught his flock how to cultivate the wheat and, inevitably, how to make beer from the barley. This, to be sure, was only when his sister-wife had put him together again after he had been dismembered in a spat with yet another sibling, the fratricidal god Seth, who had scattered parts of Osiris's body every which way. Isis patiently retrieved the pieces, reassembled them, and breathed new life into Osiris. There is a statue of him in the main lobby of the Food and Agriculture Organization's headquarters, in Rome. The inscription hails him as "Food Promoter and Protector of Agriculture in Ancient Egypt." Another effigy of Osiris was found in the tomb of Tutankhamun—a hollow figure with some grains of barley inside it, embedded there in the expectation that they would germinate and be a symbol of resurrection. Other regal mummies were bedecked, also to assure resurrection, with barley necklaces. (In the eighteen-thirties in Prague, Count Kaspar Sternberg contended that he had planted some thousand-year-old wheat seeds found in an Egyptian sarcophagus and that two of them had germinated—a phenomenon that most botanists consider not only unlikely but impossible. The Count could have been duped; somebody could have slipped some fresh seeds into the coffin. In any event, guides at the Pyramids still occasionally tell tourists about the mummified wheat that came back to life, and the story had a brief flurry in the American press. One Chicago newspaper, apparently unaware that in



"I see a big bone at Forty-seventh and Lexington Avenue."

• •

the rest of the world, as in the Bible, "corn" is the word for all grains, had it that a retired minister from Pennsylvania planted some *three*-thousand-year-old kernels of what Americans know as corn and was eventually rewarded with fourteen-foot-high stalks bearing two-foot-long bright-red ears; on the stalks perched voracious devil-horned worms that, when transferred to latter-day corn plants, refused even to nibble at them.) Not long after receiving Osiris's agronomic instructions, Egyptians were dividing their years into three seasons—Flood, Sprouting of the Seed, and Harvest of the Grain. For a while, they believed that barley grew out of man and wheat out of woman, and that the sex of an unborn child could accordingly be ascertained by putting the urine of a pregnant woman on both cereals; whichever sprouted first determined the outcome. (Twentieth-century spoilsports discovered that non-pregnant urine inhibited any sprouting and that pregnant urine "permitted" sprouting forty per cent of the time no matter which grain it was applied to.) The old Egyptians were also persuaded that barley had medicinal properties—for instance, when used in various combinations with salt, papyrus, burned leather, ox-grease oil, manna, rush nut, wax, cow's milk, honey, dates, red ochre, and leg marrow, among other ingredients. They were no less convinced that asps could be kept from biting if one set out a dish of barley mixed with honey and wine and then had the master of the house summon the snakes to the mixture by clapping his hands in a particular way.

The Egyptians began to make bread around 4000 B.C.—probably by accident, when some gruel went sour and yeast was formed. (Herodotus maintained that the Egyptians were contemptuous of both wheat and barley, and cited as his evidence that they kneaded clay and mud with their hands and dough with their feet; but he may have been misinformed, as he was about some other things.) The workers who built the Pyramid of Cheops were fortified by beer and bread—three loaves a day apiece. When the foundations of Alexandria were being laid out, in 332 B.C., its designers ran short of chalk. They used barley grains to mark the perimeter. Birds flew over and began to eat the barley, and Alexander's soothsayers regarded that as a propitious omen for the municipality's future. Earlier, Ramses III (reigned c. 1198-66 B.C.) set aside ten thousand measures of grain daily for divine offerings; and Thutmose III (reigned c. 1504-1450 B.C.) always gave barley to the gods at the new moon. For festivals, Egyptians baked loaves in the shape of pigs, asses, and hippopotamuses; when poor people couldn't afford to sacrifice a live animal, they would sacrifice its floury image. Various rulers fed grains to their sacred cats, their sacred ichneumons, and their sacred crocodiles, though the crocodiles, at least, might have preferred something meatier.

THE domestication of wild grasses, and, simultaneously, the domestication of man, since he no longer had to live nomadically, forever on the prowl for food, probably began about ten thousand years ago somewhere in that broad expanse of Asia stretching from the western slopes of the Himalayas to the Mediterranean—most likely in the valley between the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers that was called the Fertile Crescent. (It is no longer fertile.) Cereal grains found at Jarmo, in what is now northern Iraq, have been dated by radiocarbon testing at 6700 B.C. (Archeologists have unearthed implements older than that by fifty thousand years or more which apparently were used for grinding or crushing *something*—conceivably edible seeds.) Heinrich Schliemann thought he had discovered some ancient bits of wheat at Troy—though they were more likely barley, which Pliny credited (as Sir James Frazer did later) with being the most venerable of all cultivated cereals; he thus called it *antiquissimum frumentum.* Pliny also wrote about various magical powers ascribed to barley. Ancient seers, he recounted, would scrawl the letters of their alphabet in dust, put a grain of barley on each letter, and then watch a cock that had already been subjected to suitable incantations peck away at the barley. The letters the bird chose would spell a secret word. Homer asserted in the Odyssey that wheat once grew wild, aeons ago, in Sicily, but Alphonse de Candolle, in his nineteenth-century "Origin of Cultivated Plants," declared cuttingly that "it is impossible to attach great importance to the words of a poet, and of a poet whose very existence is contested."

The old-time Greeks, who were redoubtable grain-traders, did import spring wheat seeds from Sicily. One of their holiest shrines was the temple at Eleusis dedicated to their goddess of agriculture, Demeter. (Her name may have come from an old Cretan word for barley: *deai.*) Demeter's sway over

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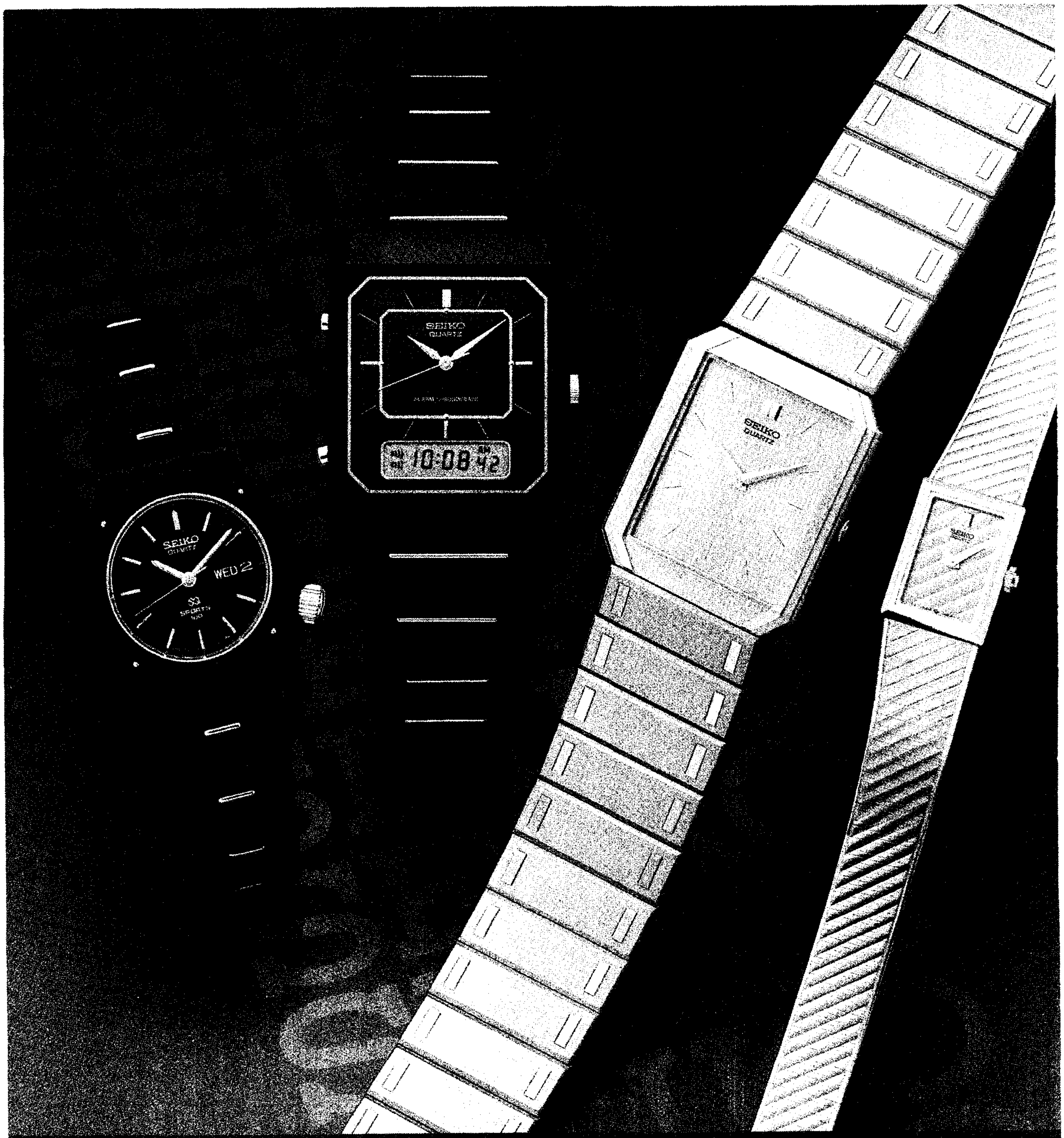

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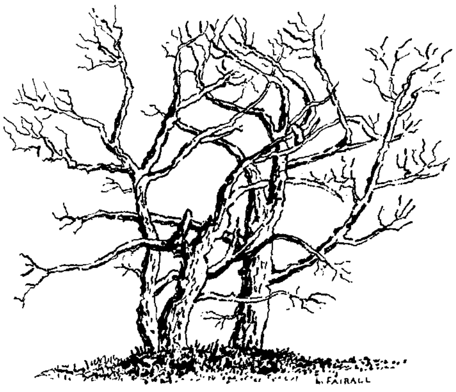
food plants was omnipotent, and was not lightly to be interfered with, as even her brother-consort Zeus was made to realize. Their mischief-making brother Pluto—the parallels to the Isis-Osiris legend are obvious—kidnapped Persephone, the daughter of Demeter and Zeus, and dragged her down from Olympus to Hades. The aggrieved mother at once went in search of Persephone and, before leaving Olympus herself in a huff, told Zeus that she would curtail the growth of plants on earth and permit no further agriculture until she got Persephone back. Zeus was in a dilemma: he didn't want to have his mortal constituency perish, but he couldn't get the girl permanently out of the underworld; it seemed that she had taken some nourishment there, which represented a binding commitment to the depths. But Zeus did manage to work out a compromise with Pluto, whereby Persephone could spend eight months a year with her mother and the remaining four—the cold, unproductive winter months—with her captor. Demeter was appeased, and agreed to return to Olympus, and she gave to Triptolemus, a son of King Celeus of Eleusis, a magic chariot and a supply of seeds, so that he could travel around the world and resow its barren fields. The grateful Greeks thereafter always scattered seeds at their sacrifices. Around 1000 B.C., or even earlier, barley was the staff of life for the Greek peasantry, and was considered so emblematic of physical well-being that quantities of it were awarded to the winners of the Eleusinian games. Later, Roman gladiators were served barley—*Hordeum spontaneum* was its formal designation—at their training tables; they were called *hordearii:* barley men. Barley's high repute was, however, not universally recognized; contemporary Bedouins still follow their ancestors' example of referring to their enemies as "cakes of barley bread," to show the low esteem in which they are held.

The Greeks were master bakers. They made sixty-two different kinds of bread. Their proficiency so impressed the Romans that they used Greeks for bakers. In both Greece and Rome, white bread conferred social standing; Romans called the coarse brown bread they fed their slaves *panis sordidus*. Around 100 A.D., millers and bakers enjoyed such prestige in Rome that they had their own delegates in the Senate, and eschewed fraternization with raffish folk like gladiators and comedians. Their activities were deemed worth immortalizing in bas-reliefs on the tomb of Marcus Virgilius Eurysaces, near the Porta Maggiore. At the height of the Roman Empire, bread was not considered supplementary to a meal; it was the meal. When Pompeii had a population of twenty thousand, it had twenty bakeries. Statues honoring the Roman goddess of the hearth, Vesta, sometimes depicted her holding a pan of *panis*. The Romans had another god, a rather special one—Robigus—to whom they would pray to deliver them from rust, then as now one of wheat's most merciless foes. Pliny, who had it on good authority that when sowing wheat seeds one should be careful to begin walking with one's right foot forward, said that "the rust of wheat is the greatest pest of crops." Ovid, for his part, described how on the twenty-fifth of every April, the date on which rust could be counted on to attack wheat plants, the rust god's acolytes would seek to placate him with a feast called the Robigalia, in the course of which the entrails of a sheep and a dog would be burned on his altar. The dog's coat had to be reddish—the color of rust. The Romans, of course, following the Greek precedent, worshipped the goddess Demeter. They called her Ceres. Thus, "cereal."

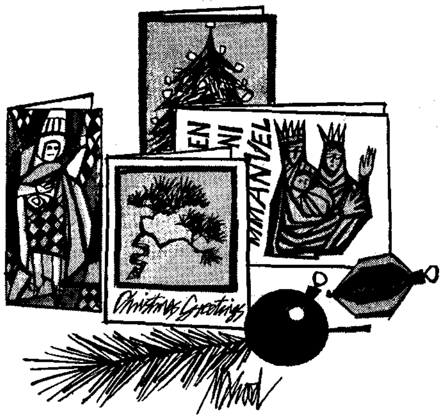
THE Wolofs of the Western Sudan have a proverb that succinctly illustrates how reliant so much of the world's population is on plants and how, in fact, to many human beings food and food plants are one and the same: "There are three things that sustain man—sowing, harvesting, eating." In 1970, when Addeke H. Boerma was director-general of the Food and Agriculture Organization, he wrote, "Since cereals dominate the cropping pattern of most developing countries and are the main staple for both calories and protein, they have an overwhelming psychological, nutritional, and economic importance for farmers and governments." As cereals dominate crops, so does wheat—the rice-eating areas of the earth perhaps excepted—dominate cereals. Wheat is "a prime necessity of civilized life," according to "The Book of Wheat," written in 1908 by Peter Tracy Dondlinger. "Herein lies the present and increasingly great importance of wheat, for it seems to be the tendency of the civilized world to raise its standard of living. As the standard of living rises, wheat becomes a relatively more important part of human food. . . . As an essential part of the food of civilized man it becomes of an importance so vital as to be dominating." Largely because of wheat, bygone human beings began to live in communities, to domesticate animals, and to build carts, wagons, roads, boats, and canals. As John H. Klippart stated in his "The Wheat Plant," back in 1859, "with a map of the world before you, point, if you can, to the country or nation enjoying civilization and enlightenment, that does not cultivate the cereals, or point to a country or a nation in a state of savagism or barbarism that does cultivate the wheat plant; then reflect for a moment on the number of persons in our country whose occupation would be gone; how many millions of capital would have been uselessly invested, how many machines and implements would be left to decay in inglorious idleness, and how much calamity, moral, political and social would ensue, were the wheat plant to be suddenly and universally annihilated."



More of the globe's arable surface is given over to wheat—about six hundred million acres in all—than to any other crop. There are parts of the world where you could fly a small plane over wheat fields and run out of gas before wheat ran out of sight. If all the grain grown on earth in 1982 could have been assembled to form a highway at the equator, that road would have been about seventeen feet wide, seven and a half feet deep, and twenty-five thousand miles long. Like rice but unlike corn, soybeans, barley, and oats, huge quantities of all of which are channelled into human food through animals, wheat is produced almost exclusively for direct consumption by people, and now, in developed and developing countries together, it furnishes twenty per cent of their calories and forty-five per cent of their protein—as much protein as is derived from all the meat and milk and eggs that mankind produces. Wheat is the quintessential foodstuff of a billion people in forty-five countries, from Albania to Yugoslavia, though not in some of the places—China, India, and the United States, for instance—where it is grown on a vast scale. (We know little about present-day Albania, but we do know that bygone Albanians had a trenchant, if somewhat confusing, adage: "Bread is older than man.") Winter wheat is planted in the fall and harvested in the summer. Spring wheat's cycle goes from spring to autumn. Every single month of the year, some wheat is harvested somewhere on earth. Of the 1981-82 worldwide wheat production, of four hundred and fifty million metric tons—roughly seventeen billion bushels—the United States was responsible for producing, on nearly eighty million acres, almost a sixth. About 1.8 billion bushels of that sixth ended up abroad, making wheat a more than seven-billion-dollar export crop. (It is uncertain whether the total production attributed to the United States took into account the modest harvest of the Conceptual artist Agnes Denes, who, spurred on by a ten-thousand-dollar foundation grant, obtained eight bushels of hard red spring wheat seed from the North Dakota Wheat Commission in May, 1982, and planted the seed on a vacant one-and-a-third acre lot on Manhattan Island; she had earlier done a rice field in upstate New York.) Enough of the United States wheat crop remained at home for Americans to spend eight billion dollars that year on wheat and wheat-flour products, their per-capita consumption of which came to a hundred and fifteen pounds. With only a few supplemental condiments and greens, a ton of wheat will nicely sustain a family of five anywhere for a year.

WHEAT—or one should perhaps say "the wheats," for this exemplary seed-swollen grass (as many as fifty spikes to a plant, as many as a hundred grains to a spike) of the genus *Triticum* (possibly from *tritus*, the past participle of the Latin *terere*, "to grind")—comes, like most of the indispensable food plants, in many guises. There are at least a dozen known major species of wheat, among them einkorn, emmer (this, apparently, the chief one known to ancient Egypt), Persian, Polish, and spelt. The three principal commercial wheats of modern times are common, or bread, wheat (*Triticum aestivum*); club wheat, which is used mainly for biscuits and pastries; and durum, the raw material of pasta. Wheat is the most often traded of all edible commodities, in part because it is easy to store and transport. Its relative imperishability has made it the grain most widely fancied for shipments of aid to the world's have-not nations. (Since October 1st, the United States has pledged almost two million metric tons to famine-ridden countries of Africa. Ethiopia alone says it will need 1.2 million tons by next June.) That has brought about radical changes in many of the seventy so-called developing countries, where before the Second World War wheat figured minimally, if at all, in day-to-day eating habits, or desires. Tastes have been created that can be satisfied only by large-scale imports. The American and British and Australian soldiers who ranged the globe during that war may have had something to do with the change in taste. Wherever they went, they had bread, and the indigenes they encountered were impressed by a type of food that didn't rot and didn't have to be cooked, and even came pre-sliced. In 1955, the developing countries imported a fourth of all the wheat that was involved in international trade. By 1982, though few of them could afford it, their share of that commerce had risen to two-thirds, at a cost to them of more than three billion hard-to-come-by dollars.

The pattern was global. For instance, in the middle of 1983 the Philippines, historically a rice-eating country, was spending more than a hundred and sixty million dollars a year to import some nine hundred and twenty-five thousand tons of wheat. It had only fifty-one acres of its own in wheat. That year, President Ferdinand Marcos—responding, as any good politician must or should, to the actual or perceived demands of his hundred million constituents—decided to launch a wheat-production program. Under tropical conditions, fifty-one acres will yield about twenty tons—enough wheat for five hundred people for a year—so the Philippines had a very long way to go. Rice does best in the warm monsoon season, while other crops, including some that are temperate, can be grown in the drier, non-monsoon months there; among these wheat might have a place.



Today, Burma, where for centuries people have obtained most of their calories from rice and still get seventy per cent from it (in Japan it's forty-seven per cent, in the United States eight-tenths of one per cent), wants wheat. So does Thailand, where rice has been the staple for eight or nine thousand years, and where for much of that time it was commonly believed that the human body was made of rice and thus needed to keep ingesting that cereal to continue functioning. So does Sri Lanka, where one farmer (forty-six per cent of the population is engaged in agriculture) not long ago said, in effect, to a tourist who wondered why he was smiling, "Happiness is seventy bushels an acre." Sri Lanka is tropical, and wheat, by and large, is not. Almost anything except wheat will grow splendidly there—exotic fruits and flowers, tea, coffee, rice, and the output of sixty million graceful coconut palms. Sri Lanka has one of the world's most elegant botanical gardens, where bamboo will grow taller before your eyes if you have the patience to watch it long enough; since 1980 Sri Lanka has also had, in deference to the shifting demands of its consumers, one of the world's largest flour mills. South Korea, where bread was virtually unknown before Westernization began, during the war of the early nineteen-fifties, had seven thousand bakeries at last count.

Although Chiang Kai-shek was sufficiently influenced by the American way of life to tell the Taiwanese when he moved over among them that "eating wheat is patriotic," it has been suggested by his enemies that he was less enthusiastic about it when he was still influential in mainland China. An article in the January, 1981, issue of the People's Republic's propaganda magazine *China Reconstructs* reconstructed an episode in the career of Professor Jin Shanbao, the then eighty-five-year-old president of the Chinese Academy of Agricultural Sciences. It seems that during the Second World War, while Professor Jin,

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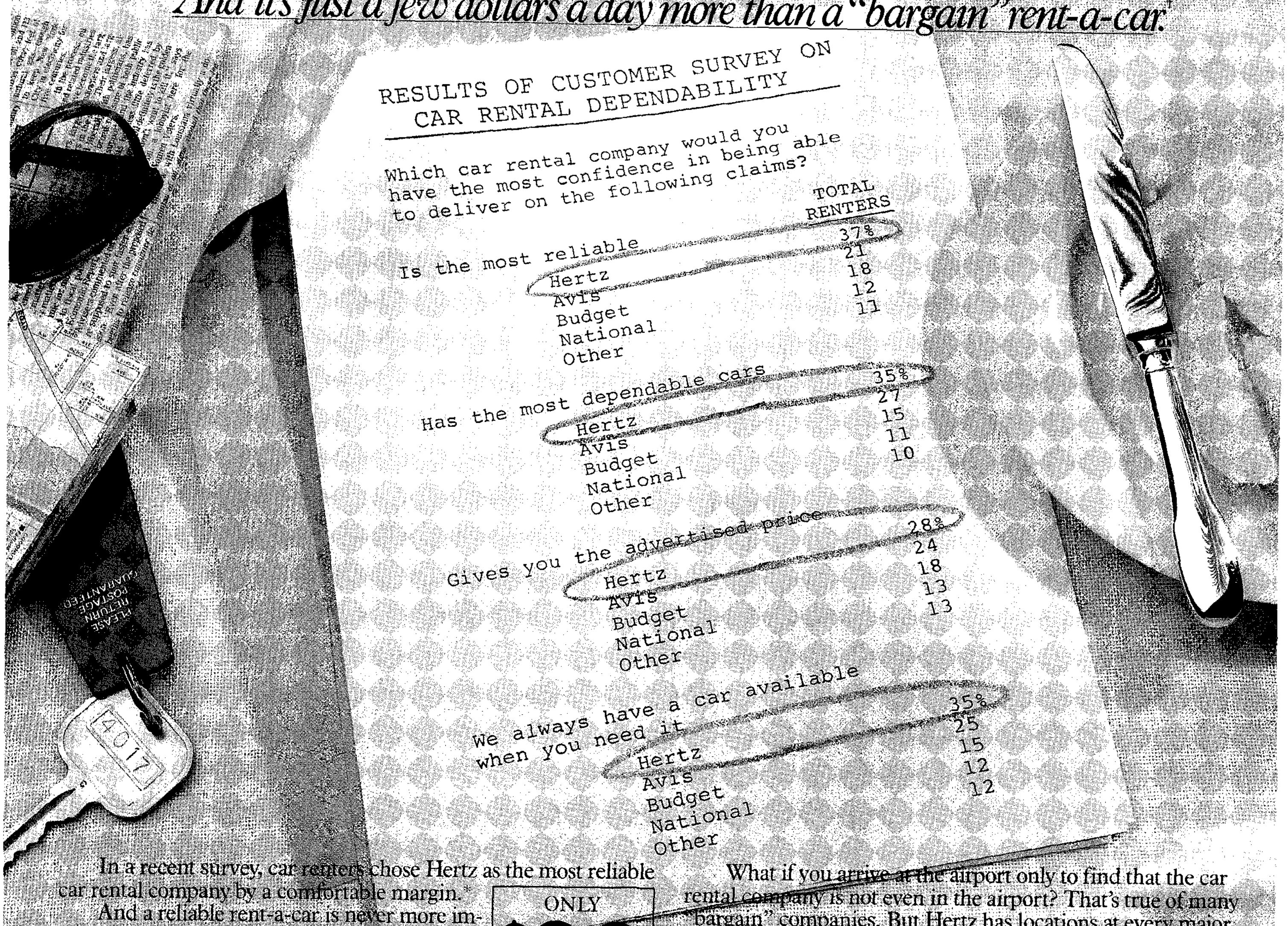

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who had studied at both Cornell and the University of Minnesota, was in Chongqing, he bred two promising new strains of wheat. "When they were ignored by the Kuomintang government," the story ran, "he took the seeds to the office of the Communist Party's *Xinhua Daily*." Zhou Enlai was the ranking dignitary in Chongqing, and he not only didn't ignore the seeds but sent them to Mao Zedong's headquarters, at Yan'an. "Learning that his new wheat seeds had been received in Yan'an and were being used gave Prof. Jin food for thought about the differing attitudes of the Communist Party and the Kuomintang toward science," the article went on. "He decided that China would do better to follow Yan'an." Mao himself apparently became so thoroughly sold on the virtues of wheat that in the nineteen-seventies he decreed that his subject people in Tibet, who had always had highland barley as their staple grain (they used it in *tsampa:* a fried barley powder that is mixed with tea, salt, and yak butter), had to start growing wheat instead. The Tibetans were unhappy; wheat didn't seem to fare especially well in their mountains, and, besides, what crops they harvested were mostly allocated to the Chinese occupying forces. Within a few years of Mao's death, to the Tibetans' delight, the Chinese relented and let them put the unsuccessful wheatland back into barley. In contemporary Chinese high schools, where there are few elective courses, students get lectures on how to grow wheat along with how-to-grow-rice ones. By 1979, when China's production of rice came to a hundred and forty-four million tons, it was also producing sixty-three million tons of wheat—almost as much as the United States. By the year 2000, China may reach the hundred-million-ton mark. Despite all that, to satisfy its increasing wheat needs the People's Republic had to import a billion dollars' worth of wheat from America in 1982—this to the great pleasure of a promotional organization called the U.S. Wheat Associates, which had opened an office in Peking and had arranged for the construction of a model bakery there and for the shipment to the capital of machinery for the bakery, which would spew forth fifteen hundred loaves of bread an hour. The U.S.-China Model Bakery is now training bakers from all over China.

Long before that, an American organization called Western Wheat Associates had established a beachhead in Japan, which, like China, had for many centuries been a stronghold of rice. Not that all Japanese had always thought that rice was the sine qua non of comestibles. In 1927, for instance, an iconoclastic Tokyo writer, delivering himself of an opinion that cannot have made him very popular at home, asserted that Asians—Chinese and Indians as well as Japanese—were retrogressive, and that their heavy dependence on rice was the reason. "The people of the Orient and of the South Seas feeding on rice cannot keep step in the march of civilization with Europeans and Americans," he wrote. "This has been noted by the Occidentals. Therefore they fear Orientals no longer." He went on to assert that if Europeans stayed in Japan long enough and ate enough rice their skins would turn yellow. "There is no doubt," he concluded flatly, "that diet has a great deal to do with the color of human bodies." Per-capita rice consumption in Japan is still high (in 1981, the average Japanese household spent eleven hundred dollars per annum on food, of which two hundred went for rice), but wheat has been making inroads, although comparatively little of it was used there until the United States occupying forces introduced it, in 1946. Before the Second World War, the per-capita consumption of wheat flour was thirty pounds a year; by 1955, it was ninety pounds; by 1956, the Oregon Wheat Growers League (soft white wheat from the Pacific Northwest is admirably suited to the manufacture of *udon*, the hot boiled noodles sold by bicycle-pedalling street venders) was on the scene, distributing posters in rural areas that read "Tasty wheat foods will bring you good health tomorrow," and the Japanese themselves had a Food Life Improvement Association that sent demonstration-kitchen buses around the countryside to give instructional courses to small-town bakers. The industrialists who ran Japan were not displeased; they had already determined—as had their counterparts in Taiwan and South Korea—that they could expect greater productivity from wheat-eating factory workers than from the rice-eaters of yesteryear.

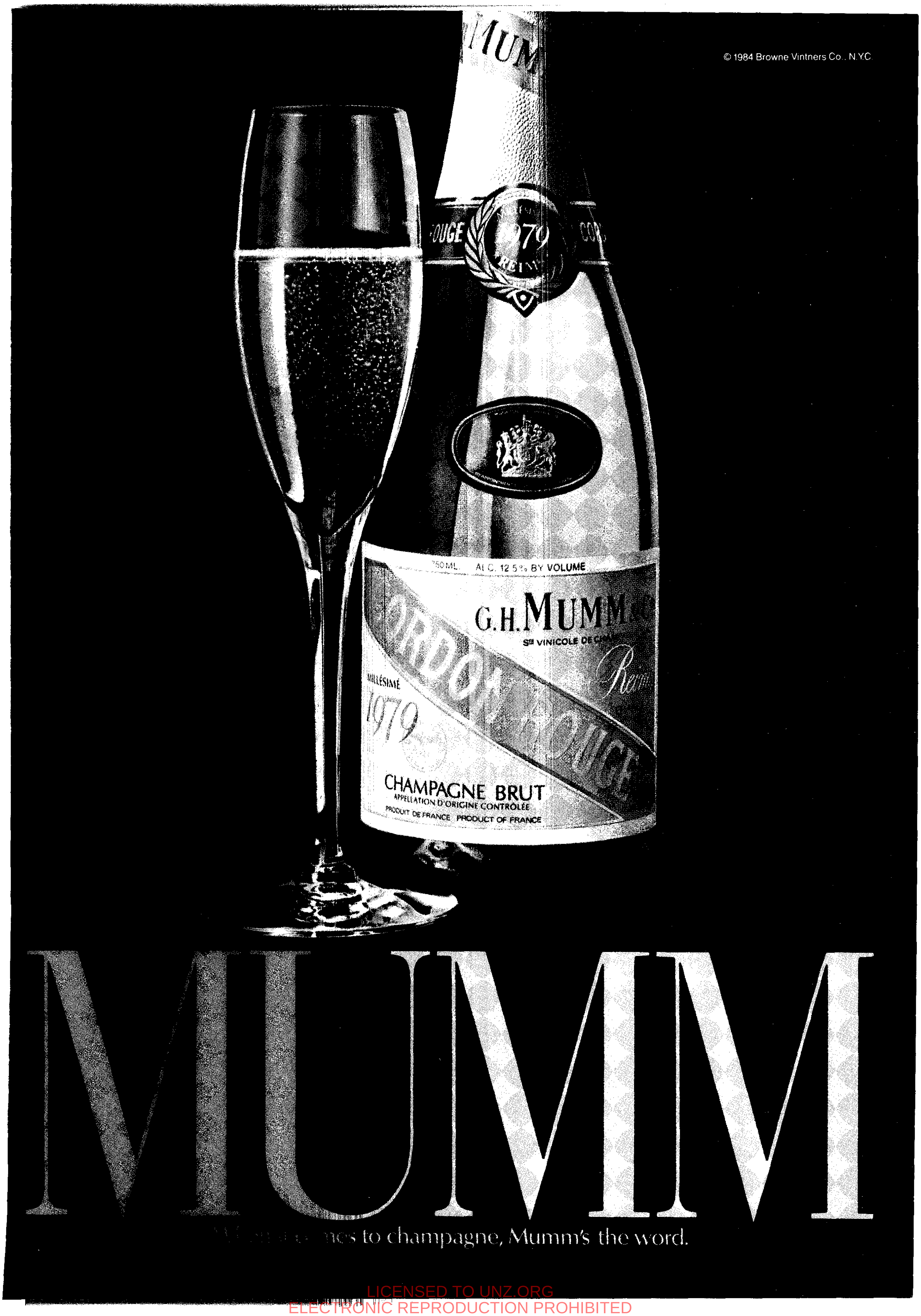
MUCH the same situation has evolved in other traditionally non-wheat-growing and non-wheat-eating regions. Between 1961 and 1980, the average per-capita per-annum consumption of wheat in Brazil rose from seventy-five pounds to a hundred and twenty; in Bolivia, from ninety-eight to a hundred and twenty-eight; in Central America, from eighteen to fifty-one; in the Caribbean, from practically nothing to a hundred and sixty. (Columbus, who took corn from the West Indies to Europe in 1492, reciprocated by bringing wheat over the following year, but nobody had paid it much heed.) Even more striking have been the changes in Africa. In most of Zaire, where cassava had been the staple food while the place was a Belgian colony, there was no wheat to speak of at independence time, in 1960. Then Zairians became acquainted with bread through United States food-aid benefactions, and grew fond of it. But they couldn't grow wheat in their torrid climate. In 1980, they imported two hundred thousand tons of American wheat. By 1981, fifteen million tons of wheat and wheat flour were imported into Africa.

What compared with pre-colonial levels was an avalanche of wheat was still, compared with the over-all African scene, more of a trickle. Two hundred million or so sub-Saharan Africans remained utterly dependent on sorghum and millet, drought- and heat-resistant cereals (sorghum has a slightly larger grain) that thrive on sere soils and are believed to have originated in what is now Ethiopia. The African continent as a whole receives more nourishment from sorghum and millet than from any other source. In some countries there, the stalks of these grains are carried in festival parades. Burundi—better known outside Africa for its coffee—has a bundle of sorghum on its national flag. Sorghum, the more widespread of the two cereals, is not easy to prepare. Its hull is hard and indigestible. To crush its inner kernels into a form suitable for cooking takes a person—usually a woman—an hour for every couple of pounds; if there is a family to feed, that may entail five hours of labor every day. And sorghum flour doesn't keep well; it turns rancid in twelve hours. All things considered, it is an unprepossessing food (West Africans sometimes call it "poor man's rice"), inferior in protein and calories not only to wheat but also to corn, rice, and potatoes. Even so, the home-economics department of the University of Nairobi, on behalf of the East African Industrial Research Organization, has hailed sorghum as "a vastly underrated cereal." To the hundreds of millions of Africans—and not a few Asians, too—who are beholden to it, its rating is of little consequence: they have no alternative to it, and they would die without it.

Across the globe, the sorghum family bestrides a hundred and ten million acres of cropland—a tract exceeded in size only by the fields given over to wheat, rice, corn, and barley. Worldwide, sorghum and millet production in 1983-84 amounted to slightly less than ninety million tons. In the United States, sorghum and millet are often called "milo" or "milo maize." Broomcorn, a variety of sorghum that has especially long panicles and is used to make brooms, has been on the American scene ever since Benjamin Franklin, a tidy man, brought some over from Europe, in 1725. Fifty-six years after that, Thomas Jefferson, who was as knowledgeable about agriculture as about statecraft, proclaimed sorghum one of the most important agricultural crops of Virginia. In the United States, sorghum is now to be found predominantly in Texas. In honor of it, the town fathers of two nineteenth-century Texas farm communities gave them the names Sudan and—perhaps being unaware of the Southern African connotations of the word—Kafir. (There is also a Milo, Oklahoma.) Americans use sorghum mainly for animal feed and sometimes for syrup. In Africa, by contrast, ninety per cent of it goes into pastes, porridges, soups, and beverages like Bantu beer; and most of it is consumed, in one form or another, right where it is grown. Ugandans are partial to a home brew of boiled sorghum and cattle blood. Near Hyderabad, India, there is an International Crops Research Institute for the Semi-Arid Tropics. ICRISAT, as the center is generally known, harbors a collection of more than twenty-one thousand specimens of sorghum and more than fourteen thousand of millet. A symposium on "Sorghum in the Eighties" was held there in 1981, with two hundred and forty-five scientists, from thirty-seven countries, in attendance. A major topic on the agenda was how to improve sorghum as a human food. "Failure to do so will be a disaster for the world" was the consensus. An increase in yields, through better seeds or better cultivation, is one obvious way of averting that disaster. The United States and Nigeria, for example, have just about the same number of acres—around twelve million—planted to sorghum. At the start of the eighties, however, largely because of the superiority of American soil and American agricultural practices, the average sorghum yield for the United States was thirty-two hundred pounds an acre, for Nigeria five hundred and fifty. Over an eight-year stretch, American yields had gone up by ten per cent, Nigerian yields down by four. Americans can get along without sorghum, Nigerians can't. In a 1981 report on its activities, ICRISAT did not sound particularly optimistic about closing that sort of gap. "Living standards are not going to be miraculously upgraded by the advent of one or two new discoveries for [semi-arid tropical] farmers," it said. "Instead, the spectrum of improved agriculture and life styles is made up of many vital inputs—improved seeds, essential fertilizers, effective soil management, better utilization of rainfall, appropriate cropping systems, supplementary irrigation, motivation for adoption of technologies, and the elimination of socioeconomic constraints."

Sorghum grows taller than most grains—its name may stem from the Latin verb *surgere*, "to rise"—and Africans use its stalks as a building material for homes and fences. Like all food plants, it has its special deadly enemies. More than a hundred and fifty kinds of insect—prominent among them the shoot fly, the earhead bugs, and the armyworms—prey upon it. So does the fast-spreading parasitic witchweed, or *Striga*. So does an extraordinary creature, the small red-billed weaverbird, or quelea, whose ravages were much discussed, with head-shaking and handwringing, at the 1981 ICRISAT convocation. Forty thousand of these birds can live on one acre of thorn scrub, waiting patiently to pounce on an emerging stand of grain nearby. A flock of a million of them can ruin twenty tons of sorghum in a single day. People have tried, without much success, to use explosives and flamethrowers on their nesting sites. In 1959, Kenya and Tanzania embarked on a joint weaverbird-extermination program. In that year, they dispatched, by somebody's awesome count, ninety-one million of the pesky birds, but the survivors seemed indifferent. (They dispatched another eighty-five million in 1960.) In 1959, too, locusts destroyed a quantity of grain in Ethiopia that would have been sufficient to feed a million people for twelve months. Soon afterward, the F.A.O. gloomily estimated that "fifty-five million Africans could be fed for a year from the . . . grain finding its way to the wrong consumers—rats, locusts, quelea birds, beetles, moths and weevils and countless micro-organisms." Sorghum breeders at ICRISAT and elsewhere have tried to come up with strains of the plant that the quelea might find unappetizing, but they suspect that whatever they contrive will also prove to be deficient in nutrition and digestibility for human beings.

OUTSIDERS who now and then attempt to chide Africans for craving staples other than those they can readily grow themselves are apt to be rebuked for expressing colonialist views. Wheat is not the only grain involved. The F.A.O. has urged Kenyans to plant more sorghum and millet on some of their arid soil, to which these are admirably suited. But no; in Kenyan eyes corn has much greater prestige, and that is what the Kenyans wanted, even if they couldn't grow enough of it and had to purchase it abroad. Not that there was not legitimate resentment among newly emerging countries against the policies of their erstwhile colonial rulers. Had not the British raj encouraged the culture of soybeans in India in 1937, not out of any particular penchant for that plant but because Indians were beginning to eat wheat that had been earmarked for profitable export? Had not the European powers that for so long presided over Africa often dictated that its most fertile fields be set aside not for sustenance for natives but, rather, for cocoa or coffee or other



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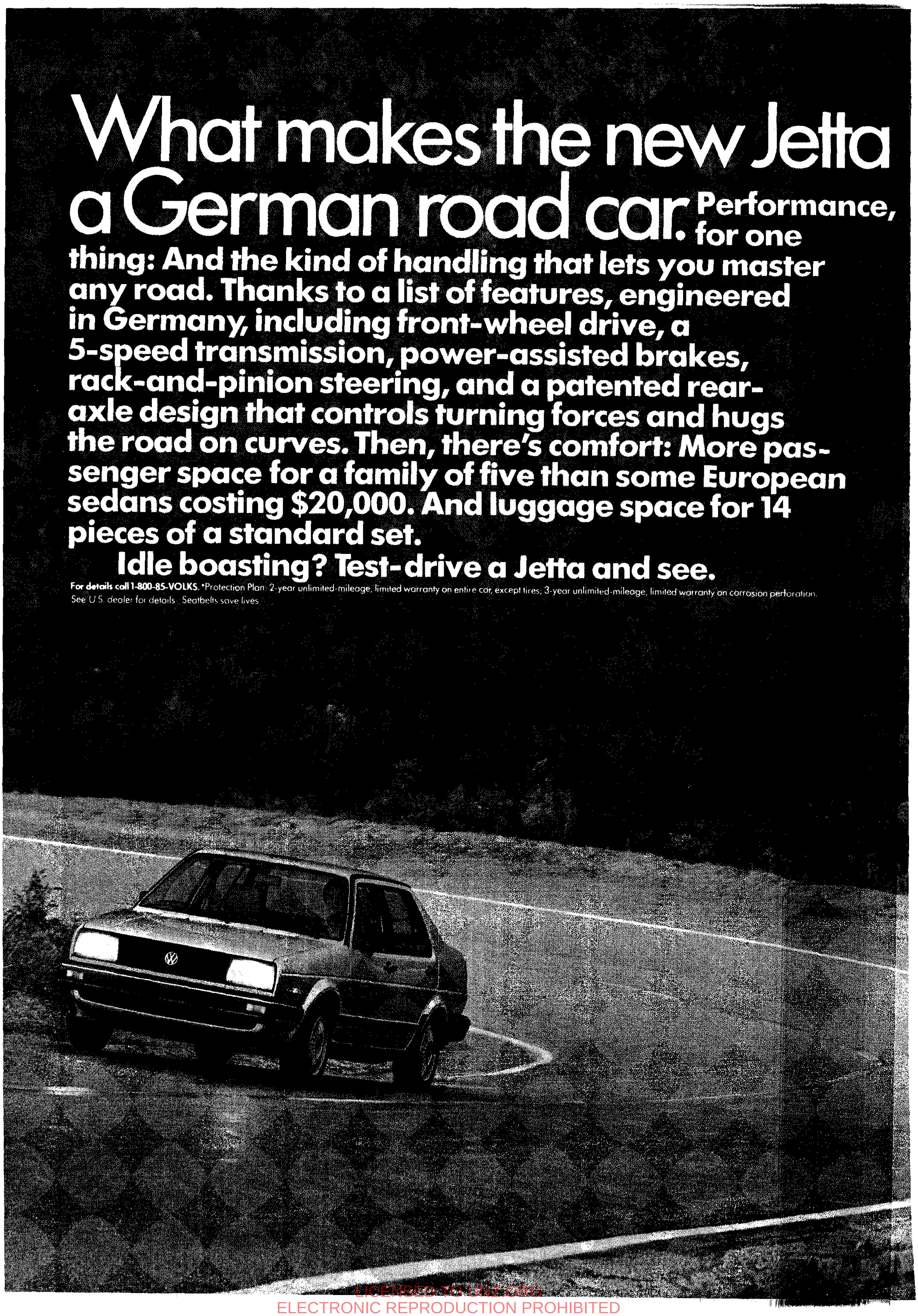

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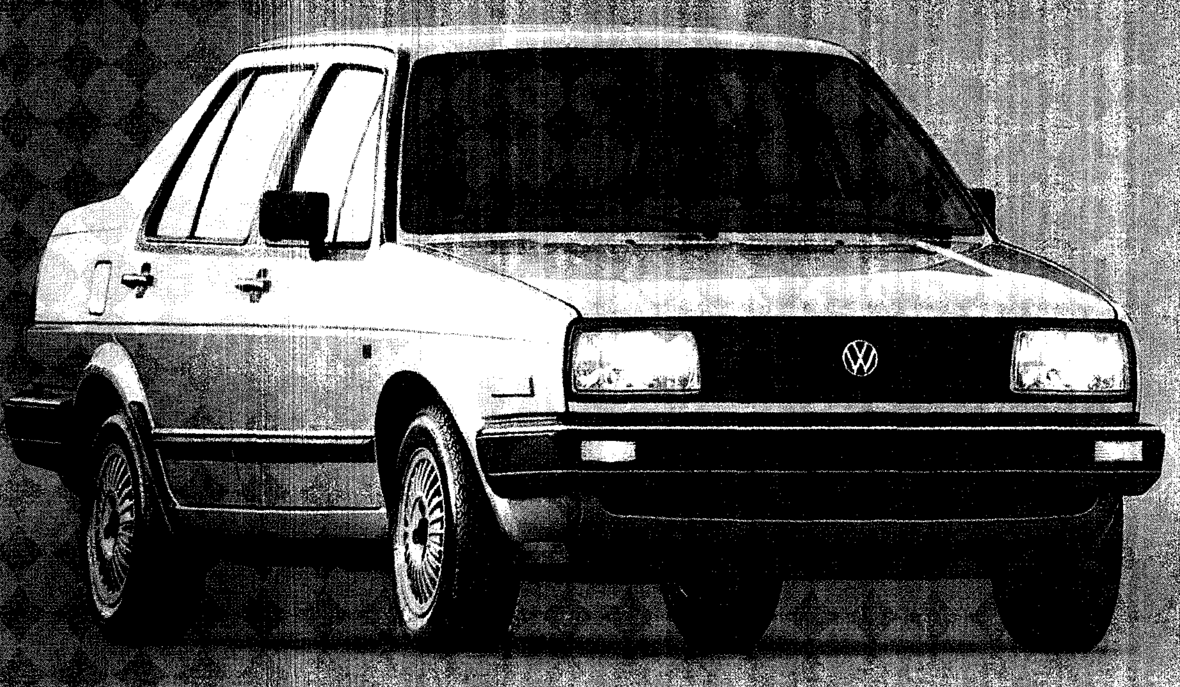

export crops that could fatten distant exchequers? And what about the French regime in Upper Volta (now Burkina Faso)? During a famine there in 1932, a French civil servant at Ouagadougou wrote home, "One can only wonder how it happens that populations who always had on hand three harvests in reserve, and to whom it was unacceptable to eat grain that had spent less than three years in the granary, have suddenly become improvident. They managed to get through the terrible drought years 1912-1914 without hardship. . . . Now these people, once accustomed to food abundance, are living from hand to mouth. I feel morally bound to point out that the policy of giving priority to industrial cash crops has coincided with an increase in the frequency of food scarcity." It may say something about past attitudes of developed nations toward developing ones that a new, cheap macaroni substitute fabricated in the United States some years ago, out of wheat, corn, and soybeans, was designed with two sets of consumers in mind—the Third World and the inmates of American prisons. The colonial nations didn't have to be unduly concerned if their policies led to malnutrition in the colonies; their subjects there couldn't exert any real pressure on them. After independence, though, food became a national and immediate concern—as it is, of course, throughout Africa today—rather than an international and remote one. Indigenous governments had to be more sensitive than satraps to the aspirations of their people, and those people were articulating their needs more stridently than ever before. Starvation was no longer to be tolerated—although there was little that any government, no matter how sympathetic or solicitous, could do on its own to alleviate a severe famine. And what increasingly large numbers of those people were asking for—ironically, it was the colonial powers that, by example and precept, had stimulated their demands—was wheat and the baked products it generated.

North Africa had grown wheat since the days of the pharaohs. The only African countries south of the Sahara that had grown much of it in modern times were—since Australian merchantmen introduced it to East Africa in 1910—Kenya, Tanzania, Sudan, and Ethiopia. (Ethiopia has a grass of its own, called teff, a small-grained, weak-strawed, low-yielding plant that is the basis of the national

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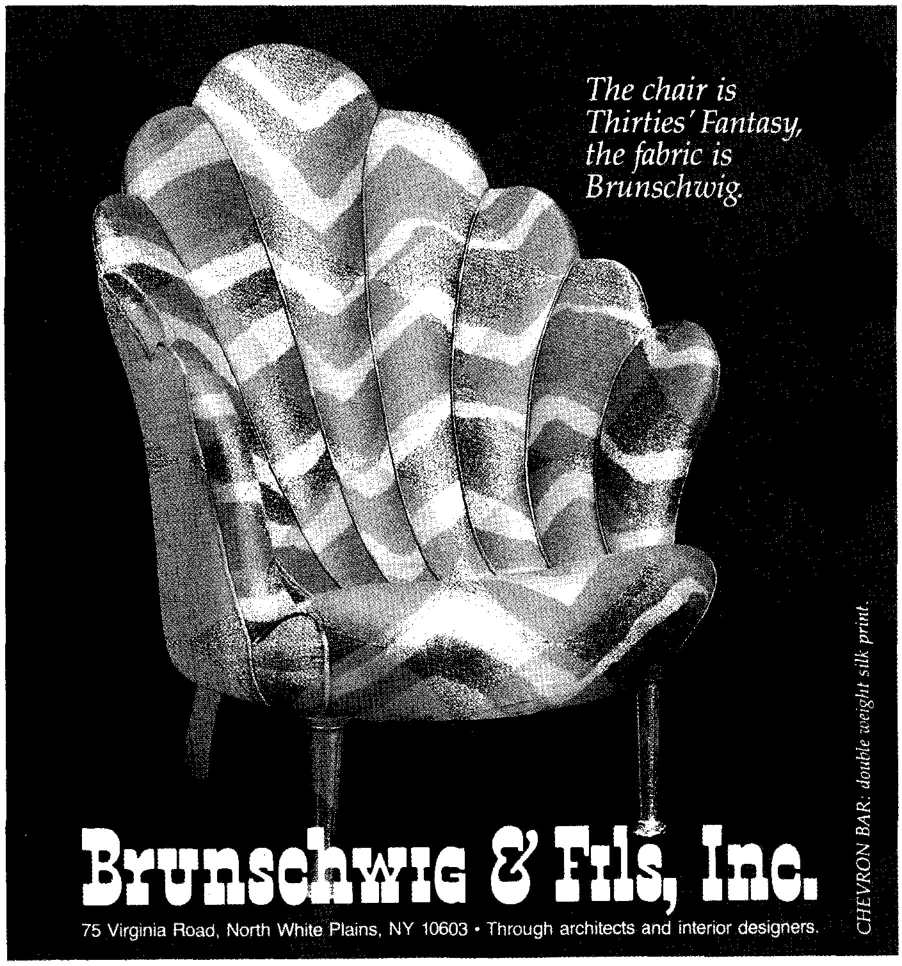

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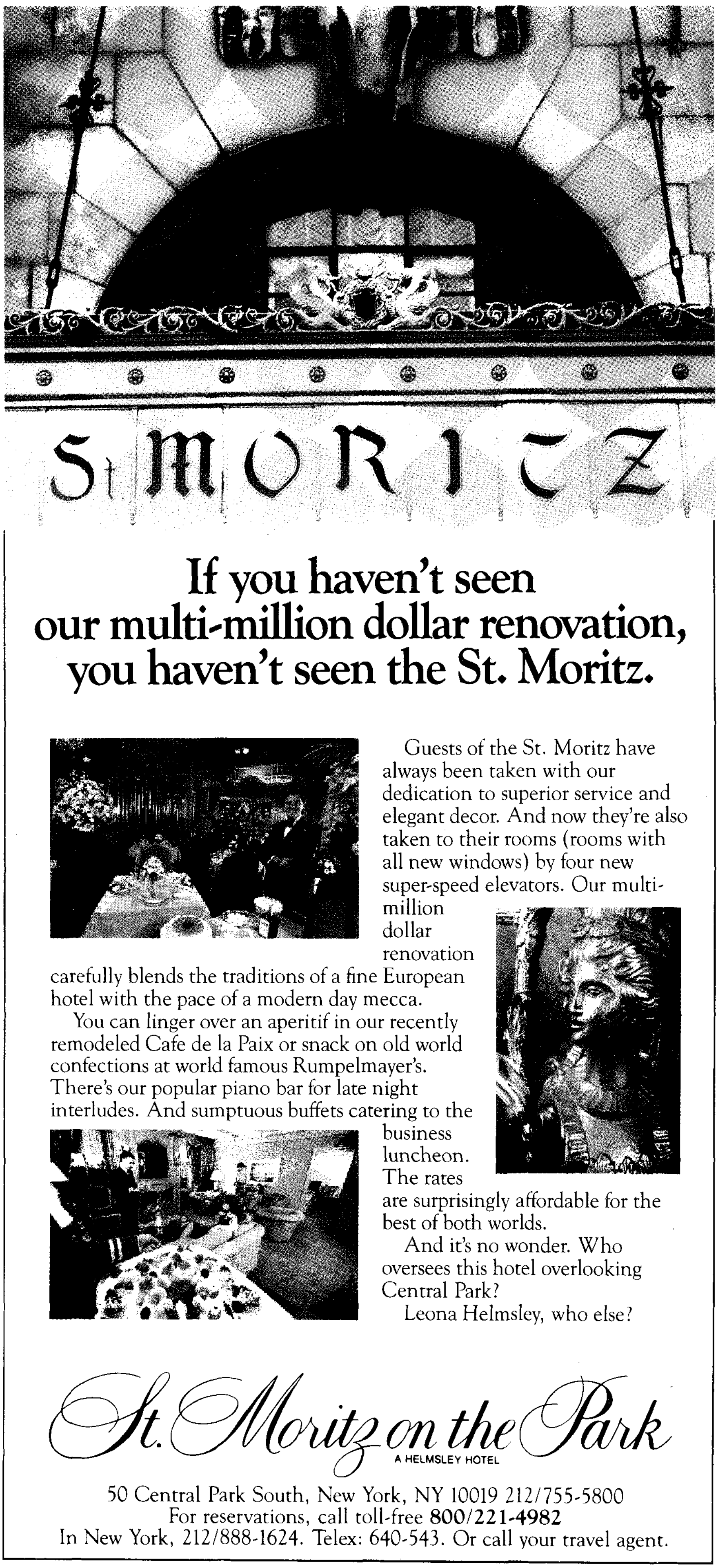
fermented bread, a flat pancake called *injera*. Teff is cultivated as a major food crop on twelve million mountainous Ethiopian acres and, for reasons no agronomists have yet fully fathomed, nowhere else.) But consumption of wheat has increased throughout Africa by five per cent every year for the last two decades. In Nigeria, which grew twenty-five thousand tons of it in 1981 and imported a million and a half, the rate of escalation has been more than twice as steep. The number of calories furnished by wheat to all Nigerians increased more than fourfold over those twenty years, while calories from sorghum and millet were concurrently decreasing by twenty-five per cent. One reason for the shift in consumption was that Africa, like much of the rest of the world, is becoming more and more urbanized. Self-sufficiency is on the wane. The F.A.O. has estimated that by the end of this century half the human race will be living where it has no direct access to farm produce. The agriculturalist and author Lester R. Brown, who presides over the Worldwatch Institute, in Washington, D.C., calculated in a 1978 pamphlet, "The Worldwide Loss of Cropland," that if by the year 2000 there were a billion five hundred and eighty million more urban people on earth, and if each of them required a tenth of an acre for living space, the cities they inhabited would have to expand by usurping some sixty-one million acres of cropland—acreage from which enough food could have been produced to sustain eighty-four million human beings.

The population of Lagos has already swelled enormously—from 1.4 million in 1960 to 3.5 million in 1983. Nigerians who have moved from rural communities to their congested capital can't easily grind sorghum and millet or pulverize cassava, even if they bring their implements along; their neighbors, for one thing, are apt to complain about all the noise that their incessant pounding creates. So they turn to processed city foods, and for the majority of them that means bread. (Late in the nineteenth century, Nigerians called bread "shackleford." That was the surname of a Caribbean entrepreneur who came to West Africa from Jamaica, moved eastward, and, along the way, established some bakeries.) Nigeria has its own flour mills, but until recently its grain elevators couldn't handle large, bulk shipments. Consequently, most of its



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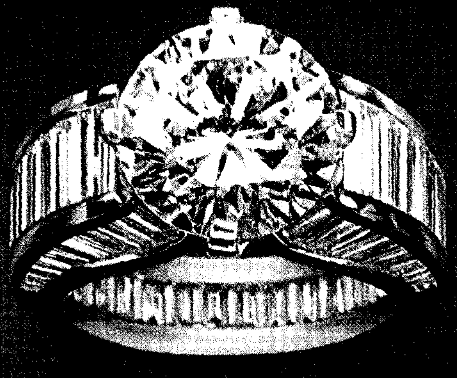

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imports of wheat had to arrive in bags, and bagged grain usually costs about a dollar a bushel more than bulk grain. Nonetheless, thanks to government subsidies, residents of Lagos can frequently buy wrapped sliced bread more cheaply than its equivalent, in food value, in homegrown millet. (Sliced bread was not common on New York City grocery shelves until the nineteen-thirties, and up to the beginning of the Second World War fifty per cent of all floury foods consumed in the United States were baked at home. Now ninety-five per cent, including fifty million loaves of bread a day, are store-bought.) Subsidies like those prevalent in Nigeria are perhaps unavoidable if the country's authorities—or the authorities of any country that has a large urban population to cope with—are to maintain tranquillity. As a publication of the United States Agency for International Development put it in the spring of 1983, "after all, city people can riot and farmers are spread all over the country."

THE F.A.O. flaunts an ear of wheat on its official seal. The title of a bimonthly magazine it puts out is *Ceres*. Its motto is "*Fiat panis*"—"Let there be bread." Man cannot live by bread alone (it lacks essential vitamins), but nothing has happened in the ten thousand years or so of civilization to refute Matthew Henry's commentary on Psalm 104: "Here is bread, which strengthens man's heart, and is therefore called the staff of life." The word "bread"—sometimes used in the broader sense of "food"—appears in the Bible three hundred and twenty-two times (according to a standard concordance). Bread has been almost universally recognized as the world's chief item of food—the one seeming dissenter being Ignazio Silone. His anti-Fascist novel "Bread and Wine" was published in the United States before it could come out in his native Italy. After Mussolini was toppled, Silone chose for the title of its Italian printing "Wine and Bread." He explained, "In a democracy, wine is more important in our lives than bread." When bread was democratized in France after the French Revolution, it certainly seemed more important than wine, even in that stronghold of oenophiles. In 1793, for instance, there was a shortage of bread. Ration cards were issued to the citizenry: everybody was entitled to a pound a day. But there still wasn't enough to go around, and when one baker was discovered to have a few loaves unethically stashed away he was dragged off his premises by a mob and hanged. Wheat is the peerless grain for breadmaking, because it contains gluten, which permits flour to absorb water and then, when yeast is added to it, to rise and form leavened bread. Hard wheats have more gluten than soft ones; French bread is made from soft wheats, and its relative lack of gluten is what makes it go stale so quickly. Bioengineering specialists hope within the next few years to be able to transfer gluten's DNA genetic codes into sorghum and millet, and even into corn; if they succeed, that could revolutionize breadmaking. A synthetic substitute for gluten which can make dough rise already exists: glyceryl monostereate (GMS) which is the result of a catalyzed reaction of glycerol with lard or a hardened vegetable oil. GMS-made bread consisting of eighty parts cassava starch to twenty parts soya flour—plus a pinch of salt, a bit of sugar, and some compressed yeast—has been assayed as more nutritious than white bread for rats, which will go to any lengths to help out human experimentation. Not that unleavened bread does not have its fit place in graminivorous history. That was, after all, what Jesus ate at the Last Supper. The corn bread of North America, the tortillas of Latin America, the matzoth of Judaism, the chapatties of Asia are all types of unleavened bread. During the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857, chapatties were used in India to spread the word about scheduled uprisings against the raj. If something was supposed to happen on, say, the tenth day of May, messengers would go from town to town and cut one chapatty into five parts, for the month, and another into ten, for the day. It was correctly anticipated that any British officials who happened to be watching would take this to be just another quaint native way of parcelling out sustenance. On another occasion, however, at least one English colonial official in India showed himself to be far from obtuse. That was a colonel who, suspecting merchants of bilking pilgrims by selling them chapatties made from adulterated flour, got them to quit by the simple method of directing them to eat their own fare. The British themselves, over the centuries, have had peculiar habits when it comes to bread. Take, for instance, the sin eaters of the seventeenth century—practitioners who

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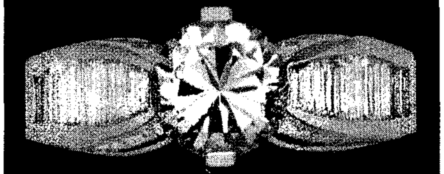

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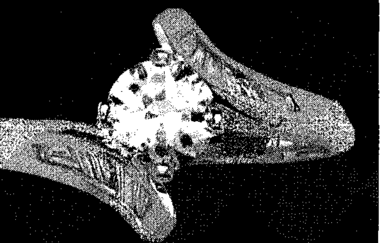

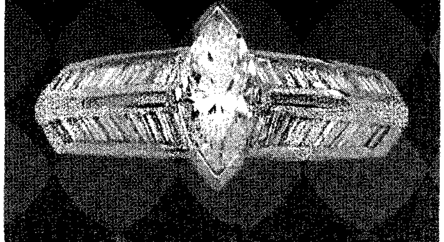

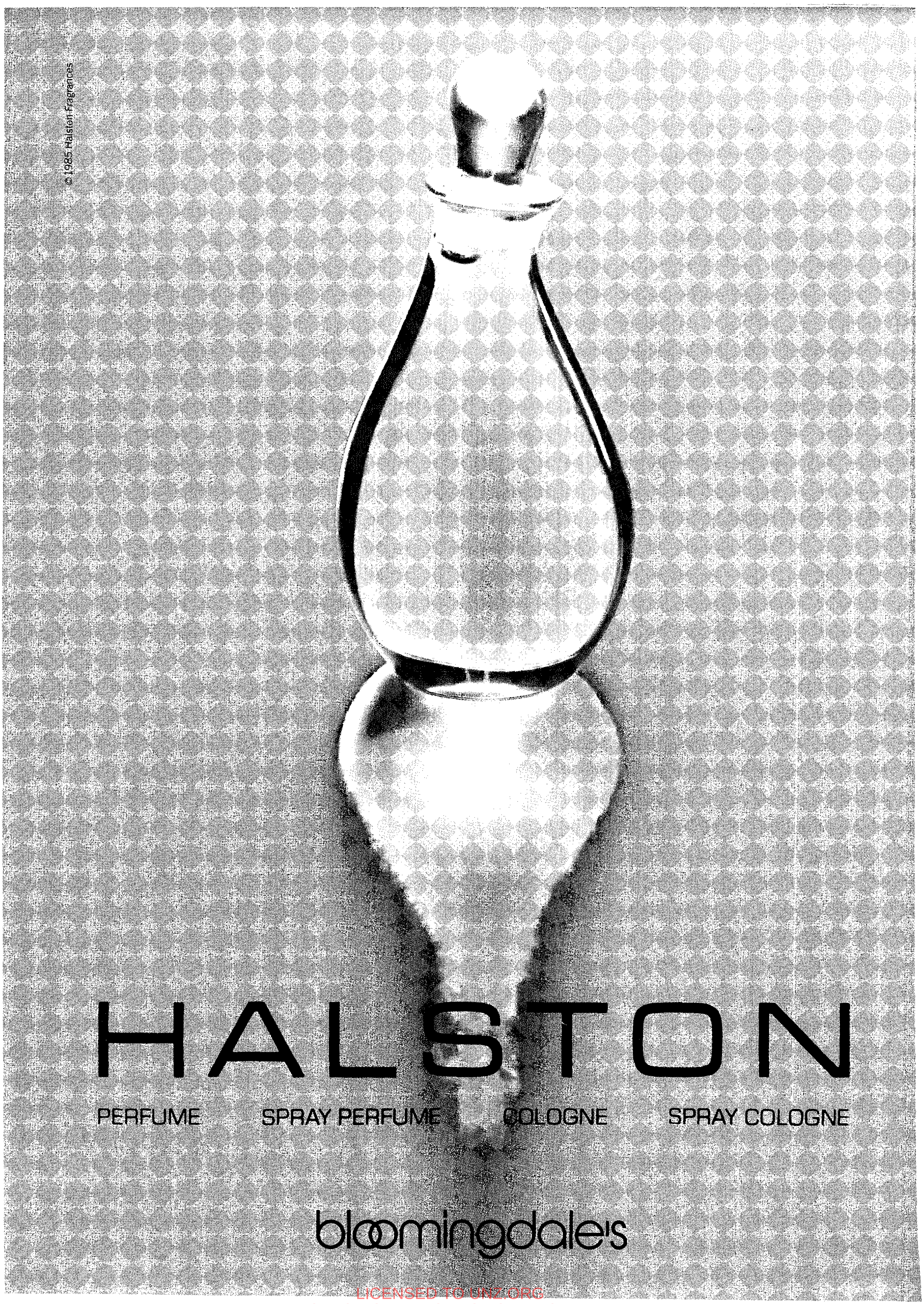
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could be engaged to devour a loaf of bread at a funeral and thus transfer unto and into themselves the transgressions of the deceased. Earlier, it was believed, in England, that the best way to keep witches from molesting a sleeping child was to put some bread under the child's pillow. (Across the Channel, a fairy tale with which the Dutch sometimes put their children to bed involved a rich, ship-owning woman who wouldn't give a wizard any bread. He said she would suffer for it, and she did. When she dispatched one of her ship captains to fetch her the most precious cargo on earth and he returned with a boatload of wheat, she was furious, and ordered it jettisoned, even though the captain suggested that she give it to the poor if she had no use for it herself. Where the grain was dumped, a wheat field soon materialized, clogging her harbor and putting her out of business.) Quite a few of the human beings who have been accused and convicted of witchcraft over the years undoubtedly were not in the clutches of evil spirits but had merely had the bad luck to eat rye bread contaminated with ergot, a fungus that grows on rye and other grains in excessively damp and cool weather. People who contracted ergotism would foam at the mouth and have tingling and burning sensations—a symptom called St. Anthony's fire. There were dreadful outbreaks in the Middle Ages; in the year 943 at Limoges, forty thousand deaths were attributed to ergotism. As recently as 1951, there was an epidemic in the Rhône Valley. The afflicted thought they were being chased by lions or smothered by snakes, went berserk, jumped into the river, and drowned. As it happened, rye bread was for many years the bread most regularly consumed by the poorer classes of northern Europe. And in the Middle Ages thick, hard slabs of it were used by the upper classes in lieu of plates. The slabs were called trenchers. One would put one's meat on one's trencher, and it would soak up the juices and prevent one's meal from becoming a mess. Once a trencherman was sated, the trencher would be fed to a dog or, if he was lucky, a servant. The custom in the Middle Ages of carving a cross on loaves had Christian connotations; it also made the loaves easier to break apart. As late as the eighteenth century, some of the bread that English laborers got as their pitiful share of the available bounty of grain was so hard that it literally knocked out their teeth. And in France around that time the bread that most peasants ate could often not be cut with a knife; it had to be chopped with an axe.

In the Bible, the "breaking of bread" had nothing to do with the food's texture but, rather, stood for hospitality and fellowship. The word "companion" has Latin and Old French antecedents meaning "one who eats bread with another." The word "wheat" stems from the Middle English *whete* and, further back, the Old English *hwaete*, which is almost the same as the Middle English "whit"—"white." (The German for "wheat" is *Weizen* and for "white" *weiss;* the French for "wheat," *blé*, is, similarly, akin to *blêmir*—"to grow pale.") The white bread in which so much wheat ends up is not necessarily, as nutritionists have long been pointing out, the most wholesome. Before it is made, the wheat's tonic husk of bran has to be removed. In the eighteen-twenties, a French physiologist put a dog on an exclusive diet of water and all the white bread it cared to eat; to the grim satisfaction of white-bread detractors like the Frenchman's American contemporary Sylvester Graham, the dog died in fifty days. Graham, whose surname is best remembered nowadays as a modifier of a cracker, was an outspoken Protestant clergyman who thought that white bread, among its other failings, was a major cause of constipation, and that people who insisted on stripping wheat of its bran were guilty, like adulterers, of putting "asunder what God has joined together." Graham was also a vegetarian (Emerson dubbed him the "poet of bran bread and pumpkins"), the general agent for the Pennsylvania Temperance Society, the organizer of a Popular Health Movement, and a strong proponent of cold showers. In his "Health from Diet and Exercise," a tract published in the eighteen-thirties, he passed along a letter he'd received from the sort of person he could unstintingly admire: a seventy-one-year-old man who at fifty had given up tobacco (smoking and chewing), at sixty had given up drinking, and at sixty-seven had given up tea and coffee and flesh-eating (it had earlier been his pernicious practice to have a beefsteak "or some other flesh-meat" for breakfast and occasionally smoked tongue or beef with his tea), and who as a consequence could walk ten or fifteen miles a day and saunter with impunity into cholera wards—all thanks to subsisting principally on cornmeal porridge and a bread fashioned largely of unbolted wheat, supplemented occasionally by plain boiled rice and potatoes. In "A Treatise on Bread and Bread-Making," Graham came out so vehemently in favor of homemade bread as against bakery bread that he was physically assaulted by a gang of irate Boston bakers, who were vigorously abetted, because of his no less stern dicta against the consumption of meat, by some vengeful butchers.

Anne Burgess

Back across the Atlantic a couple of generations later, one of wheat's most rabid, and most racist, spokesmen was Sir William Crookes, a chemist and the president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. In 1898, Sir William delivered himself of the following:

> Wheat is the most sustaining food grain of the great Caucasian race, which includes the peoples of Europe, United States, British America, the white inhabitants of South Africa, Australasia, parts of South America, and the white population of the European colonies. . . . If bread fails —not only us, but all the bread-eaters of the world—what are we to do? We are born wheat-eaters. Other races, vastly superior to us in numbers, but differing widely in material and intellectual progress, are eaters of Indian corn, rice, millet, and other grains; but none of these grains have the food value, the concentrated, health-sustaining power of wheat, and it is on this account that the accumulated experience of civilised mankind has set wheat apart as the fit and proper food for the development of muscle and brains.

In 1773, another Englishman, who signed himself "J.H.," had said in a treatise called "Advocate for Public Welfare" that "the prejudices of the people are strong; but they relate chiefly to the magic of the two syllables, *white* and *brown*." At the start of the twentieth century, in Australia, the *Queensland Agricultural Journal* pointed out, "It is very hard to remove a prejudice, especially when it has to do with the food one eats." There have been strange parallels between the alleged superiority of white bread to other breads and that of white people to other people. A pro-white-bread editorial in the British magazine *The Lancet* in 1940 was entitled "The Colour Question." (Another editorial the magazine ran that year said that if the British armed forces didn't get enough white bread they "would be the first to revolt.") In the American South before the Civil War, it was customary for plantation owners to eat white corn and to give yellow corn to their slaves; the practice diminished when it became known that the slaves were, at least in that respect, better off than their masters, because what gave the yellow corn its nonwhite tinge was carotene, an estimable source of Vitamin A. It has been argued by parlor sociologists that what has made the white man's white bread so popular among nonwhite Africans is, to some degree, its whiteness. President Kenneth Kaunda of Zambia expressed his displeasure not long ago when his citizens let it be known, after a drought had curtailed their own corn crop, that they would rather have white corn even if it had to be imported from the Republic of South Africa than yellow corn from the United States. Seneca once wrote, "Nature does not care whether the bread is black or white: She does not want the stomach entertained but filled." People seem to care, though. Petronius reported that in ancient Rome, where white bread was the status food for the rich, and the poor had their *panis sordidus*, young blades would box the ears of servitors who proffered them bread that wasn't quite bleached enough for their finicky tastes. Caesar, in contrast, exhibited admirably democratic traits when he clapped one of his bakers in chains because the fellow had made the mistake of serving him better-quality bread than that tendered to his guests. In London during the Middle Ages, the dividing line between different colors of bread was so sharp that there were separate companies for the bakers of each kind. (In Holland until fairly recently, some farmers still followed a long-standing custom of partaking of white bread only on Sundays; for the rest of the week, dark rye bread sufficed.) There have been deviations from all this fuss about whiteness. By the end of the eighteenth century, milling techniques had become so advanced in England that white bread could be bought more cheaply than dark. When the poor accordingly began gobbling up the white bread they'd so long envied the rich for, the rich, who were not prepared to tolerate any such egalitarianism, promptly switched to dark.

> O beautiful for spacious skies,
> For amber waves of grain,
> For purple mountain majesties
> Above the fruited plain!

The grain that the anthem-writer Katherine Lee Bates thought made America beautiful did not exist in the New World—aside from what little Columbus carried over on his second voyage—until the sixteenth century, when the Spanish introduced it. Wheat was then travelling across the Atlantic in one direction, and corn—to the vast and lasting benefit of the inhabitants of both landfalls—in the other. The founders of the Jamestown and Plymouth colonies brought wheat with them, and Bartholomew Gosnold planted some of it on Cuttyhunk Island, near Martha's Vineyard, as early as 1602. Missionaries, circumnavigating the great central plains that wheat now bestrides, took it to California in 1769. When wheat moved around, as precious to man as was his family that it nourished, so, inevitably, did its pursuing foes. The rusts, for deliverance from which the ancient Romans had prayed to their god Robigus, were conspicuous among them. Wheat-rust spores proliferate at so dazzling a rate that, even with a slow start, they can multiply by a trillion a month. The barberry bush—which to some horticulturists has an ornamental appeal but to all agriculturists is a pariah—is notoriously hospitable to stem rust. As many as twenty-five races of that nuisance (there are hundreds altogether) have been known to nestle on a single barberry bush. In the early eighteenth century, while some New Englanders were preoccupied with ridding their communities of witches, others were spiritedly debating the pros and cons of whether the pretty barberry bush should be held culpable because of what rust could do to wheat. Connecticut outlawed the barberry bush in 1726. Neighboring colonies fell into line, but slowly. The Massachusetts General Court called for the extirpation of barberries in 1754. Rhode Island didn't join what some Colonial chroniclers called "the war against the barberry bush" until 1772.

NY LOTTERY HERE
MITCHELL'S TAVERN
weil

Then came a real war and, with it, a new and deadly weapon, against which America's wheatgrowers were all but defenseless—*Mayetiola destructor*, or, as it quickly became known, the Hessian fly. Its larvae suck the juices from young wheat plants' stems, and the weakened stalks collapse before harvest time. That fly—a two-winged insect half the size of a mosquito—got its popular name because it was believed to have traversed the Atlantic hiding in shipments of straw for the Hessian mercenaries' horses. The Hessian fly, which became, and still is, one of wheat's unrelenting adversaries (in 1900, for instance, it was blamed for the destruction of ten per cent of the entire United States crop—a hundred-million-dollar loss), came ashore on Long Island in 1776 and, proceeding at its own leisurely pace, got to California by 1884. (Accelerating—or perhaps helped by favorable tail winds—it took only four more years to reach New Zealand.) Such notable farmers of their era as George Washington and Thomas Jefferson were much concerned about the pesky bug—Washington partly because some Tory propagandists in England spread the nasty rumor that *he* was somehow responsible for the infiltration of the Hessian fly into the Colonies. As for Jefferson, he wrote to Thomas Mann Randolph in May, 1791, "A committee of the Philosophical Society is charged with collecting material for the natural history of the Hessian fly." Twelve years after that, Jefferson was the grateful recipient of a few grains of a French wheat with a stem so comparatively tough that he hoped it could withstand the enemy. He was disappointed. A decade after *that*, in June, 1813, he wrote to James Madison that "the fly"—by then he knew that the recipient would understand the unembellished reference—had undermined one-third of his wheat crop. Jefferson added, philosophically, that "in the lotteries of human life you see that even farming is but gambling."

Today, the United States, which is sometimes called the breadbasket of the world, has about sixty million acres planted to wheat. Canada has almost thirty-three million. Wheat did not get to western Canada until 1812, when Thomas Douglas, Fifth Earl of

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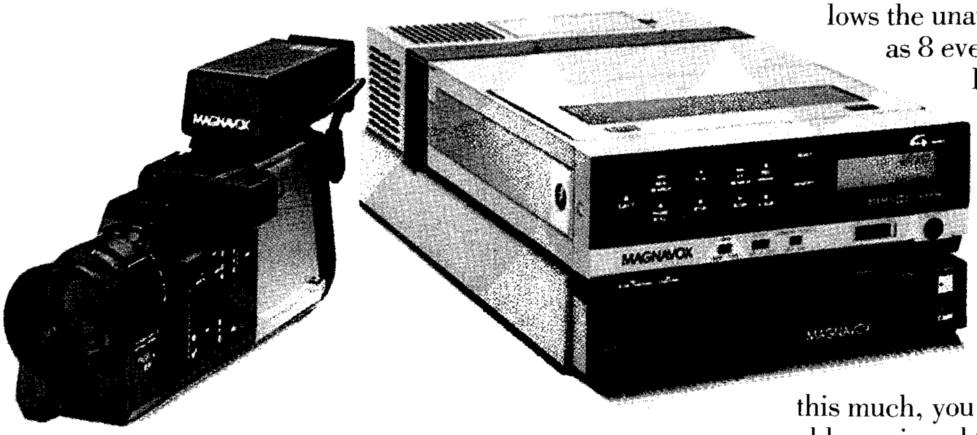

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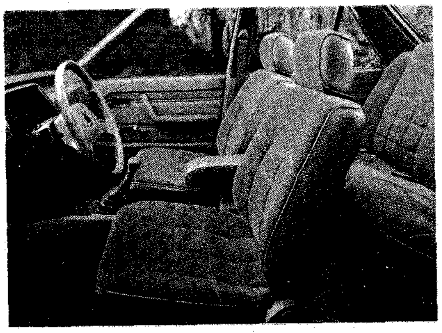

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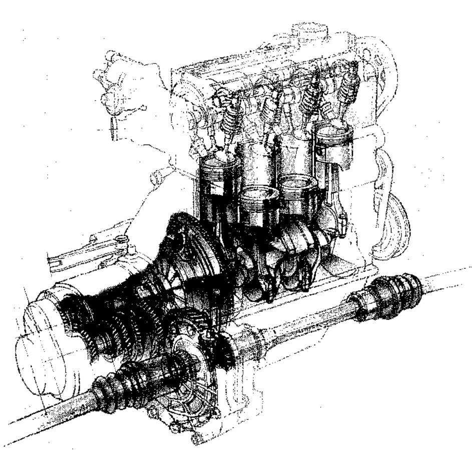

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Selkirk, decided to establish a colony in what is now Manitoba. Wheat's début there was inauspicious. Selkirk's first settlers had no plows or harrows; their only agricultural implements were hoes. Their first two wheat crops failed. In 1815, Selkirk offered a prize of fifty pounds for the largest amount of grain produced in proportion to the number of hired hands. The settlers had survived, at the start, on the likes of potatoes and turnips. Even before an inspection visit by their patron himself, in 1817, they had begun to do a little better with their wheat, but then they were plagued by locusts. (They were also plagued, in the early years, by a governor, Alexander Macdonell, who was so universally disliked that he was called the Grasshopper Governor. The settlers claimed he drove them to drink. The only orderly aspect of his otherwise untidy incumbency was that his constituents kept track of their consumption of liquor by removing a grain of wheat from a jar every time they drew a flagon of rum from a cask.) Wheat production in Canada did not get under way on any appreciable scale until 1842, in what was then Canada West and is now Ontario. That year, David Fife, a Scotsman who had emigrated about ten years earlier from Kincardine, Fife, resolved to plant some hardy wheat at his new homestead, in the township of Otonabee, in Peterborough County. According to one version of the story, Fife wrote to a friend in Glasgow and asked him to send over some seeds. The Glaswegian supposedly took a dockside stroll one evening and espied a few grains of wheat that had been spilled during the unloading of a ship from Danzig. He had a hole in the lining of his tam-o'-shanter. He picked up the wheat, carried it off in his cap, and sent it to Fife, who duly planted half of it. Only five spikes ripened. A wandering cow had eaten two of them and was about to devour the other three when Fife's wife came running out of her kitchen flapping her apron and routed the invader. Thus was Red Fife wheat, destined in the years ahead to become the progenitor of many celebrated varieties, saved from an early death.

One drawback of Red Fife was that it was susceptible to early frosts. Canadians wanted a wheat that embodied its laudable traits—it had very fine milling and baking qualities—but would mature more rapidly in their often chilly climate. They began crossbreeding Red Fife with varieties from the Himalayas. One of the wheats they obtained from India was called Hard Red Calcutta. In 1892, that was crossed with Red Fife by Arthur and Charles Saunders, brother cerealists affiliated with the government's Central Experimental Farm, at Ottawa, working with their father. (The paterfamilias, William Saunders, was a well-known breeder of currants, raspberries, gooseberries, and wheats.) An offshoot of that mating was a wheat called Marquis, whose yields proved to be agreeably higher than those achieved by Red Fife. Marquis was quickly embraced by the farmers of Manitoba and Saskatchewan, where wheat was already a major crop. Wheat made Winnipeg—wheat, and the Canadian Pacific Railway, which took it to market. The railroad had got there in 1886, and the Winnipeg Grain Exchange was established five years later. By 1915, a thousand boxcars laden with wheat were passing through Winnipeg every working day. Earlier, James J. Hill, the swashbuckling proprietor of the Great Northern Railway, south of the border, had offered a gold cup worth a thousand dollars for the best bushel of hard spring wheat produced in the United States. (Hill, whose rail line's prosperity was inseparable from wheat, once predicted that because of the availability of United States grain China would eventually become a nation of bread eaters; he expected that his trains and the ships he also owned would benefit handsomely from that.) Canadians were miffed because Hill declared them ineligible for his competition, so in 1911 the Canadian Pacific announced that it would give a thousand dollars in gold for the best bushel of hard spring wheat produced anywhere in all of North America. A Saskatchewan man won that year, with a bushel of Marquis, and for the next four years Marquis continued to reign triumphant. By 1913, the variety had moved south, and had caught on in the United States. "Farmers and also millers, bankers, and real-estate dealers have had their attention attracted to it," a United States Department of Agriculture *Farmers' Bulletin* reported in 1916. After just one year in residence in the United States, Marquis occupied five hundred thousand acres of cropland that had previously been given over to other wheats. In 1917, when Marquis had been grown in Minnesota for four years, the value of the wheat in that one state alone had increased by seven million dollars over 1914. Charles Saunders had produced twenty-three pounds of Marquis seed for experimentation by 1907. A decade later, the total crop of Marquis wheat in North America amounted to nearly three hundred million bushels—a monumental resource without which it might have been far more difficult than it was for the Allies to wage the First World War. Perhaps someone should have awarded a posthumous medal for heroism to Mrs. Fife.

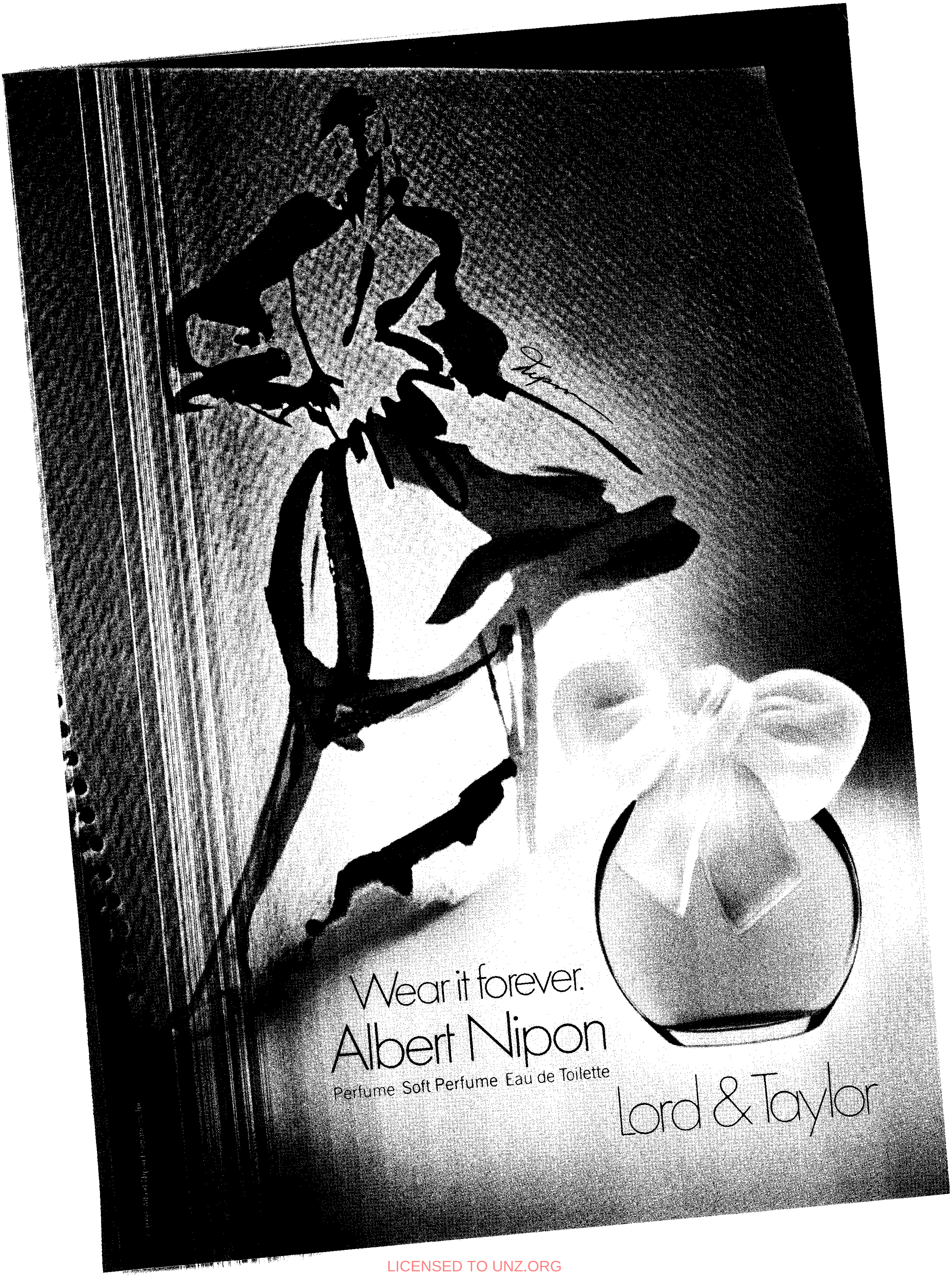
WHEAT and its nemeses began to drift westward from the Atlantic Coast in 1783. In the eighteen-thirties, sixty per cent of all United States wheat came from Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, and Virginia. By the eighteen-fifties, Illinois, Indiana, and Wisconsin were the leading producers. By the eighteen-seventies, wheat was firmly entrenched in Kansas and Nebraska. The proliferating railroads of the country were instrumental. The Santa Fe, for example, had been granted three million acres of trackside land in Kansas, and it naturally wanted people to settle there and keep its train crews busy. It learned about some Mennonites who were living unhappily in the Ukraine. Because their religion forbade them to bear arms, they had left Prussia for Russia in 1786, on being promised an exemption from military service by Catherine the Great. But in 1870 Czar Alexander II reneged. The resentful Mennonites began looking for a new haven. The Santa Fe sent an agent named Carl Schmidt (he later became known as the Moses of the Mennonites) to Russia to accommodate them. The railroad offered free transportation to Kansas for them and their belongings, and the Kansas legislature passed a law exempting from military duty persons opposed to it for religious reasons. On August 16, 1874, thirty-four Mennonite families—a hundred and sixty-three people in all—arrived in Marion County, Kansas, and, on an eight-thousand-acre tract, founded the village of Gnadenau. Their most precious possessions were some gold, into which they had converted their savings, and some earthen jars filled with seeds of a hard, drought-resistant winter wheat called Turkey Red.

Today, seventy-three per cent of all the wheat grown in the United States is winter wheat, and Kansas derives more revenue from the production of wheat than any other state of the Union. Turkey Red had much to do with that, along with a later, much prized, and widely sown variety called Kanred. Another strain of wheat that was fancied in its day was called Kansas Mortgage Lifter. England had a wheat dubbed, in the same vein, Rentpayer. Breeders outdid themselves in paying nomenclatural tribute to the wheats that prospered and made them prosperous. Australia had a Triumph, Canada a Superlative, Italy a Miracle. (Germany, to be sure, had a Frankenstein.) Miracle was a name so alluring that early in the twentieth century seed salesmen often appended it to wheats of questionable merit. One "miracle wheat," purportedly discovered in Alaska in 1904, by a farmer from Idaho, was glowingly advertised in seed catalogues as having the ability to grow anywhere under any conditions of soil or climate and to increase its yields tenfold or more year after lucrative year. The Wheat Investigations office in the Bureau of Plant Industry of the Department of Agriculture looked into that one, felt impelled to put out a warning against it, and got the postal authorities to issue a fraud order against its sale by mail; one public-spirited agronomist urged all farmers to "shun it as you would the smallpox."

Soon after the Department of Agriculture (which had started out as a subdivision of the Patent Office) was established, in 1862, it began sending emissaries abroad to seek out varieties of many of the food plants that came under its jurisdiction; in 1864, for instance, it dispatched an expedition to China to hunt for promising strains of sorghum. Important to the department were its cerealists. One cerealist at the end of the century was Mark Alfred Carleton, who was born in 1866 in Jerusalem, Ohio. Not long after joining the department, in 1894, Carleton, one of whose self-determined missions was to find a rust-resistant, cold-tolerant winter wheat, took a trip to Kansas —where earlier he had studied, and then taught agriculture, at Wichita University—to experiment with growing wheats from around the world, and he visited the Mennonite community. His association with the Mennonites made him resolve to go to Russia and hunt wheat varieties that might emulate their Turkey Red. Carleton prepared himself by learning Russian, and in 1898 he persuaded his superiors in the department to send him to Russia. He came back with one outstandingly tough wheat trophy—spring Kubanka. It eminently justified his time and trouble, for in 1904, when a black-stem-rust blight savaged many American wheats, Kubanka, by that time rooted in four million acres of the Dakotas, and Kharkov (a hard red winter wheat he had brought back from his 1900 hunting trip to Russia), sprawled across twenty million acres of the Midwest, held their ground. Carleton's sturdy wheats may have prevented a lot of people from going hungry, but in the long run they did him precious little good. He got into a jam because of nonpayment of debts, lost his job, and, with no other apparent recourse, eventually wound up in Peru, where he died, in 1925, of malaria.

THERE can have been few Americans who had less in common—unless one counts their unfulfilled Presidential aspirations—than Henry Agard Wallace and Douglas MacArthur. Yet both had a hand in sparking the "Green Revolution"—or, at any rate, that part of it involving the radical turnabout in the role of wheat in human affairs. Wallace was most celebrated, occupationally, as a pioneer in the development of hybrid corn. MacArthur was much celebrated, non-occupationally, as an addict of corncob pipes. (When President Truman relieved the General of his command in Korea in the spring of 1951, a corncob-pipe company in Washington, Missouri, where the manufacture of that device had begun, in 1872, and where a brisk-selling item was the Mac, received a slew of orders from numbers of ruffled adherents of the General who wanted to send him the pipes as evidence of their unwavering loyalty. People who had seen MacArthur off camera, though, had the strong impression that he preferred to smoke cigars.) MacArthur established bread in Japan at the start of the occupation over which he imperiously presided. Among the American specialists whom the Supreme Commander invited there in 1946 was S. C. Salmon, an agronomist, who hoped to help the Japanese bake more and better bread. The Japanese had long been renowned, of course, for their bonsai, or dwarf trees. They had also long been experimenting with the dwarfing of food plants. The shorter a stalk is, the less likely it is to lodge, or fall over, when it's buffeted by severe winds or hailstorms. Furthermore, dwarf wheats tend to be higher-tillering; that is, to have more stems. Back in 1873, Horace Capron, a former United States Commissioner of Agriculture, had been invited to Tokyo as a consultant during the Meiji era, and had marvelled at his hosts' having bred wheatstalks down to a height of between twenty and twenty-five inches. "The Japanese farmers have brought the art of dwarfing to perfection," Capron had written home. In 1917, Japanese breeders had crossed a famous dwarf wheat called Daruma with a first-rate American variety, Glassy Fultz, and in 1925 they had crossed the offspring of that mating with the offspring of the Mennonites' Turkey Red. Now, in 1946, Salmon, prowling around MacArthur's empire with an eye out for promising wheats, encountered a still more recent product of that lineage—a mid-thirties wheat called Norin 10. Salmon was impressed by it—its glittering ancestry alone made it a wheat to be reckoned with—and he sent some of it back to the United States Department of Agriculture research folks at Beltsville, Maryland, who made it available the next year to seven groups of wheat breeders. Among them was Orville A. Vogel, a U.S.D.A. scientist at the Washington Agricultural Experiment Station, at Washington State University. Vogel had a graduate student cross Norin 10 with a domestic winter wheat called Brevor and eventually came up with some new varieties that were appreciably shorter than most standard wheats—and that pleased just about everybody in the wheat world, except, perhaps, those traditionalists who were fond of long stalks because they used them to fashion wheat-straw images called corn dollies. (In bygone Russia, the last sheaf of a harvest was believed to embody the Corn Spirit. A woman in the vicinity would volunteer to feign giving birth to it, and it would be dressed in swaddling clothes and pampered until the next harvest. Similarly, in very olde England, corn dollies, beribboned, would be taken to church on Sunday.)

So much for General MacArthur. Henry Wallace came into the picture in December, 1940, when he was Vice-President-elect. He went to Mexico, representing Franklin Roosevelt, for the inauguration of a new President. At the suggestion of Mexico's incoming minister of agriculture, Wallace



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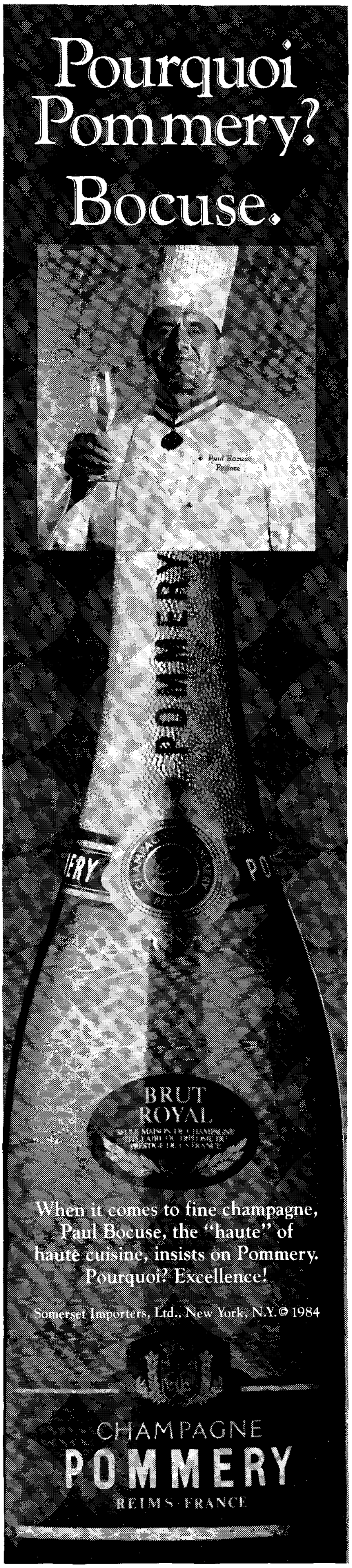
travelled around the country talking to farmers and inquiring about their agricultural practices. He told his hosts that he hoped the United States would help Mexico establish a network of stations to do agricultural research. Back in Washington, he concluded that there was little chance of arousing congressional interest in such an undertaking; Congress had a war in Europe on its mind. So Wallace got in touch with Raymond Fosdick, the president of the Rockefeller Foundation, which had been active abroad, mostly in the area of public health, for a quarter of a century. In the summer of 1941, the foundation sent three American scientists to Mexico on a fact-finding trip: Richard Bradfield, an expert on soils; E. C. Stakman, who specialized in rusts and other fungi; and the corn breeder Paul C. Mangelsdorf. They agreed with Wallace that there was a great deal that should be done, and perhaps could be done, to ameliorate the lot of Mexican farmers and their crops. In 1943, Dr. J. George Harrar, a botanist and plant pathologist, set up the Rockefeller Foundation's Mexican Agricultural Program. (From 1961 to 1971, he was the foundation's president.) What ultimately happened had a profound impact on the production of wheat around the globe.

ENTER Norman Borlaug. When Borlaug received word, in the fall of 1970, that he had been awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for having enormously increased the world's food production through his work in wheat breeding, he was up to his knees in a stand of Mexican semi-dwarf wheat, as he had been for a good part of the twenty-six previous, sunbaked years. Of Norwegian ancestry, he was born on an Iowa farm on March 25, 1914. He was raised on johnnycake, wheat cake, and potato cake. He went to a one-room grade school and then to high school in Cresco, ten miles from the Minnesota border. The Cresco principal, David Bartelma, had been an alternate on the American wrestling team at the 1924 Olympics. Bartelma got Borlaug, who had already demonstrated a flair for football, into wrestling as well. The boy hoped to become a high-school science teacher and athletic coach, and planned to prepare for that at Iowa State Teachers' College. He was persuaded by a Cresco alumnus to go instead to the University of Minnesota. He hoped to make the baseball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team. Baseball practice there conflicted with his forestry classes, so he concentrated extracurricularly on wrestling. At the end of Borlaug's sophomore year, Bartelma became the Minnesota wrestling coach. He sent Borlaug and another protégé all over the state to put on wrestling exhibitions for P.T.A.s and similarly influential groups; years later, after he won his Nobel, Borlaug was invited back to Minnesota and was gratified to learn that in that state there were more high-school boys participating in wrestling than in any other sport save basketball. He is probably the only Nobel laureate who while performing the feats that won him his accolade sometimes wore an Amateur Wrestling Hall of Fame cap. Normally a mild-mannered man, Borlaug once lost his temper and almost punched a classmate. He was testy because he had been on a rigorous diet, trying to lose ten pounds to make a weight limit. "I was starving," he said years afterward, "and I found out that a hungry man is worse than a hungry beast."

During several summer vacations, Borlaug had jobs with the United States Forest Service. In graduate school, he majored in plant pathology, and wrote his doctoral thesis on wilt resistance in flax. (In later years, he taught part time at Minnesota and at Cornell. In 1983, he was appointed Distinguished Professor of International Agriculture at Texas A. & M., and A. D. White Professor-at-Large at Cornell.) Just before Pearl Harbor, he went to work for the agricultural-chemicals division of du Pont, in Wilmington, Delaware. He was assigned to a microbiology laboratory, and was soon working on projects that got him a War Manpower Commission deferment from the draft: the purification of drinking water; the refinement of camouflage paints; the improvement of packaging for military field rations; and the development of DDT, which had been identified as an ingredient in a louse powder that Russians had taken from captured German soldiers during a typhus epidemic on the Eastern Front and had shared with their British and American allies. Borlaug has ever since been a defender of DDT and similar chemicals, with the proviso that they should be employed, like medicine, in proper, supervised dosages. He likes to point out that he had no strong objections to the banning of DDT in the United States, where malaria is rare, but that when it was banned in India, following world-

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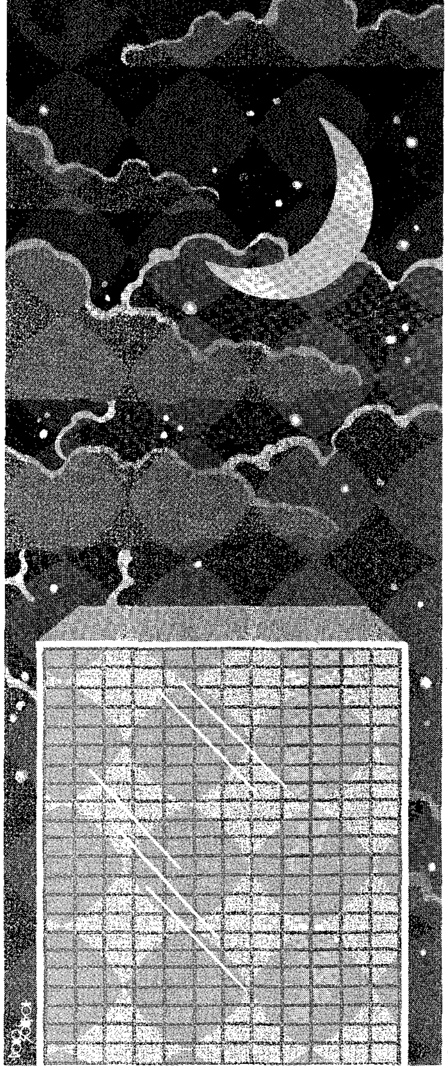

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wide protests against its use anywhere, the annual incidence of malaria rose from two hundred and fifty thousand to seven and a half million. In mid-1943, Borlaug met the Rockefeller Foundation's George Harrar at a scientific conclave in Philadelphia. Harrar invited him to join the agricultural program that the foundation was launching in Mexico. Borlaug was interested, although there were drawbacks; he didn't know a word of Spanish, for one thing. In any event, the War Manpower Commission wouldn't release him from du Pont until mid-1944. By then, he was ready to move on. He wasn't being paid much, and he had concluded that a microbiologist who had studied very little chemistry didn't have much of a future there. In October, 1944, he went to Mexico, and for the next forty years that was to be his home.

In his first six months in Mexico, Borlaug worked on studies of diseases in beans, maize, and wheat. Then he was put in charge of the wheat program. There hadn't been much change in the varieties of wheat grown in central Mexico—for the most part, tall, weak-stemmed ones, highly susceptible to disease, and low-yielding—since the Spanish introduced the plant, in the sixteenth century. Mexico had several plant-research stations of a sort—a high-altitude one at Chapingo, just outside Mexico City, and a more or less defunct lower-altitude one about a thousand miles to the northwest, at Ciudad Obregón, in the state of Sonora. Three years before Borlaug arrived, there had been a bad epidemic of stem rust—the third consecutive year of that plague. He wanted to breed some rust-resistant wheats, and breed them fast. He figured that if he didn't he'd be deported. (Today, there is a street named after him in Obregón.) It usually takes ten years or more to produce and test a new variety of wheat before it can be offered with any assurance to farmers. To speed up his breeding program and produce two generations of plants a year instead of the conventional one, Borlaug grew wheat at Obregón from November to April, when the days were shorter, and at Chapingo and later at Toluca from May, when the days were longer, to October. It was not easy at first. Both research stations were ill-equipped. Worse, the farmers he tried to work with were leery of aliens preaching a foreign gospel. "For a while, hardly any of them would even talk to us," Borlaug re-

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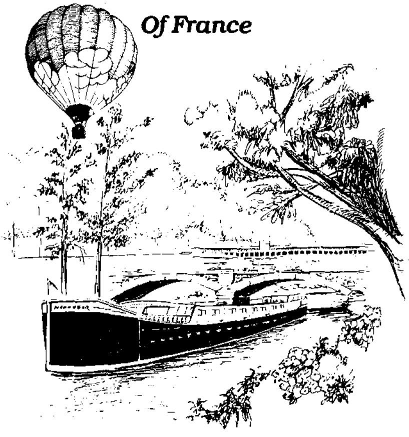

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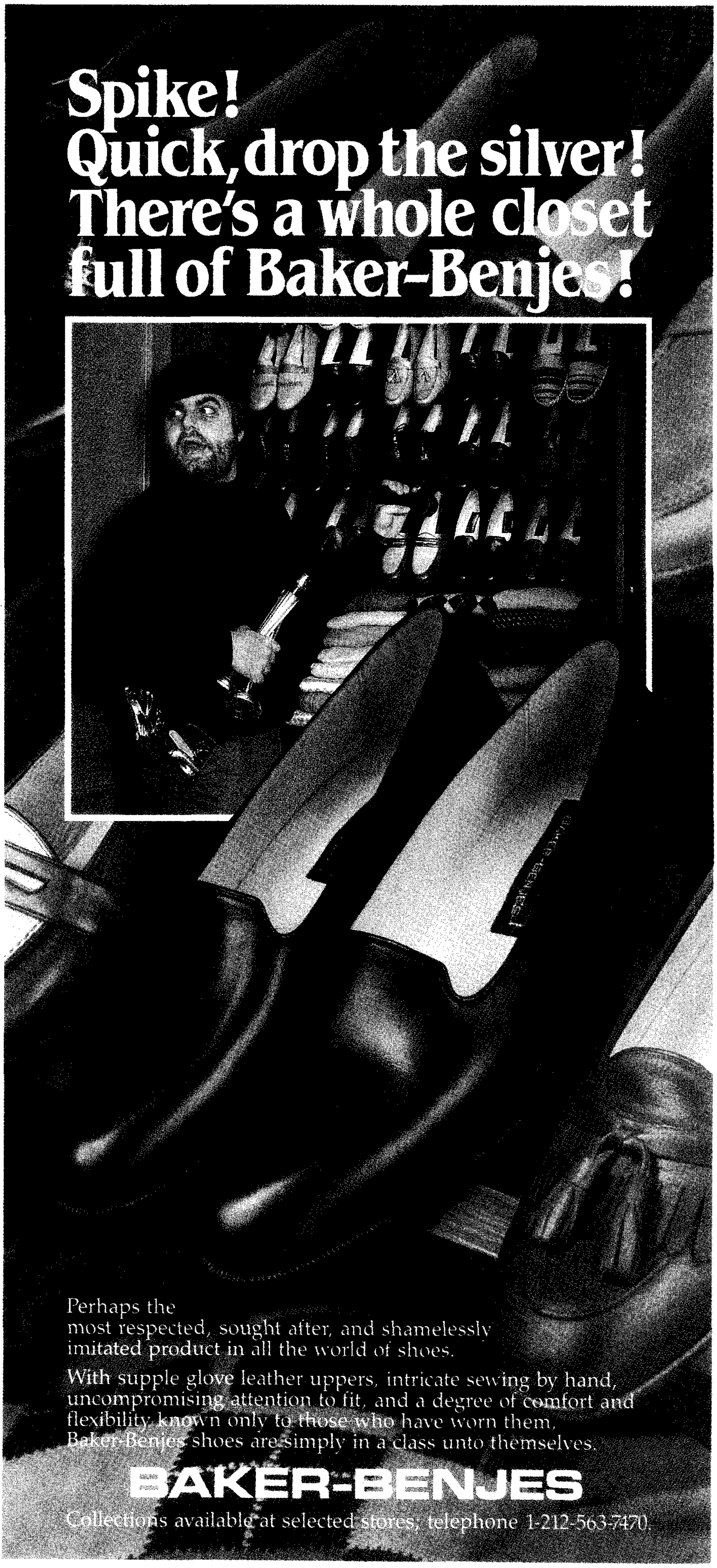
called years later. For a while, too, lacking the kinds of machinery that United States farmers took for granted, Borlaug would till his fields literally hitched to a plow. By 1948, he had developed five promising varieties of wheat, but the first time the Sonora station held a field day to demonstrate them to local farmers only twenty-five people showed up—and only five of them were farmers, the poorest in the valley, who had come for free barbecue and beer. (The following year, there were seventy-five; after that, hundreds.) He might have been even more discouraged than he was if it had not been for the heartening presence on the Mexican scene of John S. Niederhauser, who was running a potato program for the Rockefeller Foundation. Niederhauser eventually became known throughout Mexico as Mr. Potato. Borlaug was Señor Trigo—Mr. Wheat. He was also Mr. Kid Baseball. In what spare time he had, with Niederhauser as an enthusiastic collaborator, he introduced Little League and Pony League baseball into the country. A team that Borlaug coached for about ten years—Las Aguilas, or the Eagles—won his first important prize, a national championship. When he was not wearing his Wrestling Hall of Fame cap at work, he sported an Aguilas one, with a big "A" on it.

The wheats that Borlaug bred in those first four years were agreeably rust-resistant, but they were annoyingly tall, and tended to lodge. He concluded that he would have to get some dwarfing genes into his plants. In 1953, he heard about the shorter-stemmed wheat that Orville Vogel—using the Norin 10 genes he'd received from MacArthur's Japan—had bred at Washington State. Vogel sent Borlaug some seed. It was a winter wheat, however, and Borlaug wanted to implant its dwarfing genes in spring wheats, which do better in warm-weather climates. He embarked on another patient round of breeding. It was always a time-consuming, backaching process. Wheat flowers are bisexual. Borlaug would sit out in the blazing sun day after day and with tweezers carefully remove the male anthers from each floret (a single spike of wheat may have from eighty to a hundred and fifty florets), so that they couldn't produce pollen. Then he would slip a paper jacket over the emasculated spikes, so that their pistils, the female organs, couldn't be accidentally pollinated by any drifting pol-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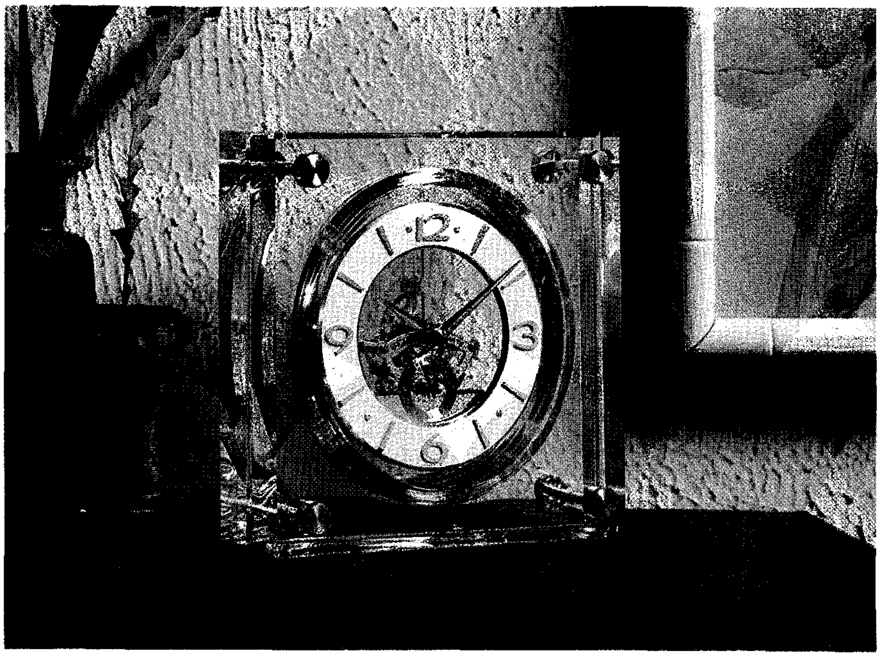

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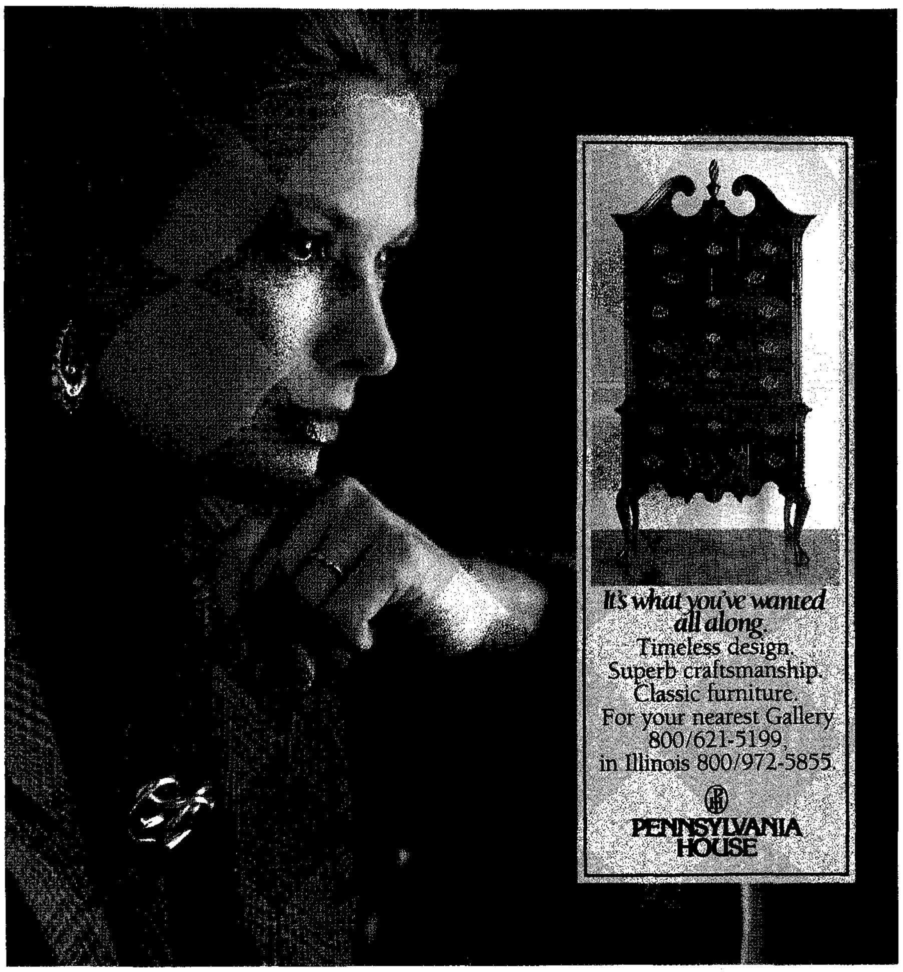
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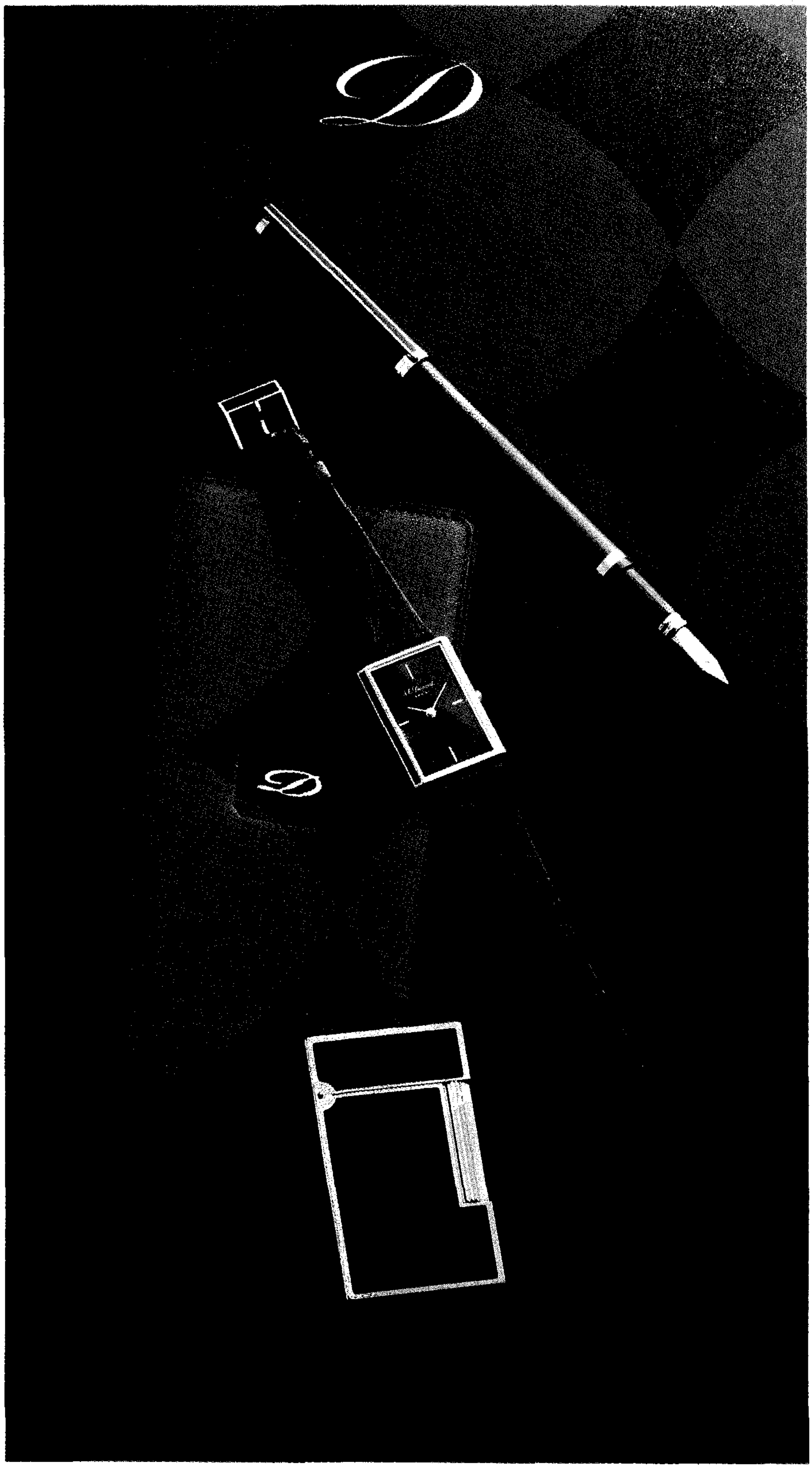
len before he was ready to dust them with pollen of his own choice. "If you're a plant breeder, you pay your dues," the plant geneticist H. Garrison Wilkes, who has paid his several times over with corn, once told an acquaintance. "There's a saying that any plant breeder has to be dumb, because it doesn't take much in the way of brains to sit on a stool in the sun for hours on end and pollinate a few hundred, or a few thousand, plants. But it sure does take a cool hand." Borlaug, who while walking through an experimental-wheat field has much the air of a dog-show judge appraising a lineup of nearly identical purebreds, has been accused now and then of talking to his plants. He would tell his assistants (they were known as Borlaug's Apostles) that actually the plants were talking to *him*. "But you have to listen to them with your eyes," he would add. While he may not actually converse *with* his plants, when he is talking *about* them he often endows them with human characteristics. He refers to their traits, for instance, as "personalities," and he has described the sound of wind-stirred beards of wheat rubbing against each other as "a sweet whispering music."

Different wheats fare differently in different areas. A variety that may do well in one part of South Dakota may be ill-suited to another part of the same state. Borlaug was never concerned about improving varieties for any part of the United States, or for Canada (though some of his rust-resistant varieties helped alleviate an outbreak of stem rust in those countries in the mid-nineteen-fifties), or for Australia or any other developed nation. Such places usually had plenty of wheat—far more than they could use themselves—and their inhabitants were, by and large, adequately nourished. Mexico was his immediate concern, and, beyond that, the rest of the developing world, where to so many hundreds of millions of people food means food plants and little else. (A United States Ambassador to Bangladesh said not long ago that for the nearly hundred million inhabitants of that hard-pressed country "the availability of cereals becomes a life-and-death matter.") By 1957, even before dwarfing genes had come into play, Mexico had achieved self-sufficiency in wheat. In the early nineteen-seventies, however, it was importing a fifth of the wheat it needed, because for a few years its farmers had diverted some of their land to the production of export crops—such as cotton and certain fruits and vegetables—that they could profitably sell abroad. But since 1974 wheat acreage has been increasing. It peaked in 1982 at 2.2 million acres, while over the past two decades wheat consumption has about tripled.

In 1962, Borlaug made commercially available the first of many spring wheats incorporating the dwarfing genes. Word spread to countries that were desperate for more wheat—notable among them India. Borlaug had been there. After a 1960 visit, he had persuaded the Rockefeller Foundation to underwrite trips to Mexico for several dozen young wheat scientists from India and Pakistan, North Africa, and the Near East. On meeting them in Asia, Borlaug had been distressed to discover how few of them came from farm families. Their farms were laboratories. "To this day," he says, "the curse of the developing nations is that if you have a chance for a higher education you don't want to have anything to do with agriculture." He went back to India, at the invitation of its government, in 1963, by which time Pakistan was moving ahead in wheat. A few—a very few—of his new wheats had by then been planted in a New Delhi nursery, by Dr. M. S. Swaminathan, who was then the head of the Botany Division of the Indian Agricultural Research Institute, and who since 1982 has been the director-general of the International Rice Research Institute, in the Philippines. Not until 1965, however, when India purchased two hundred and fifty tons of Mexican semi-dwarf wheat seed, and Pakistan purchased another three hundred and fifty tons, did the dwarfs have much impact on that region. (A number of influential Pakistani civil servants maintained that no chapatties were worth eating unless they were made of flour milled from homebred white wheat. A higher government official stifled their complaints by making them take a taste test, blindfolded; they couldn't tell a domestic-white-wheat chapatty from the imported-red-wheat vintage.) In 1966, the Indian government decided to import eighteen thousand tons of seed from Mexico. Two varieties of wheat developed by Indians from Mexican seed, Sonalika (Goldlike) and Kalyan Sona (Golden Saviour), became great favorites in India and also in Pakistan, Nepal, and Bangladesh. They thrived, unprecedentedly long for any single lines, from 1967 to 1979. Then, in the late nineteen-seventies, a new race of



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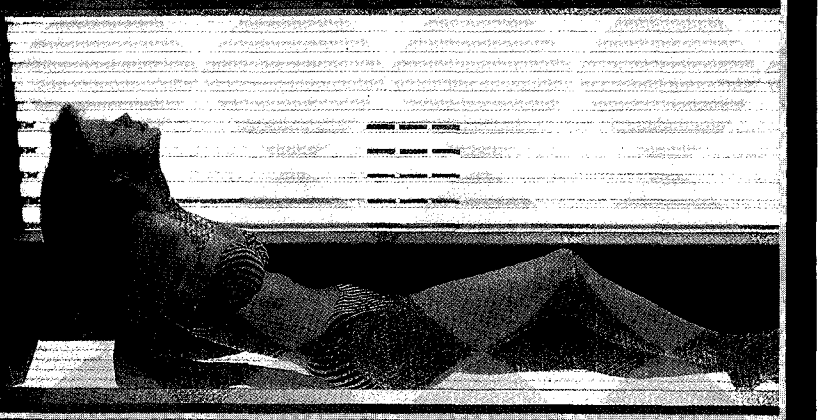

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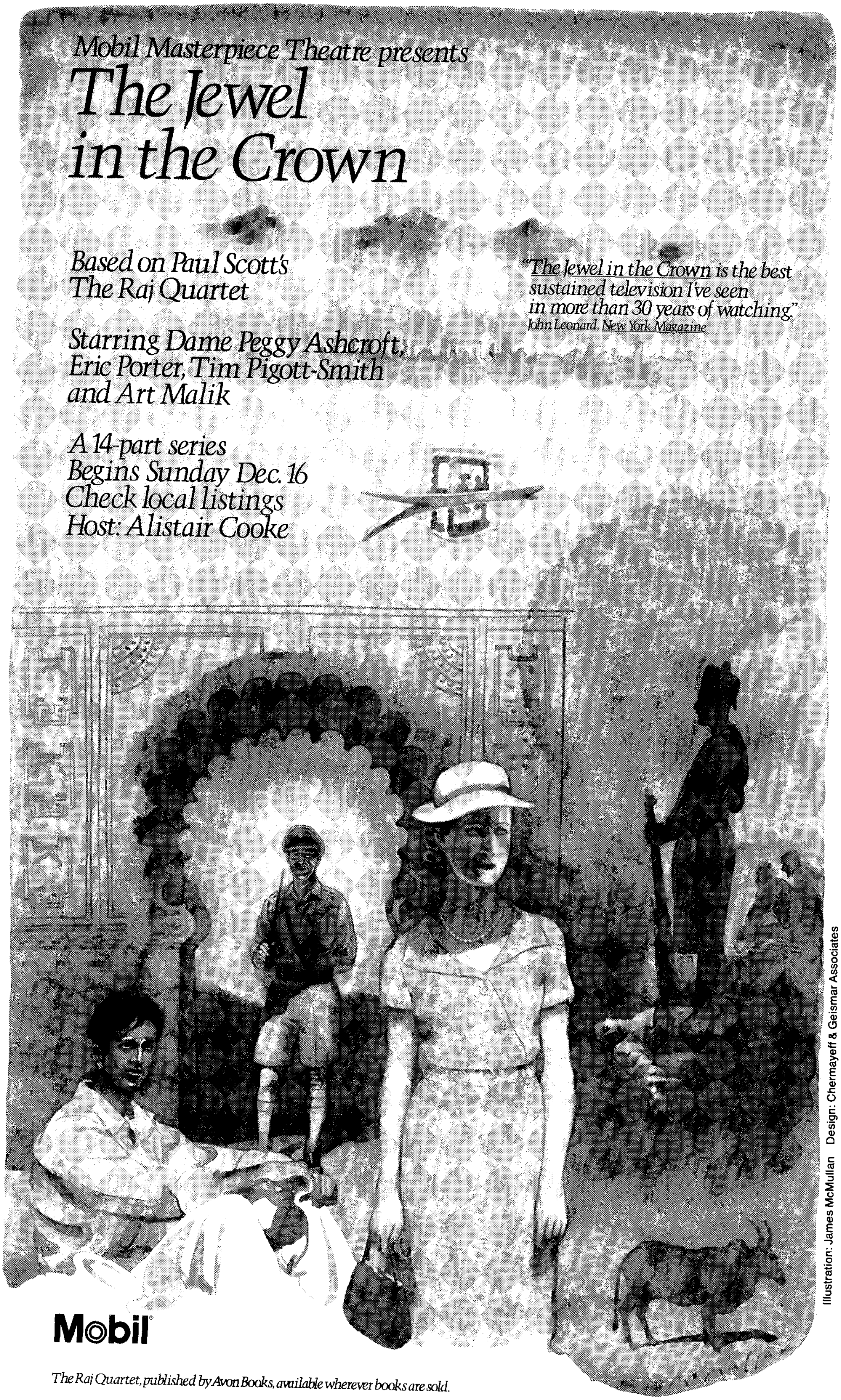
leaf rust appeared, which attacked Kalyan Sona, and farmers shifted largely to Sonalika and other, new varieties. Now Sonalika, too, is under attack. Borlaug had gone to India once again in 1967, and was invited to a lunch that Swaminathan was giving in honor of the Polish Ambassador at a tractor factory. "If you get this new wheat established," Borlaug told the assemblage, "you'll get so many tractor orders you'll never catch up." Over the next fifteen years, wheat production in India tripled. And Borlaug was personally invested with saving graces. In a 1969 citation accompanying the conferring on him of an honorary degree by the University of Punjab, his name was said to be a household word worldwide, and he was likened to a prophet sent to earth by Heaven to uplift mankind.

BY 1968, the progress that had been made in wheat breeding in Mexico and, more or less concurrently, in rice breeding in the Philippines had led to the phrase "Green Revolution." The actual words were first uttered that March, by William S. Gaud, the director of the United States Agency for International Development. Today, forty-four per cent of all wheatland on earth is given over to short-stemmed, high-yielding, disease-resistant varieties that were undreamed of before the Second World War. In Bangladesh, where the percentage was ninety-six in 1981, the production of wheat had skyrocketed in eight years from eighty-nine thousand tons to a million one hundred thousand tons. "In the last twenty-five years," Borlaug said in 1983, "the experiment station at Ciudad Obregón, in the state of Sonora, has had a greater influence on food production than any other agricultural-research station on the surface of the earth."

The much trumpeted Green Revolution had its critics, and for good reason. The new varieties could not merely be shoved into the ground and expected to take off from there, unaided. They often required irrigation, fertilizers, herbicides, and pesticides that were beyond the reach and the purse of small farmers. "There are no miracle cereals except in the headlines," one plant physiologist declared. In 1971, Addeke H. Boerma, of the F.A.O., said soberingly that the Green Revolution "does not yet have enough of the general economic and social thrust behind it which we have all along said would be necessary and



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without which it will fail in its broader objectives for bettering standards of life in the developing countries." By 1974, only six years after the Green Revolution was defined and acclaimed, its verdancy had begun to pale. Borlaug, who in India had seen small farmers line up for two days vainly hoping to obtain enough gas to operate their irrigation pumps, was not surprised. "There was no green revolution," he said. "There was only a peaceful struggle to gain the respect of farmers. The seed alone cannot revolutionize things, without technological and cultural change."

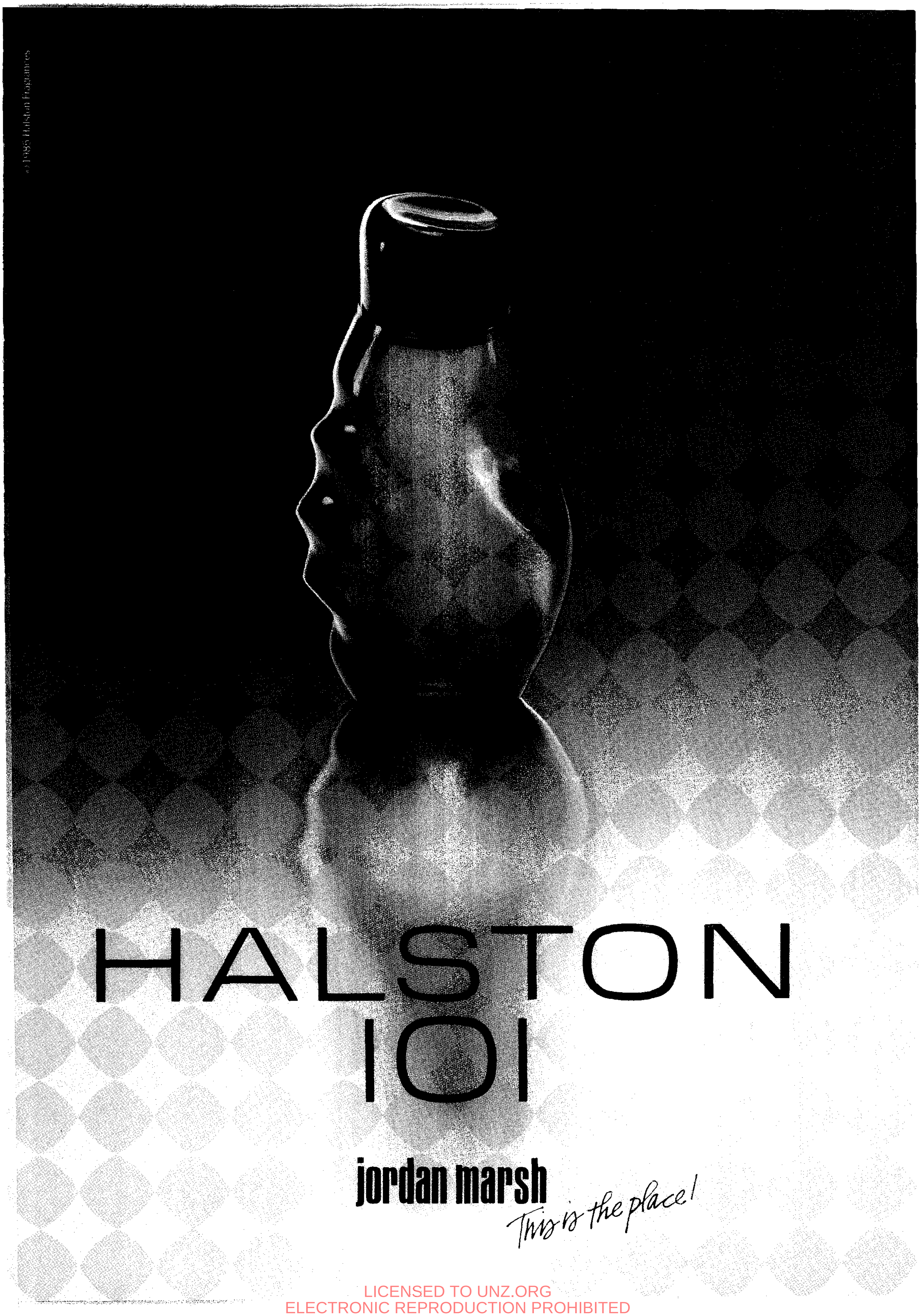
When Borlaug's wife came out to the wheat field at Tlaltizápan on October 21, 1970, to tell him she'd just had a phone call from reporters in Oslo informing her that he'd been awarded the Nobel Peace Prize—he was the first agricultural scientist ever to receive it—he wouldn't believe her, and he remained where he was, harvesting, skeptical, until a herd of television crews descended upon him. (When cameramen and reporters trampled a wheat plot that Borlaug was harvesting, the fledgling laureate flared up in an anger he hadn't exhibited since he nearly starved himself as a college wrestler.) His Nobel citation hailed him as a man who "through his work in the laboratory and in the wheat fields has helped to create a new food situation in the world, and who has turned pessimism into optimism in our dramatic race between the population explosion and the production of food." Borlaug, who was then fifty-six, did not entirely share that optimism. He believed that what he and his cohorts might have brought about by increasing wheat production was simply a delay, of perhaps thirty years, in a nutrition crisis. He was afraid of what he likes to call "the population monster," and had no confidence that food was keeping pace with fecundity. He once declined an invitation to address an opening session of the F.A.O., because the Pope was to speak in the session; Borlaug disagreed with the papal views on birth control and did not care to have a public confrontation about such a delicate matter. "Food is the moral right of all who are born into this world," Borlaug has declared, and he has frequently expressed regrets that so many people are born into it who have precious little chance of even aspiring to that human right and the other essentials for a decent human life—shirt, roof, job, education, and medical care when ill. He likes to point out that in 1944, when he got to Mexico, its population was about twenty-one million, and in forty years the figure has almost reached seventy-eight million. "No government can do a decent job of providing the basic necessities with that kind of growth," he said in 1983. The year before, in a speech at the World Bank entitled "Feeding Mankind in the 1980s," he had said, "I believe that there can be no lasting solution to the world food-hunger-poverty problem until a more reasonable balance is struck between food production and human population growth. The efforts of those on the food-production front are, at best, a holding operation which can permit others, on the demographic, educational, medical, family-planning, and political fronts, to launch an effective and humane attack to tame the population monster. . . . I am deeply concerned that we are taking mankind to the brink of disaster in hopes that a scientific miracle will save the day. . . . If this relentless growth in human numbers goes on unabated, *Homo sapiens* will no doubt end up as an endangered species itself."

Borlaug has been no less outspoken on the subject of agricultural chemicals, which he champions—used properly—as necessary to produce the food, feed, and fibre the world needs. "As a Nobel laureate," one highly placed agriculturist at the World Bank remarked not long ago, "Norman's allowed to say things that some of us can't." Not only has Borlaug criticized "irresponsible environmentalists" for banning DDT, which he helped perfect, but he has ruffled other feathers:

> There are some organic gardening enthusiasts who insist that the wide use of organic fertilizers could satisfy all our fertilizer needs. It is true that organic manures are very effective for growing six beautiful high-yielding tomato plants, six lovely rose bushes, or a small vegetable garden in one's backyard. But it certainly doesn't follow that the same procedure can be effective for producing the food needed to feed 4.3 billion people in a land-hungry world. The amount of composted organic animal manure . . . that would be needed to produce the 47 million metric nutrient tons of chemical nitrogen used in 1978 would be about 3.2 billion tons—quite a dung heap and quite an aroma—were it available. This volume of organic material is equal to twice the weight of current world cereal grain production and would require a 2.9-fold increase in the world animal population. . . .
>
> The environmental movement, undoubtedly well intentioned but badly informed, is fostered, controlled, and popularized by relatively small, well-organized groups of élitist environmentalists and neo-ecologists. They play on the public's fear by employing propaganda campaigns to convey the idea that civilization is on the verge of being poisoned out of existence by the reckless and unnecessary use of agricultural chemicals. The leaders of this campaign seem to imply that the world can, and should, go back to producing its food with pre-World War II technology. . . . It is my belief that much of the confusion, misunderstanding, and litigation that has evolved in the past over the use of chemicals in agricultural production could have been avoided if suitable educational programs had been developed to explain to the non-rural public the complexities and difficulties of protecting our crops, together with an explanation of the precautions that are taken to protect human health and safeguard non-target wildlife species. . . .
>
> We should not be misled that high yields, the key to feeding mankind in the years ahead, are possible without adequate plant nutrition. When I am asked, which happens quite often, whether good plant breeders will soon succeed in developing varieties which do not require fertilizer to produce high grain yields, my reply is that this will occur about six months after we have succeeded in producing a race of man that needs no food to grow strong bodies, maintain health, work effectively, and enjoy life . . .
>
> When I see the world's continuing profligate misuse of gas, one of the basic raw materials for the production of nitrogenous fertilizers that are so essential for restoring fertility to nutrient-deficient, low-yielding soils, I lose my patience with those who ask plant breeders to perform miracles . . .
>
> I am optimistic that, from a scientific point of view, we have the knowledge to double the current level of the world food production in the next forty to sixty years. To achieve these production increases and to distribute the food equitably will require the sustained and focussed support of governments and international development-assistance agencies. The task will not, and cannot, be achieved without massive new investments in the agricultural sectors of the developing countries, particularly in the areas of water-resource development and fertilizer production.

Borlaug concluded this declamation with a quotation from the nutritional savant Jean Mayer, the president of Tufts University, and his historian son, André:

> Few scientists think of agriculture as the chief or the model science. Many, indeed, do not consider it a science at all. Yet, it was the first science—the mother of science; it remains the science which makes human life possible; and it may well be that before the century is over, the success or failure of science as a whole will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has recently come to our attention that bout 45 million American adults are iends of Campari. They either drink it, r know about it.

We would like to make more friends or Campari. So, we are pleased to nnounce the Campari-Goes-To-A-Party Contest. It's a new and different contest n which you could win a prize or have un—or both. In other words, you can't ose. Read on!

Invite A Few Friends.

he Campari-Goes-To-A-Party Contest is pen to everyone of drinking age. All you ave to do is invite some friends and ave a Campari party. Tell your guests, Pay attention now, because we're all oing to win a trip to Italy!"

The idea of the Campari-Goes-To-A-Party Contest is to tell us what you and our guests think of Campari drinks. ere are a few hints (remember: to make a good drink you should pour at east *1/3 Campari* over ice in each glass):

- *Campari is refreshing with club oda and very interesting with tonic*
- *Campari is delicious mixed with Orange Juice or Grapefruit Juice*
- *Campari is delightful with ginger le or Seven Up*
- *Campari is intriguing in a Shakerato see back of Campari bottle).*

Enjoy in moderation!

Here's How You Win.

o enter our contest, we ask that you answer just three questions:

1. How did you and your guests enjoy the Campari drinks? List the drinks you served and everyone's rating for each drink, on a scale of 1 to 10 (10 being the highest), as well as the name of each guest.

2. What do you think of Campari? After you and your guests have tried Campari, write a sentence or two that, in your opinion, best defines Campari—in 25 words or less.

3. How many times does the word "Campari" appear on the current Campari 750ml bottle?

To win one of the 651 prizes, you must answer all three questions.

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Grand Prize. . . The entrant who, in the judges' opinion, submits the most interesting definition of Campari will win a 15-day expenses-paid, deluxe trip to Italy for his or her whole party, up to a maximum of eight people!

150 Campari Patio Umbrellas. . . Chosen in a random drawing, 150 entrants will win the famous Campari Patio Umbrella, seen in chic sidewalk cafes throughout the world (retail value of $75).

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OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM.

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1. To enter, complete this official entry form and hand print or type your answers to the contest questions on a separate piece of paper (no larger than 8½"×11"). For prize consideration, you must answer all three questions, with your answer to question 3 being correct. Mail your entry and question answers to the address indicated above. Entries must be received by January 31, 1985.
2. Answers to question 2 will be judged on the basis of sincerity (50%) and originality (50%) by D.L. Blair Corp., an independent judging organization, whose decisions are final.
3. The answer to question 3 may be obtained by looking at a current 750ml Campari bottle at your liquor store, bar, or restaurant.
4. The Grand Prize winner will receive an expenses-paid deluxe 15-day trip to Italy to major cities of interest for his or her whole party, up to a maximum of eight people. The trip may be taken at any time in 1985 but the entire party must travel in a group at the same time. Transportation, food, and lodging are included. Departures are subject to availability.
5. All prizewinners will be notified by mail. Prizes are non-transferable, non-redeemable and cannot be substituted. Taxes are the sole responsibility of the prizewinners. Limit, one prize to a person.
6. Participants must be of legal drinking age under the laws of their home states. All prizes will be awarded. In event of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
7. Contest is open to residents of the continental U.S., Hawaii, and Alaska. Employees (and their families) of Campari USA, Inc., Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc., licensed wholesalers and retailers, and advertising agencies are not eligible. Contest void in Ohio, Oklahoma, and Texas and where restricted or prohibited by law. All federal, state, and local laws apply. All entries become the property of Campari USA, Inc.
8. A list of prizewinners may be obtained by sending a stamped self-addressed envelope to: Campari Winners List, P.O. Box 4997, Blair, Nebraska 68009.

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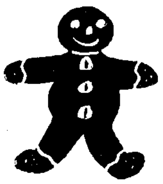
be judged by the success or failure of agriculture.

IN 1966, the Rockefeller Foundation's agricultural operations in Mexico evolved into an International Maize and Wheat Improvement Center—known acronymically, from its name in Spanish, as CIMMYT. Borlaug became the director of CIMMYT's wheat program. He had no further need to hitch himself to plows. CIMMYT, supported both by foundations and by governments, soon had at its beck just about all the machinery and laboratory equipment that any breeder could ask for. Among CIMMYT's nearly seven hundred employees nowadays is a core staff of eighty scientists, most of them Ph.D.s: pathologists, geneticists, plant breeders, cytogeneticists, biochemists, agronomists, economists, entomologists, et al. (One of its entomologists developed a gadget to infest corn plants with the larvae of the fall armyworm. The device resembled a bazooka and was dubbed "bazooka." A visiting Turkish insect man admired it and asked to have some replicas sent to him at home. A crate stencilled "BAZOOKAS" was soon dispatched, and when it arrived there was a flurry of excitement at Customs.) CIMMYT has 1,125 acres of experimental growing fields, at five widely scattered Mexican sites; its own small research flour mill; and its own test kitchens, where spaghetti- and tortilla-makers engage in their own arcane research. It has working relationships with twenty-five hundred agricultural scientists from eighty-six countries who have trained there—countries as ideologically disparate as Spain and Vietnam—and on its own it has regional headquarters in Chile, Ecuador, Kenya, Nigeria, Portugal, Syria, Pakistan, and Thailand. CIMMYT has furnished germ plasm for wheat breeding to just about every country on earth except Albania and Mongolia. About fifty per cent of all the wheat currently grown in the developing nations of the world is descended from CIMMYT stock. CIMMYT wheats got to Communist China via Pakistan, and via capitalist intermediaries, in 1967, long before Henry Kissinger was admitted. One of the middlemen was Haldore Hanson, who had started out as a journalist in the nineteen-thirties and had had a long acquaintance with Mao Zedong, and who in 1972 became CIMMYT's director-general. Another was Robert D. Havener, an agricultural adviser then working with Hanson in Pakistan for the Ford Foundation; he succeeded Hanson at CIMMYT in 1978 and has presided over it ever since.



The increase in value of the wheat crop of India accruing from CIMMYT inputs has been calculated at five billion dollars a year. Alluding to CIMMYT's own annual budget of almost twenty million dollars, an editorial in the April 16, 1982, issue of *Science* said, "Seldom has so modest a sum produced such significant results." As a safeguard against the extinction of varieties of wheat, CIMMYT maintains and carefully nurtures a germ-plasm bank of some forty-five thousand cultivars. From its International Wheat Testing Program it doled out to grateful supplicants in 1983 almost nine tons of wheat seed in nearly a million ten-gram packets. The center also hoards thirteen thousand collections of corn germ plasm in another bank, and the International Maize Testing Program sent off another million twenty-kernel packets in 1983.

Borlaug stepped aside as head of the CIMMYT wheat program in 1979, but he has remained very prominently on the Mexican scene in an elder-statesman role and spends just about as much time communing with plants and much more communing with governments on social and economic policy. "I used to be able to fly into New Delhi at three in the morning and be out in the fields at six," he said when he was sixty-nine, "but I'm afraid I've slowed down a little." He was succeeded in his wheat job by Dr. Glenn Anderson, who had been associate director since 1971. When Anderson died, in 1981, a wheat geneticist and onetime Army paratrooper named Byrd C. Curtis, who had been in charge of wheat breeding for Cargill, Inc., the Minneapolis-based grain-trading multinational, took over. One of Borlaug's current preoccupations is high-protein corn. Another is the first cereal ever to be made not by nature but by man: triticale. It is a cross of wheat (*Triticum*) and rye (*Secale*). Triticale was invented in Scotland in 1875, and some research on it was conducted before the end of the nineteenth century in Russia and Germany. Beginning in the nineteen-twenties, the Russians did more triticale research; in the nineteen-thirties it was carried on in Sweden. In the nineteen-fifties, research was done in Spain and also in Canada. Borlaug first encountered triticale in Winnipeg in 1958, and he began an exploratory bootlegging operation in 1962, slipping it into the wheat program. Triticale, which combines wheat's prodigious yields with the drought- and disease-resistant traits inherent in rye, can be grown more auspiciously than wheat in acid, impoverished soils. But in the original crosses of triticale everything was sterile and yields were low. Though those triticales had a slightly higher protein content than wheat, they were weak in gluten—good for chapatties and tortillas, accordingly, but poor for leavened bread. Nonetheless, when the International Development Research Centre [Canada] began funding intensive research into triticale, in 1971, it acclaimed the plant as "a new food crop, the agronomic characteristics and nutritional value of which will be superior not only to those of either of its parents but to all other cereal grains, particularly those grown in food-deficient areas of the world where climatic conditions are often unfavorable for cereal grain production." The encomium went on, "It is anticipated that triticale will provide a valuable new source of protein and essential nutrients for many people of the developing world." Gradually over the last fifteen years, triticale's defects have been overcome, and in the past few years promising new semi-dwarf types that give good yield, and have good milling and baking properties, have been developed. Triticale is now grown on more than a million acres in a dozen countries, but it has not yet fulfilled the International Development Research Centre's glowing promise. Its very name may be a hindrance: "triticale" sounds like something the doctor declined to order. Plant geneticists, however, are persevering, if nothing else. "There's plenty of time for triticale to make its mark," Byrd Curtis said in 1983. "After all, we've been looking at it seriously for only about two decades, and it took wheat bread from eight to ten thousand years to get to where it is today."

AFTER Anthony Trollope visited the United States in 1861, he wrote in his two-volume work "North America" that "in the corn lands of Michigan, and amidst the bluffs of Wisconsin, and on the high table plains of Minnesota, and the prairies of Illinois, had God prepared the food

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18. Last, but not least, the most important detail of all. The little nameplate on the front that tells you the 760 GLE is built by a company that's been paying attention to details for over half a century.

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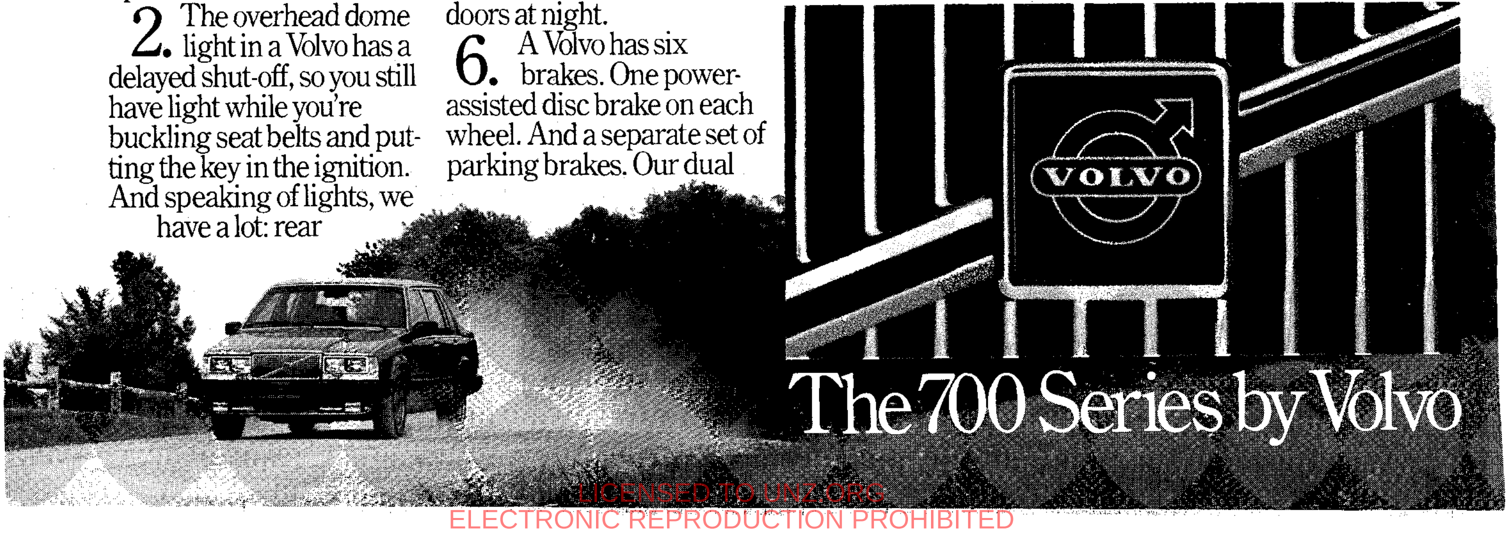
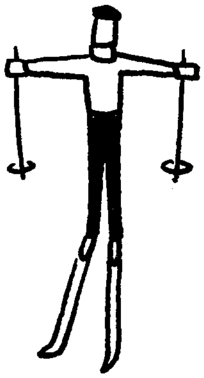


for the increasing millions of the Eastern world, as also for the coming millions of the Western." In Chicago, Trollope said, he saw "wheat running in rivers." That was thirteen years after the establishment of the Chicago Board of Trade, often called the Pit, where commodities—wheat a swollen stream among them—have been spiritedly bargained over ever since. Ships laden with wheat used to ply the seas toward Europe in what were called grain races—from Adelaide, South Australia, around Cape Horn, and from Odessa, on the Black Sea, through the Mediterranean—to the nourishment of millions and to the enrichment, by millions of dollars, of the transporters. Watery metaphors bobbed in their wake. The novelist Frank Norris was inspired almost to the point of breathlessness by Chicago's Board of Trade. Wheat, "like a tidal wave, was rising, rising," he wrote in "The Pit." "Almighty, blood-brother to the earthquake, coeval with the volcano and the whirlwind, that gigantic world-force, that colossal billow, Nourisher of the Nations . . ." In "The Octopus," he disposed of a villainous character by having him buried alive—drowned, as it were—in an avalanche of wheat.

The eleventh chapter of Proverbs says, "He that withholdeth corn [meaning wheat or barley], the people shall curse him; but blessing *shall be* upon the head of him that selleth *it*." Trading in grains, though to people dealing in commodity futures it is simply another way of earning—or, rather, making—a living, has for centuries figured importantly in commerce. Men and women can get by without most of the other goods that are bartered or sold, but they cannot survive without their staple foods. In Greece twenty-four hundred years ago or so, there were special laws governing the grain trade, and special magistrates to enforce them, and, of all the magistrates involved in commodities sales, only those responsible for grains were liable to execution for dereliction of duty. A similarly grim lot awaited merchants who exceeded the quotas on wheat imports which the state decreed. In more modern times, numerous attempts have been made to bring order to the grain business, which the vagaries of nature—a drought here, a flood there—can render highly speculative, and lucrative. (Such grain-trading octopuses as Cargill, Continental, and Louis Dreyfus are almost in a class with the big oil companies.) Back in 1930, the League of Nations appointed a committee to look into "Agriculture as a World Problem." Partly as a result of that inquiry, twenty-two countries convened in London in 1933 and signed an International Wheat Agreement, which, among other things, established export quotas for the then leading sellers: two hundred million bushels a year for Canada, a hundred and ten million for Argentina, a hundred and five million for Australia, forty-seven million for the United States. (The United States hung back in fourth place until after the Second World War. Since then, it has forged into first; it now exports forty-five per cent of all the wheat and wheat flour in international trade —a seven-billion-dollar slice of business.) But in 1934 Argentina had a record harvest and not enough facilities to store it all, and it exported thirty million bushels more than its stipulated share; by 1935, the short-lived agreement was null and void. A subsequent agreement was drawn up and signed in Washington in March of 1948, by thirty-six countries. "It provides for maintaining a high level in world wheat trade and consumption," the United States Under-Secretary of Agriculture declared. "Importing countries are assured of ample supplies at fair prices. And the farmers of exporting countries are assured of markets at fair prices. No more practical and concrete action could be taken towards early and lasting improvement of the basic world food problem." Unfortunately, the agreement fell apart in July, after Congress failed to ratify it. (The Soviet Union was not a signatory. It shies away from participation in such group enterprises; it has never, for instance, joined the F.A.O.) The food problem nevertheless continued to vex the world.



When grain yields in South Africa fell off drastically in 1982, the chairman of its Wheat Board said he wasn't sure that that republic could afford to import what was required to meet its needs, and he added, "The last time it had to be done, there was only one country with wheat to export. If they decided not to export to us, we could find ourselves in a serious situation." (There are many parts of the globe, of course, in which it is believed that the situation in South Africa is always serious.) Nowadays, about a hundred million tons of wheat figure in foreign trade each year. Ninety per cent of that is exported by a handful of developed nations, and is imported, at great strain to their exchequers, by the developing world. Wheat can be, and is, used by one country to punish, or seek to punish, another; viz., the curtailment in recent years of American sales to Russia after Russia invaded Afghanistan, and to Iran after the hostage crisis. After the United States tried to put the Soviet Union in its place in 1980, Argentina blithely sold the Russians between seventy-five and eighty per cent of its grain crop. Embargoes may not always have their intended effect, but, as the World Food Institute, at Iowa State University, observed in 1982, "they continue to be used for diplomatic communication." In the spring of 1981, when the United States was demonstrating its distaste for the government of Nicaragua by refusing to extend it any more credit to make American wheat purchases, the Soviet Union announced an agreement to ship twenty thousand tons of wheat to Nicaragua.

The practice of selling American wheat and other agricultural products to the Soviet Union—many Midwestern farmers who are otherwise hard-line anti-Communists are among its heartiest advocates—is relatively recent. (In the spring of 1983, the National Corn Growers Association let President Reagan know that unless he endorsed a then pending grain agreement with Russia he would risk losing the farm vote. That bloc had dwindled between 1920 and 1980 from just over thirty per cent of the population to just over two and a half per cent, but it was still to be reckoned with; had it not, four years earlier, been garnishing its pickups with blunt bumper stickers that read "Cheaper crude or no more food"?) Until the First World War, Russia itself was a substantial wheat exporter. In 1847, sixteen million bushels left the Odessa docks. The peasant farmers of imperial Russia could not have been enthusiastic about that sort of commerce, but they had no say in the matter. During a famine there that began in 1891, some twenty million of them had to subsist on "hunger bread"—an unappetizing blend of rye, bark, chopped straw,

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“How come you never gave me this before?”

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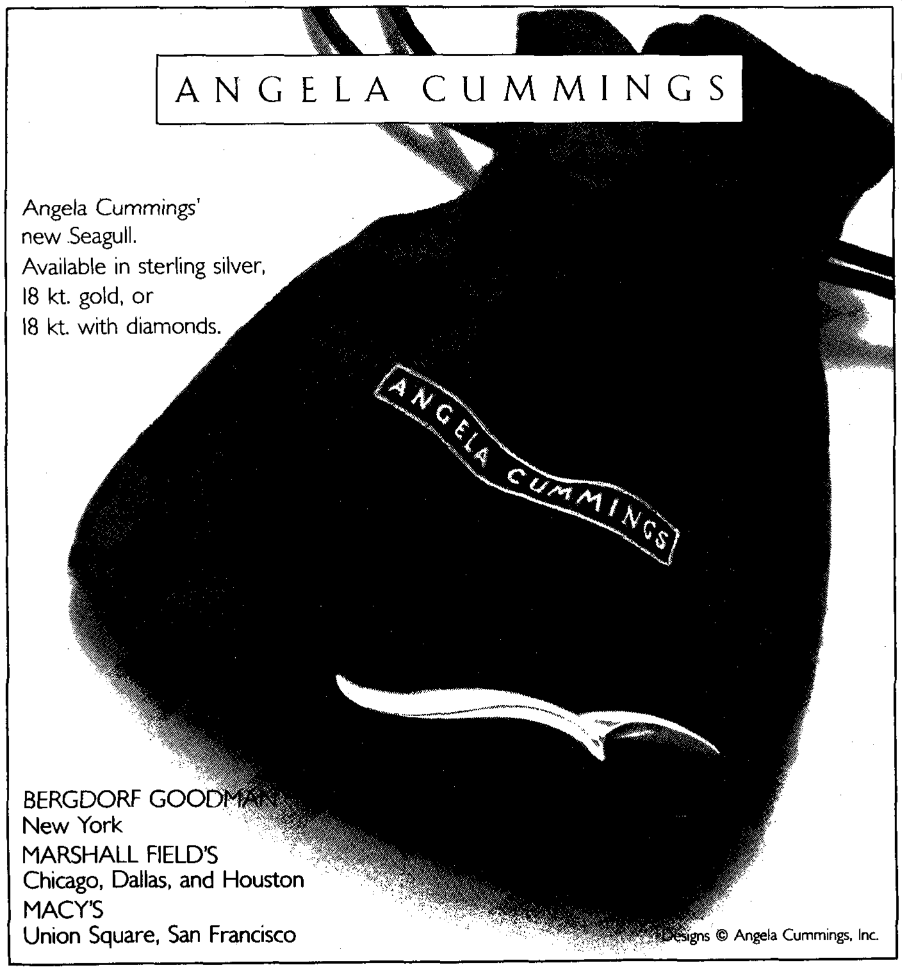

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sand, and weeds. It gave them, not surprisingly, terrible stomach aches. The United States rushed over a compassionate shipload of unadulterated flour. Throughout it all, the czarist regime, apparently untroubled by portents of revolution, continued to export wheat. It was available for purchase at home, to be sure, but the masses couldn’t afford it, and nobody was giving any of it away. After the revolution, peasants long deprived of grain began eating it so voraciously that the residents of Russian cities suffered from a sharp reduction in their customary allotments.

On the eve of the signing of the ill-fated 1948 wheat agreement, a Department of Agriculture functionary warned, “Non-agreement points toward the possibility of an eventual world war in wheat, the consequences of which may have a far-reaching effect on the national and political economy of nations.” The United States and the Soviet Union have been warily engaged in grain-trade negotiations ever since. It has not been only in its relations with Russia that American foreign policy has been geared to grains. In 1981, when the Administration deemed it highly desirable to maintain amity with Egypt, two hundred and seventy-five million dollars out of eight hundred and sixteen million earmarked by the United States for long-term, low-interest loans to countries the world over was allocated to Egypt alone, specifically for the purchase of American wheat and wheat flour. The following year, the American Ambassador to Bangladesh said, quite accurately, that “food is absolutely fundamental to stability in Bangladesh,” and he added that “therefore it is directly tied in to our foreign-policy objectives.” Wheat has always been one of the fundamental foods, and no political leader, of whatever ideological bent, can afford to slight it. Lenin, who had little use for the monetary benchmarks of capitalism, once grandly dismissed them all by stating, “Grain is the currency of currencies.” And Socrates, when the world was far smaller and far less complicated but every bit as dependent on a few frail staple food plants as it is today, presciently delivered himself of the maxim that “no man qualifies as a statesman who is entirely ignorant of the problems of wheat.”

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

(*This is the third of a series of articles on the staple food plants. The fourth will run in a future issue.*)

For personal computers that have been very, very good this year…

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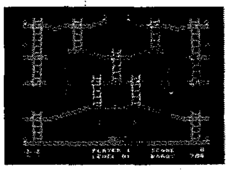
Except for IBM PC*jr* ColorPaint, all the programs here cost less than $50.* And all are available through IBM Product Centers and authorized IBM Personal Computer dealers. For the location of the store nearest you, just call 1-800-447-4700. In Alaska or Hawaii, 1-800-447-0890.

Arcade Games



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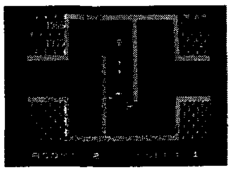
Find and eliminate the evil Shadow. 128 rooms and all manner of ill-mannered creatures stand between you and your goal. Requires color display or TV, joystick optional.



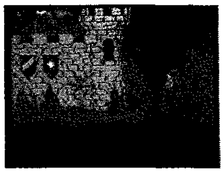
Crossfire

The streets are crawling with giant spiders. Your city is counting on you. Good luck. PC*jr* only. Requires color display or TV, joystick optional.

ScubaVenture

Dive for sunken treasure and live to tell about it. Maybe. PC*jr* only. Requires color display or TV, joystick optional.

Adventure Games



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Save the Kingdom of Daventry from certain doom. An adventure game with advanced graphics, plus music and sound effects. PC*jr* only. Requires color display or TV.

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Explore the castle of a wicked sorcerer as a warrior, a wizard or a thief. A text adventure game for 1 or 2 players.

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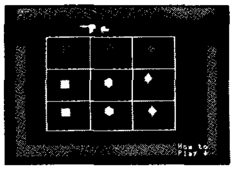
Progressively challenging games that stress logical thinking. Ages 4 to 10. Requires color display or TV.



Gertrude's Puzzles™

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A music and drawing program that introduces the fundamentals of programming with Logo turtle graphics. Preschool and up. Requires color display or TV.

Monster Math

Solve math problems and slay dragons. Or else. Requires color display or TV.

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Six colorful programs that teach children to plot number pairs, a basic math skill. Ages 4 to 10. Requires color display or TV.

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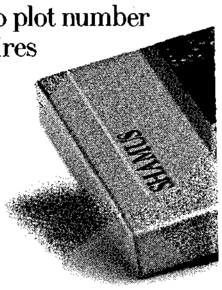
Reading and math for the uninitiated. Ages 3 to 6. Requires color display or TV.



*Prices apply at IBM Product Centers.

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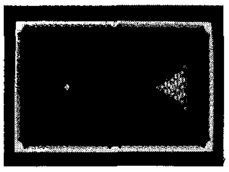
Geometry made fun. Yes, fun. Ages 8 to 13. Requires color display or TV.

Serious Fun

PC Pool Challenges



If you don't have room for a pool table, this is the next-best thing. 1 to 4 players. Requires color display or TV.

Touchdown Football

Realistic football action. Call your own plays against an opponent or the computer as the crowd cheers you on. PC*jr* only. Requires either color display or TV, and joystick.

Trivia 101: The Introductory Course

5,000 trivial questions in more than 200 trivial categories. Up to 14 players (or teams) compete against each other and the clock. Requires color display or TV.

TV and Cinema 101: Trivia from Talkies to Trekkies

"What was the name of Pancho's horse on The Cisco Kid?" and 4,999 other infuriating questions. Requires color display or TV.

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Try your luck at blackjack, poker or the slot machines with $500 in "computer" chips. 1 to 4 players. Requires color display or TV.

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Computer versions of four popular board games: Checkers, Elusion, Battleship and Reversi. 1 or 2 players. Requires color display or TV.

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A program that helps you draw just about anything you can think (including the Christmas tree pictured below) in living, sparkling color. Very sophisticated, but very easy to use. PC*jr* only. Requires color display and mouse.

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Create colorful moving pictures on your computer. No knowledge of programming necessary. Requires color display or TV.

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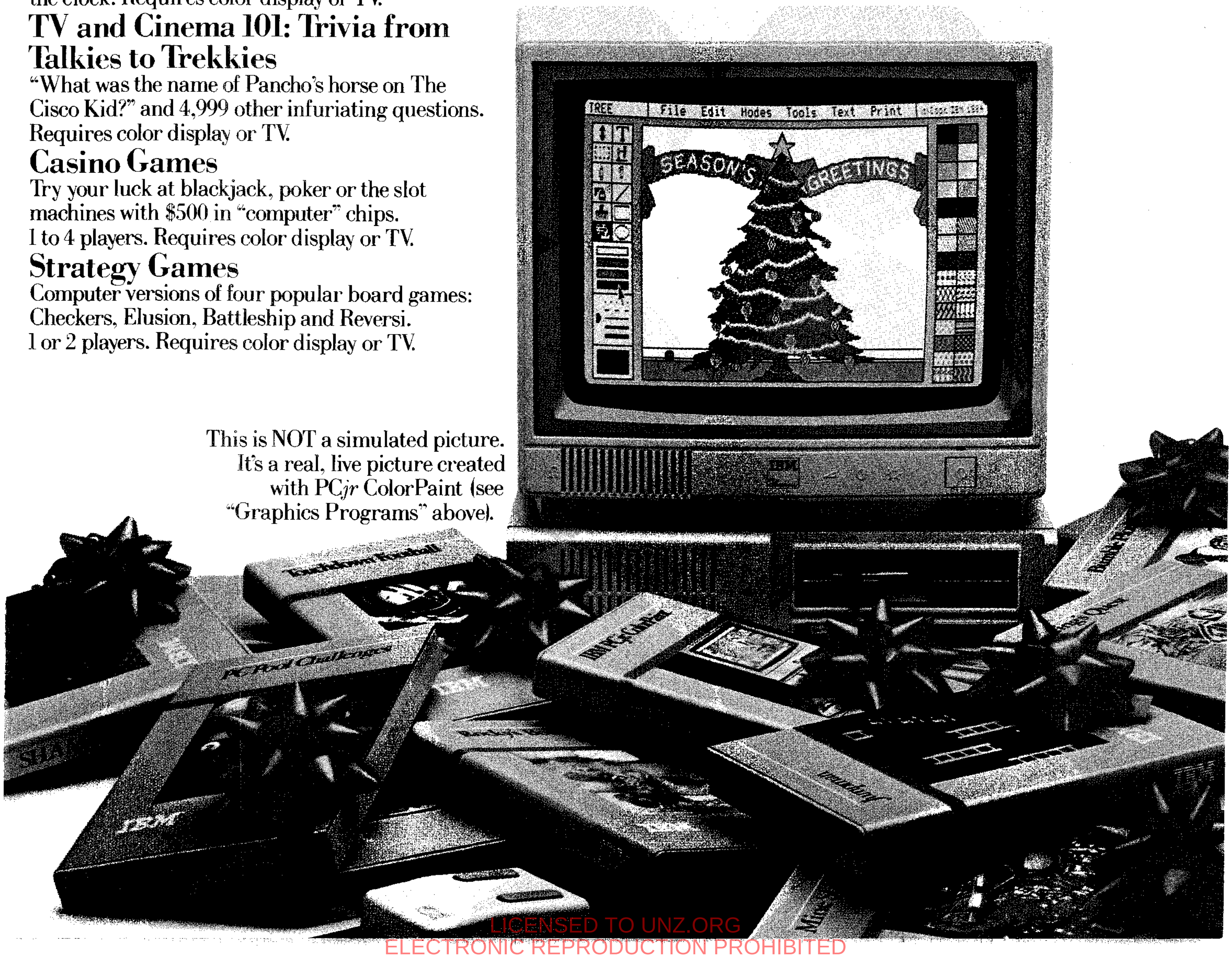

This is NOT a simulated picture. It's a real, live picture created with PC*jr* ColorPaint (see "Graphics Programs" above).

Two French Classics

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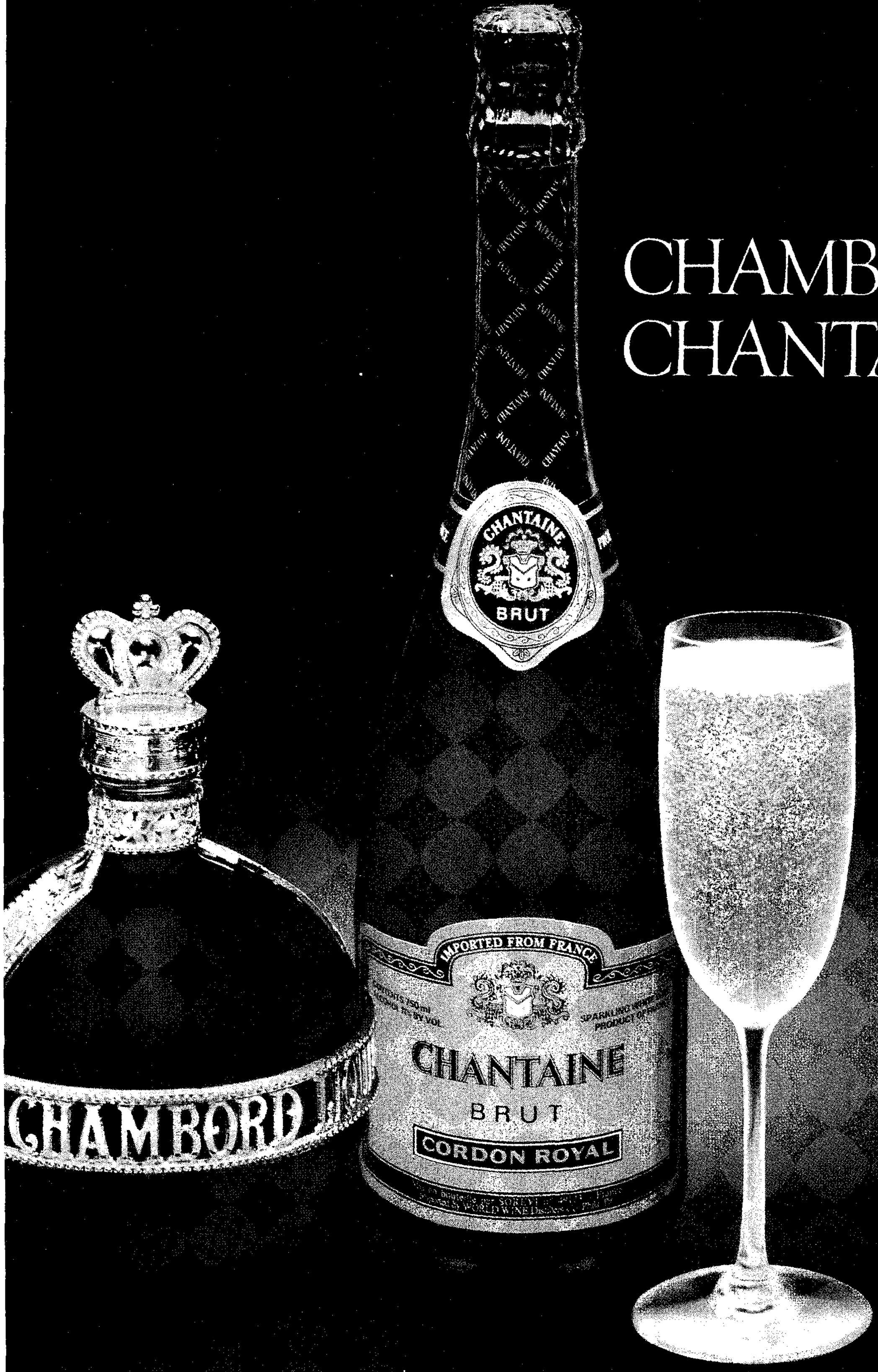
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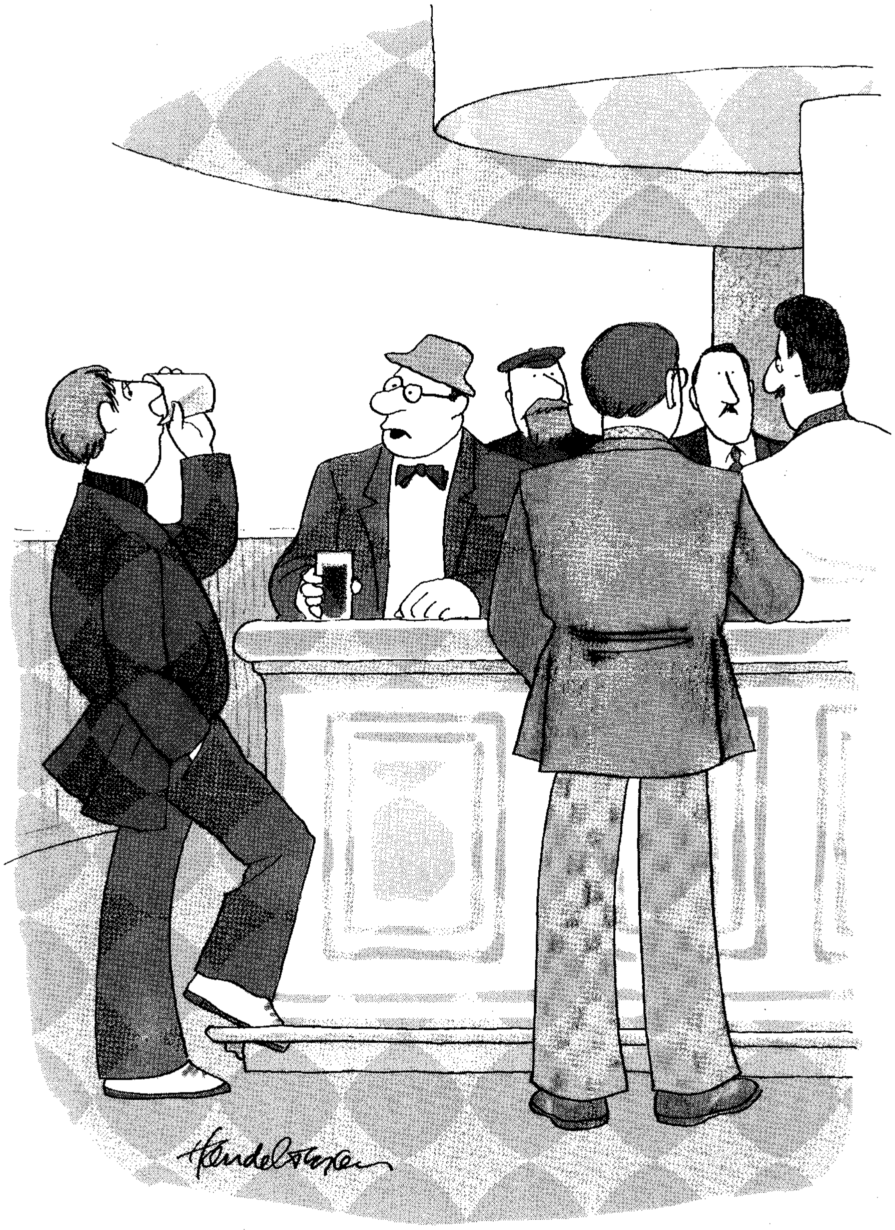
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR MEN

Mr. David T. Abercrombie and Mr. Ezra M. Fitch, those archetypal Santas, went into partnership in 1892 and almost immediately squabbled over whether their new store should cater primarily to serious outdoorsmen or to well-heeled, more sedentary types with a taste for superfluity and flash. The conflict survived their friendship and their lifetimes, and perhaps ultimately was a factor in the demise of the old A. & F. store, on Madison at Forty-fifth Street, in 1977. The Abercrombie & Fitch that has arisen phoenixlike at 199 Water Street, in the South Street Seaport, is owned by a Houston company, which bought the name and used it in nearly a score of other places, including shopping malls, before reintroducing it, last October, to its original habitat, New York. The conflicts seem less important, the extravagances less extravagant now; the general tenor is still upwardly mobile, fairly urban narcissism, with a fair quota of toys for grownup boys. Here is a good selection of well-designed equipment for the home gym. (Our thanks, in passing, to the browser who clambered onto the stationary bicycle and puffingly demonstrated how it works.) A company called Precor makes handsome and efficient rowing machines (from $175 to $450, depending on features); treadmills ($2,300 to $2,700); and an exercise bicycle with an electronic console for computing calorie expenditures and aerobic goals ($830). The flywheel of this last is contained and muffled inside the base, so the bike is silent enough for television-watching pedallers; there is an optional bookstand, for reading ones, and the handlebars drop at will to a racing position, for men who want to concentrate on the business of getting nowhere fast. Other aerobic movements-in-place can be assisted by a closet-sized trampoline ($150) or a jump rope with special long handles to give an upper-body workout ($30). The Lean Machine, a bench with a system of grips and pulleys whose tensions are adjustable between twenty-five and two hundred pounds, may be used for forty-five different muscle-toning and muscle-building exercises; $680. A squeezable lump of what looks like bright-blue Silly Putty comes packed in its own tiny fist of gray plastic and is intended to strengthen the grip of racquet-sports enthusiasts, among others; $8. Wooden yo-yos or boomerangs are each $20; a can of tennis balls, all in quaint old Wimbledonian white, is $4; Thor-Lo's thickly padded tennis or running socks are $6.50 or $7; a set of Italian-made wooden boccie balls in a travel case is $115; and a green Cordura nylon golf bag that zips one way to become a lightweight weekending travel case for clubs, then flips the other way to expose them to hand on the course, is $170.

After all this, relaxation is offered by various kinds of electrically operated chairs and couches that provide soothing vibrations and massaging motions. A company called H.W.E., Inc., makes a black leather pad with motorized ripples and weighted bags to hold users in the closest possible contact with the ripples; the same company makes a tingling black or brown reclining chair with a built-in AM-FM/cassette stereo system, including loudspeakers in wing-chair extensions. Either of the above items is $1,500. The extensive array of toys and games at Abercrombie's also includes a twenty-two-by-forty-two-inch pool table, for $475; a three-foot-high model sailboat with a battery remote-control unit that works at up to a hundred



"My ex-wife is bringing a class-action suit against me on behalf of ex-wives everywhere."

yards, for $400; a round-topped billiard table where bored executives (among others) may direct balls hither and yon by puffing air at them with little rubber bulbs ($295); and a one-man flying machine called a Para-Plane. This last is a sort of airborne go-cart suspended beneath a nylon canopy that serves as both a wing and a standby parachute. The machine normally flies at around twenty-six miles an hour, has gone as high as ten thousand feet, and may be disassembled to fit into the trunk of most cars; the price of $5,000 includes flight training.

An imaginative California-based entrepreneur named Ely Callaway has decided to provide fellow golf-lovers with old-fashioned pleasures by producing a range of clubs he calls the Callaway Steel Core Hickory Sticks. These have shafts of handsome-looking, lively feeling hickory wood, like those of the Bobby Jones years, but the wood is specially bonded to a steel core, to eliminate old problems of excessive torque. A choice of clubs includes putters christened the Little Poison and the Purist, for $80 and $100, respectively, and various wedges and a pitching iron, for $90 apiece. They may be found at all Neiman-Marcus stores; for telephone orders, call 800-634-6267.

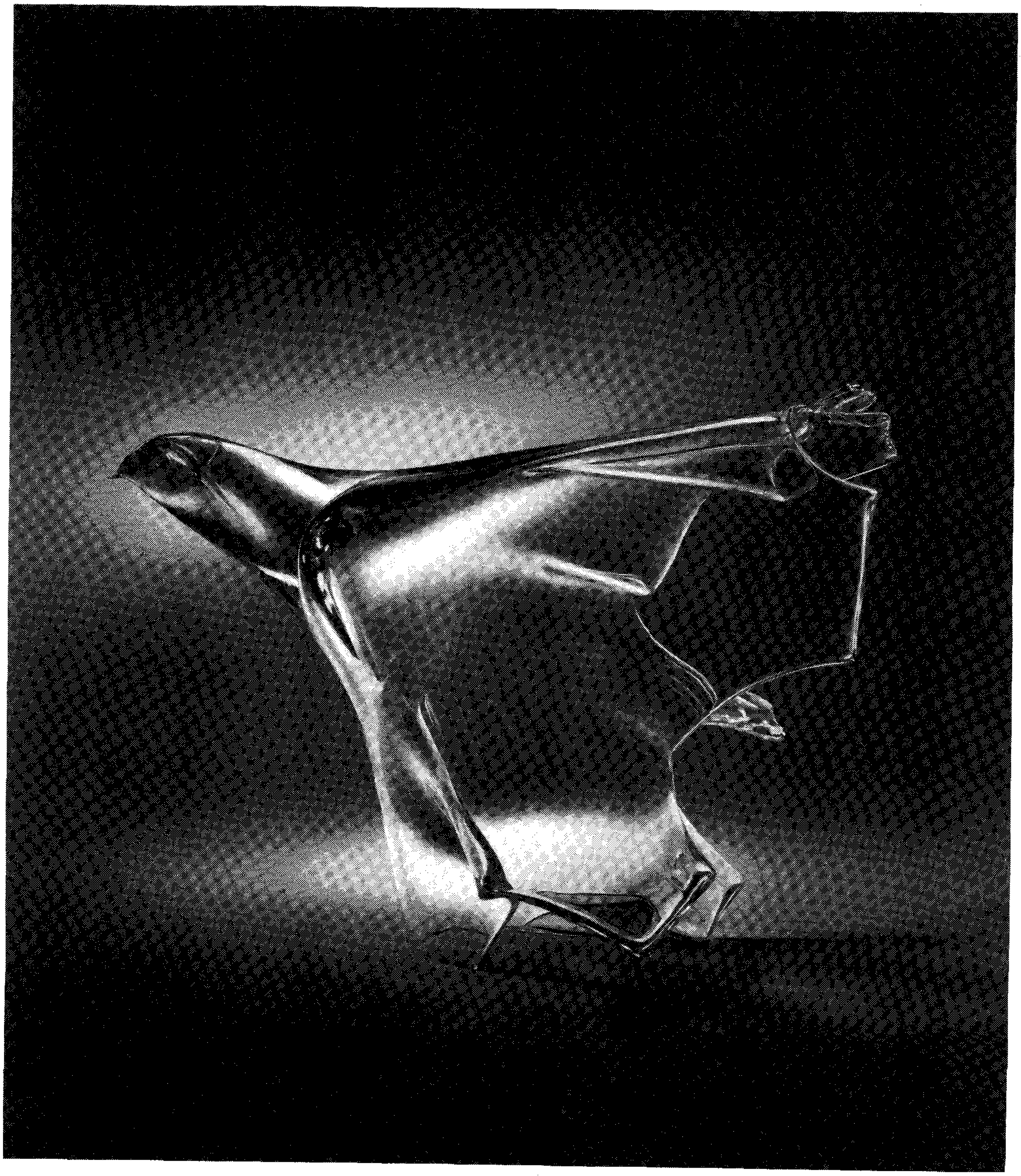
Backpackers, mountain climbers, cross-country skiers, and other no-nonsense outdoorsy types may be fully equipped and togged at Eastern Mountain Sports, at 20 West 61st Street, and now also at 611 Broadway (near Houston Street). Here are all sorts of sensible clothing, including sweaters, wool hats, flannel shirts, corduroy pants, heavy socks, cotton turtlenecks, down vests and jackets, and warm gloves. Specialized gear for cross-country skiing begins with a Wilderness Experience jacket made of water-repellent, breathable Gore-Tex lined with polyester fleece, which is winning adherents away from the bulkier insulating layers of down. Colors are a choice of red, black, or navy; there are knit cuffs and collar, and zippers under the arms, for ventilation. The jacket is $150, and matching Gore-Tex pants are $140. Look Contact cross-country-ski bindings hinge boots to skis for a particularly comfortable rise and fall of the foot; $20. And a sleek, low-cut cross-country boot of blue leather with a snow-guard over the laces is called the Karhu Sapphire; $70. The North Face company makes jackets called Extreme Gear. These are of uninsulated Gore-Tex and are designed to be worn as a water- and wind-resistant shell over several layers of sweaters. In red, royal blue, or yellow, all with navy stripes down the shoulders and arms, or in black with red, they're $190, and solid-color pants are $160. Fischer's particularly lightweight skis of laminated fibre glass filled with honeycombed pockets of air, which once only professionals and racers could afford, are now produced for amateur enthusiasts as well. E. M. S. carries the Fischer model called Ultra Tour, for $165 a pair. A new ski mount called the Hiker II will carry two pairs of skis on the side of a car and is small enough to fit under the seat when it's not needed; $29.95. And a new, large-capacity blue nylon backpack made by Lowe has an aluminum-alloy frame and a suspension that may be adjusted for comfort over the course of a trek, as the packer sheds or adds layers of clothes; $158.

The Playing Field, 955 Third Avenue (57th), stocks clothing and impedimenta relating to the nation's baseball, basketball, hockey, and football teams: components of uniforms licensed by Major League Baseball, the N.B.A., the N.H.L., and the N.F.L., and fan knickknacks such as pennants. A Major League Baseball jersey with the logo of the Orioles, the Red Sox, the Dodgers, the Mets, or the Angels is $80; a St. Louis Cardinals jersey with a fancy embroidered emblem of those birds perching on a baseball bat is $110; and replicas of other team jerseys are $25.95 to $37.95. Wool-serge baseball caps are the genuine team thing, for $15.95; so are flight-satin warmup jackets, available with the colors and names of most baseball teams, from $65 to $85.

Orvis, the huntin'-shootin'-fishin' firm of Vermont, has installed itself and its traditional countrified values on Forty-fifth Street near Madison, diagonally across from the site of the former Abercrombie & Fitch store. The squirearchy will be well served here by clothing such as Harris Tweed sports jackets, for $149 and up; loden-cloth trousers, in gray, brown, or heathery green, for $70; all-cotton chinos, in tan or sage, for $29.95; or Orvis's Battenkill cotton-and-wool flannel shirts, which are $47 in pin-checks or tattersalls and $50 in gun-check patterns or Scottish tartans. Three-quarter-length Barbour jackets here are imported from England. They're what upper-class Englishmen wear at horse trials and on other occasions when the Queen is seen in her head scarf, and are extremely practical, being made of greenish-pewter-toned cotton that is oil-treated to make it thornproof, windproof, and waterproof. With a cotton-flannel lining and brown corduroy collar, such a jacket is $240.

The new Aquascutum store, 680 Fifth Avenue (54th), plays up the gentlemanly propriety of its clothing with a décor that includes a full-size snooker table, to give the place a grandiose Edwardian country-house tone. Neckties are laid like a wheel of magazines or books on an antique mahogany library table; regimental-striped silks are from $32 to $38, foulard prints are $38 to $44, and wool knits come in a choice of twenty colors, including lovat, blueberry, strawberry, and spinach, for $18. V-necked cashmere sweaters ($190) or sweater vests ($120) come in a choice of sometimes vibrant colors, like purple, orange ice, and emerald. Cotton-flannel sports shirts with a single buttoned chest pocket come in blue-and-white or red-and-white tattersalls, among other patterns; between $55 and $75. In the tailoring department, there are lots of tweed jackets and blazers, and also a wool-and-mohair formal suit whose double-breasted dinner jacket has satin lapels and buttons; $575. A fringe-ended evening scarf of self-striped white, black, or burgundy silk is $75; a black silk cummerbund is $55; tuck-fronted dress shirts are $125 with wing collars, $90 with standard collars; and, for those who really want to cut a dash, a black cashmere evening topcoat with a black mink collar is $1,600.

The new Issey Miyake boutique in Bergdorf Goodman has scraps of glass from Coca-Cola bottles embedded in a terrazzo floor and backlit on the wall, for a bamboo-leaf effect. Here are the Japanese designer's drop-sleeved, mandarin-collared casual shirts in his especially soft and comfortable "double cotton" fabric. This has a light bark-texturing on the outside and, on the inside, a cheesecloth mesh something like old-fashioned muslin diapers; in

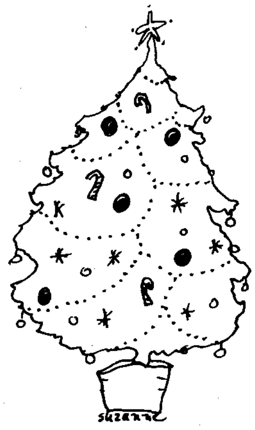


Flying Eagle

A single gather of crystal has been blown, sheared, and flared to capture the power of an eagle in flight. By Paul Schulze. Length 14½". $4,750. Signed Steuben.
Steuben Glass, Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022.
1-212-752-1441. Steuben is part of Corning Glass Works and has been since 1918.

STEUBEN GLASS

indigo, black, or wheat color, the shirt is $215. The designer's flair for textiles and the heritage of neutral-colored, deftly worked textures in traditional Japanese houses, crafts, and packages may also be seen in a crewneck sweater in stone-colored wool whose basketweave surface is overlaid with wisps and filaments of what looks like hemp ($645) and in a double-breasted cardigan made of rope-textured, taupe-colored wool and—for true Christmas nuts—reindeer hair ($715).



The oddly named Japanese design company that calls itself [íxi:z], with a store at 138 East 74th Street, brings high quality, bright color, and a generally fashionable twist, as well as bizarre orthography, to the basics of active sportswear. In keeping with the Japanese infatuation with logos, there is a rather profligate use of the firm's name on garments and other products, broadly christened "gear" by the store's lexicographers and subdivided into Action, Foot, Carrying, Writing, Study, Time, and Living Gear. The most successful things have the most color and the least writing: sweaters styled exactly like regulation sweatshirts, for example, but made of a particularly good-quality knitted wool in particularly brilliant purple, emerald, scarlet, canary, or hot pink, for $56. Lighthearted boat-shoe-style sneakers ($39) or high-tops ($46) come in colored canvas with laces, soles, and a decorative trim in contrasting hues; red with green, khaki with yellow, or black with red, for instance. Even underwear comes in a range of fifteen dazzling colors; briefs, tank tops, and T-shirts cost $7, $14, and $15, respectively. Waterproof day-date quartz watches come in various colors, and so do calibrated rims and ribbed urethane straps, which the owner may mix and match for a variety of fashionable high-tech effects; $180. Ballpoint or felt-tip pens and retractable pencils have a sleek, contemporary look—especially those with a band of black rubber grip-dots near the point. These are $8.

Davide Cenci, 801 Madison Avenue (68th), is an Italian tailor-and-outfitter's run by the grandson of the founder of the original Cenci store, which is in Rome. Here a soothing classicism is expressed in the finest materials with an unassuming, cosmopolitan flair. There are some very handsome sweaters, including reversible blouson-style cardigans, either in lamb's wool (gray reversing to burgundy, for instance, or navy to red), for $295, or in cashmere in a most unusual eight-ply weight (scarlet and black, burgundy and beige, and navy and gray are some of the pairings in this luxurious case), for $895. Crewnecks in four-ply rib-knit or two-ply cable-knit cashmere are $485 and $325, respectively. Hand-stitched brown suède gloves lined with black rabbit fur are $70, while cashmere-lined brown or black pigskin gloves are $85. Classic-looking brass-buckled belts in black, brown, or honey-colored alligator are $195. Silk bow ties in foulard prints are $30; fine-cotton handkerchiefs, boxed in threes, which vary in style from sporty to formal, are $18; pigskin billfolds are $60; suspenders in various materials, including polka-dotted gray elastic and red or green felt, are $25. As an exception to the made-in-Italy principle, there are English-made umbrellas here, in either black or brown and with shafts of solid hickory; $115. Trim, front-pleated undershorts of cotton broadcloth, in white, beige, gray, or pale blue, have mother-of-pearl buttons and cost $22.50; black or white silk versions are $60. Tassel-fronted mule-style bedroom slippers in the softest sort of black calfskin are $75; fine-cotton piped pajamas are $95; plaid-patterned brushed-wool robes are $125; and robes in silk foulard are $200. An out-of-the-ordinary sock collection includes cashmere-and-silk mixtures, for $40; Argyle-patterned wools, for $14.50; silk-and-wool herringbones, for $15; and sporty cable-knit wools in a choice of bright colors, including red, yellow, and teal, for $12.

TIME WILL TELL, a little showcase of a shop at 962 Madison Avenue (75th), sells antique wristwatches in variety, and is owned by a man with a passionate and informed interest in this end of the horological spectrum. There is something here for shoppers in search of rarities, investments that will appreciate, or fashions—categories that overlap. Wristwatches became widely popular only at the time of the First World War; the twenties brought stylized figures and novelties such as mechanically operated digitals; the taste of the thirties and the forties was for squares and rectangles, often gold-plated or gold-filled, or involving pink gold. Here are watches with hunting cases; "doctor's watches" with a separate dial for the second hand; chronographs with several different dials, like airplane instruments, which were popular during the Second World War; character watches with the original Mickey Mouse, Hopalong Cassidy, and Porky Pig faces; watches bearing costly names such as Rolex, Audemars Piguet, and Vacheron & Constantin; and "edge of wrist" Swiss timepieces from the nineteen-forties, designed to be worn in a line with the thumb, so that if you happened to be a race-car driver you could hold on to the steering wheel and still read the time. Prices start at $125 and go on up into the thousands, with a great selection in the two- to four-hundred-dollar range. There is also a selection of straps in leathers and skins, including such exotic choices as water buffalo and shark.

Maya Schaper, the specialist in antiques, has moved her shop back to the East Side—to 152 East 70th, to be exact—after a spell on Columbus Avenue. Here are all kinds of small objects suitable for gift-wrapping or stocking-stuffing. Nineteenth-century magnifying glasses from England, France, and America have handles of horn, ebony, or embossed silver, and range in price from $65 on up. For the genial host at his groaning board, there are three-piece carving sets—knife, fork, and sharpening steel—with ivory or horn handles ($65 to $100) or with silver handles ($85). A turn-of-the-century corkscrew folds into its own embossed silver case; it's $95, and other antique corkscrews range from $16 to $110. Antique pottery shaving mugs (Staffordshire blue willow, for instance, at $30) may be used to keep pencils on a desk as well as for lather and brush. A silver bookmark is $20; one with a carved ivory elephant is $28; and one with a carved ivory bird is $22. Letter openers in silver, ivory, or mother-of-pearl range in price from $32 to $80.

HISTORY buffs, or anyone of general nostalgic curiosity, might find themselves beguiled by a newspaper printed a lifetime ago. Historic Newspaper Archives, 1582 Hart

Street, Rahway, New Jersey 07065 (the telephone number is 201-381-2332), has on hand a great supply of original newspapers, ranging in time between 1880 and 1974, from fifty different American cities and from many European ones as well. In most cases, a single edition packed in a preservative wrapping costs $29.50, with an additional $2.50 for shipping. It is suggested that you pick a date such as that of the recipient's birthday or some long-ago Christmas. The New York *Times* of June 5, 1940, happened to land on our desk: while Churchill was pledging in Parliament to "fight on [the] beaches . . . until in God's good time the New World, with all its power and might, steps forth to the liberation and rescue of the Old," the New was going to a Columbia commencement, buying straw hats, seeing Kitty Carlisle open in "Walk with Music," at the Barrymore, noting the death of Judge Seabury's aunt, at ninety, and experiencing weather "Continued warm."

Weightier forms of historical detail—architectural antiques such as gargoyles, pillars, newel posts, and mantels—may be discovered at the Great American Salvage Company, 34 Cooper Square. This is a two-story-high warehouse filled with an ever-changing supply of old bits and larger bobs rescued from period houses and the like. Currently on hand are stained-glass panels (from $200 on up); brass-shaded goosenecked public-library lamps, for desks ($95); terra-cotta or concrete lions' heads (from $150 to $350); barber chairs ($395); a church pew ($300); fancy doorknobs (from $20 to $75); and a moose-head trophy for the wall ($1,195).

The Vanderwoude Tananbaum Gallery, 24 East 81st Street, is having a Christmastime show and sale of another ornamental idea: toys commissioned by artists to benefit the Big Apple Circus, and in celebration of it. "Toys" is a liberal definition of these works, which, like many an adult's interpretation of the marvellously childlike, are often quite fragile. "Mixed-media kinetic sculpture" might be more to the point for Andra Samelson's glittering and brilliantly painted mechanical clown car with its exuberantly tumbling occupants; $650. Alvin Tada's papier-mâché mask of a bright-blue trumpeting elephant might serve as a jovial parody of a wall trophy; $350. The eight-foot-square plastic flats painted by Mimi Gross for the first perfor-

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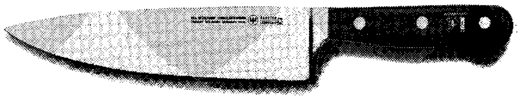

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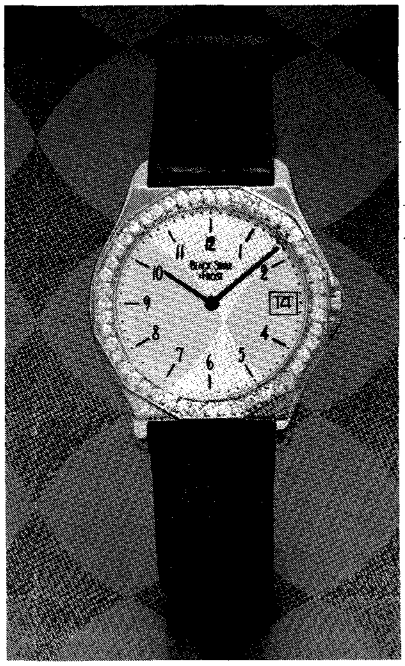

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mances of the Big Apple, in 1977, have lively scenes of Los Indianos throwing knives or Michael Moschen juggling his flame, among others; $4,000 each. And the same artist's poster for the current show is $10. Prices of the toys begin at $50.

A pair of uptown-downtown expansions will no doubt prove a boon this Christmas: the Rizzoli bookstore has opened a downtown store, and Tower Records an uptown one. Rizzoli is now at 454 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince, as well as on Fifth Avenue at Fifty-sixth. Like the original, the downtown store stocks many unusual magazines, mostly from Europe, in addition to all the season's new art books, including "Cameraworks," the book of David Hockney's beautiful photographic collages, published by Knopf, at $50, and the extraordinary study of Matisse by Pierre Schneider, which is published by Rizzoli itself, at $95. And Tower Records, that giant, neon-glowing finger on the pulse of contemporary culture, has opened a new store on Broadway just above Lincoln Center. Whereas the audio and video departments are combined under one roof at the downtown Tower, at Broadway and Fourth Street, uptown they are separated, but only by a few paces: Tower Records is at 1961 Broadway, on the corner of Sixty-sixth Street, and Tower Video is at No. 1977, at the corner of Sixty-seventh. At this second store, there is a large selection of videocassettes to rent or (at prices ranging from $24.95 to $89) to buy as contributions to a person's video library—everything from tapes of opera, ballet, exercise routines, and foreign classics to feature movies and self-help productions (including "Marvin Mitchelson on Divorce").

Finding ourselves in the realm of modernity, we here take note of some sleekly up-to-the-minute design objects we have seen both in the men's department of Bloomingdale's and at Sointu, 20 East 69th Street. An indoor thermometer of either white Corian plastic or black anodized aluminum with an unusual matte-finished texture has a mercury column as delicate as a wisp of spun sugar, set in a base measuring two inches by eight; $30. A bottle opener, also based on a black or white rectangle, and with most satisfactory proportions, costs $20. Both shops (and the gift shop in the Museum of Modern Art) can supply the beautiful all-black Braun pocket calculator, designed by Dieter Rams;

$80. (Bloomingdale's also has a white version with gray keys.)

In the new electronics department on the Metro level of Bloomingdale's, many of the miraculous new developments in technology are to be inspected, including the latest in audio and video components, personal computers, compact-disc players, electronic typewriters, and telephones. Sony's new portable compact-disc player, the D-5, unites a trim self-contained unit with the faithful sound of laser-beam technology. It has a memory and will repeat or move fast-forward. Prices vary widely in this wildly competitive field; at Bloomingdale's, the D-5 is $299. Seiko, the company known hitherto for its watches, has now come up with a pocket-size television set that is, like the compact-disc player, the harbinger of a new era—in this case, that of the flat TV. The Seiko has a color liquid-crystal display image, and measures three by one and a half inches by six and a quarter; the screen measures two inches diagonally, which is as big as is now practicable for such expensive cathode-ray-replacing technology. The price is $549. Astonishing feats of miniaturization have also gone into Toshiba's tiny FM radio, the RP 30. This measures one and a quarter inches by two and a half, and has a pair of cushioned earplugs and a clip to attach to belt or lapel; $49.99.

As stocking-stuffers destined for the bathroom, there are up-to-the-minute pump dispensers for toothpaste, neater and more fun to use than a tube. Check-Up, Aim, and Colgate have gone high tech with their versions; Check-Up is $1.99 at Duane Reade. And the fashionable generic look is captured by tissues in unadorned square boxes that come in a choice of fourteen solid colors, including what is generally supposed to be the masculine neutral, black. These are $1.25 at Bon Marché, 74 Fifth Avenue (13th).

◆

How many times have you wished you could sit down at the keyboard and play the theme song from Dallas, or The Love Boat, or General Hospital?—*Adv. from Songbooks Unlimited in the Times Book Review.*

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◆

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[*From Variety*]

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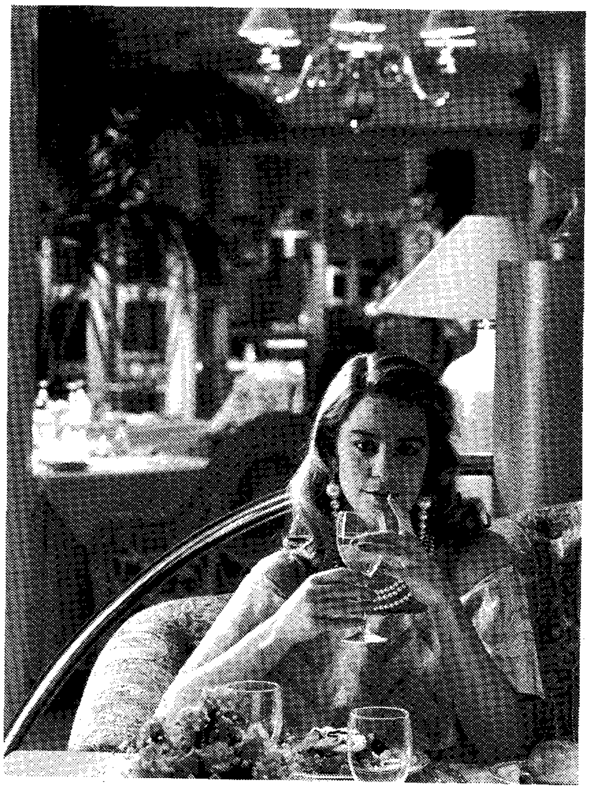

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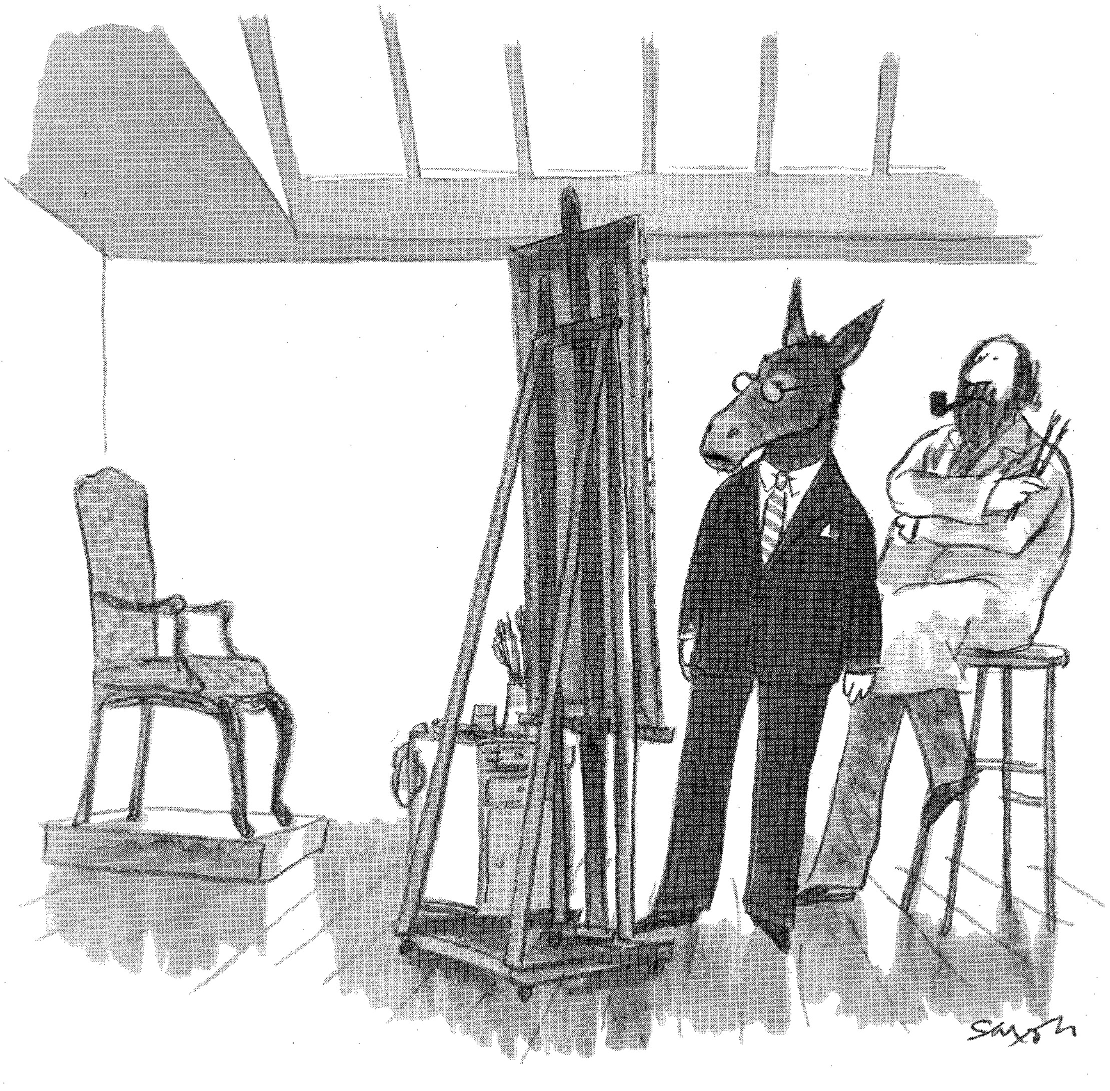
TELLING A KENTUCKY STORY

LAST spring, Tom Chaney, a friend of mine from Horse Cave, Kentucky, wrote me a letter that, as he might have put it, surprised me some. Tom and I met through a shared interest in pan-fried chicken. That was in 1976, when he was working as an editorial writer for a newspaper in Covington, Kentucky, a town just across the Ohio River from Cincinnati. I was spending a few days in the adjoining town of Newport, having been attracted by a proposal of the mayor's to span the Ohio River with a gigantic monorail system that would finally forge the historic link between Riverfront Stadium, in Cincinnati, and a banquet hall he operated on a bluff in Newport. A reporter on the Covington paper who was considerate enough to look for ways to lighten the load of a travelling man had arranged for me to have dinner at Tom's house because of Tom's renown as a pan-frier of chicken. Tom turned out to be a serious pan-frier, all right, but from the start I thought of him more as a Kentucky storyteller—the sort of creatively digressive talker who seems to have so many relatives (or "kinfolks") back home that almost any subject can bring to mind a story about at least one of them.

As it happened, there was plenty of material for a storyteller right where we were, across the river from Cincinnati. Stories abounded about the mayor with river-spanning ambitions—a television-repair-shop proprietor known as Johnny TV Peluso, or simply Johnny TV. It was said that Johnny TV was the sort of public official who had distributed eggs to the poor one Christmas, had been sued some months later for failure to pay his egg bill, and had offered to settle for half, on the ground that the eggs were small enough to have been produced by pigeons. For years, Newport had been notorious as the scene of gambling and assorted wickedness, and just about everyone in town knew the story of the conspiracy in 1961 to drug a reform candidate for sheriff and arrange for him to be found in bed above the Tropicana night club with an exotic dancer named April Flowers. Although Miss Flowers was not among those indicted for the conspiracy, she did have her Kentucky colonel's commission revoked—a penalty enabling her, so the story went, to bill herself from then on as "the only defrocked Kentucky colonel." At the time of my visit, *none* of the local storytellers had a story about how April Flowers came to be commissioned a Kentucky colonel in the first place—a gap in the oral tradition that I suspect has been filled by now.

Tom knew some stories about Covington and Newport, but it was clear that his heart was in Horse Cave—a town of two thousand people, in the south-central part of Kentucky known for burley tobacco and for limestone caves so spectacular that showing tourists through them has been a local industry for as long as anyone can remember. When I met Tom, he had spent only one full year in Horse Cave since his graduation from high school, in 1955. He had attended Georgetown College, near Lexington ("a small Baptist college for small Baptists"), and had put in two years at a Baptist seminary in Louisville. He had been a graduate student and teacher in Texas and Arkansas and Kentucky and Iowa. He sometimes described himself as "a reformed Baptist preacher and a reformed college teacher." But he seemed to be one of those people whose wanderings cause them to cling all the harder to an identification with their home ground. He looked a bit like some-



"My God. Is that what I look like?"

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one who might have a patch of corn-and-tobacco land near Horse Cave—an ample man who favored bluejeans and wore a red beard that always seemed to have a pipe jutting out of it. He still talked more like a rural Kentucky storyteller than like a Baptist preacher or a college teacher or an editorial writer. There may be a lot of small-town boys whose exposure to years of graduate school got them into the habit of saying "*Ciao*" as they took leave of friends; Tom always said "See you directly." At that first fried-chicken dinner, he informed me that he was, in fact, someone who owned a patch of corn-and-tobacco land outside Horse Cave. He had bought it with his Aunt Daisie, who, Tom said, had decided as a widow in her seventies to prove that she was a better farmer than her husband, Hobart Carter, had been. ("She doesn't want all the land in the county—just what joins her.") Then he told me a story or two about Uncle Hobart.

When I met Tom, he was about to add "reformed editorial writer" to his curriculum vitae. He was going home to manage the farm he owned with his Aunt Daisie. Together with two friends, he had a plan that sounded almost as audacious as Johnny TV's monorail: they intended to found a professional repertory theatre in Horse Cave. Tom was looking forward to being a farmer and he was looking forward to starting a theatre. Most of all, though, he was looking forward to going back to Horse Cave. In a way, Tom was like a lot of people a decade younger who, in contrast to their parents, thought that deciding where they wanted to live was more important than deciding what they wanted to do there—except that Tom, instead of wanting to live on the coast of Oregon or in the high desert of New Mexico, wanted to go home.

Tom's attachment to Horse Cave was intertwined with an attachment to his family. He had always been close to his Aunt Daisie, who had no children of her own. During a year he spent at home teaching English at Caverna High School—that was in 1964, the year after his mother died—he had become particularly close to his father, an insurance man known to just about everyone in town as Boots. In the late seventies, I stopped in Horse Cave a couple of times and got to know Tom's family. I had a country-ham lunch at Porter's, in Sulphur Well, with Tom and his Aunt Daisie—a cheerful, quick-witted woman who, I noted at the time, had spent fifty-one years in the Hart County school system and seemed none the worse for wear. Tom and Boots and I had dinner at the home of Tom's sister, Ann Matera, who lived with Boots and her own family in the house she and Tom had grown up in. Ann's husband—Jerry Matera, an Italian-American from White Plains, New York, who had become the editor of the Hart County *News*—seemed very much at home in Horse Cave, but, just to be on the safe side, Tom and Boots told me, they tried not to let a family meal pass without saying that if the couple ever split up "we'd keep Jerry and send Ann on her way."

I ate pan-fried chicken with Tom and his father at a restaurant near Mammoth Cave, and remarked at the time, that pan-fried chicken, which takes a long time to prepare, was the sort of food that should be eaten with people who are good enough storytellers to make a thirty-minute wait easy to take. Both Tom and Boots qualified on that score. Boots, who was more or less retired by then, had once been the man who handled patronage for the Democrats in Hart County—a task, Tom later told me, that he somehow managed to complete year after year without enriching himself in the process. Boots could tell stories about bootleggers and stories about tourist-fleecing and stories about his kinfolks and story after story about politics. He could tell the story about the time in 1932 that a Republican named J. D. Reynolds got so frustrated with Democratic vote-rigging that he sat on the ballot box in Precinct Seven and refused to move all day—forcing the Democrats, who had never been fussy about which precinct someone was registered in, to go off and vote somewhere else. Tom and Boots were sharing an office in the late seventies—they referred to it as Bogus Enterprises, Inc.—and Tom had presented his father with some elegant personal stationery that included the legend "Widows Tended—Lies Told—Whiskey Hauled."

In the years that followed, I heard from Tom occasionally by mail. A year and a half ago, we exchanged letters after I learned of Boots Chaney's death. That was the last I heard of Tom until the letter this spring—the letter that surprised me some. It began, "Friends should let each other know when they change addresses. I have moved, much against my will, to the Federal Pen in Lexington."

LATE one morning this fall, I knocked for a long time on the front door of the Horse Cave Country Inn without getting a response. Finally, Tom Chaney came to the door. He was wearing bluejeans. He still had a red beard, and there was still a pipe jutting out of it. "Sorry, I'm just getting some bread into the oven," he said, moving back toward the kitchen to get on with the task. "The thing that worried me most about being in the penitentiary was that it might destroy my taste buds. Fortunately, they appear to have survived."

All I knew about Tom's time in the penitentiary was that his sentence, a year and a day, had eventually been reduced, so he actually served only three months. I also knew that he had pleaded guilty to what the government called manufacturing a controlled substance and conspiracy to manufacture a controlled substance, and what Tom had described in his letter as having "leased some land to folks to grow corn, knowing corn was not all they would grow." By the time I learned of Tom's release, he had found himself the manager of the Horse Cave Country Inn—a bed-and-breakfast place that opened just this summer, right across the street from the house he grew up in. Tom said he would fill me in on the bare bones of the story before we had to leave to pick up Aunt Daisie and drive out to Sulphur Well for a country-ham lunch.

It all began, he said, when he was approached by Donnie Nunn, a former sheriff of Hart County, and was asked how he felt about growing marijuana.

"The former sheriff?" I said.

Tom said that with some sheriffs the line between what is legal and what is illegal could get blurred. "It's like Dad used to say about income tax," he went on. "Folks like H & R Block see what's legal as ending at a cliff, and if you get too close to the edge the ground might crumble and

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you fall in. Dad saw it like a river flowing through a swamp: as long as you didn't sink, you could wander pretty far out and claim you're on dry ground."

The Nunns have long been active on the Republican side of Kentucky politics; Donnie Nunn's cousin Louie Nunn served a term as governor of the state. Three or four generations of Chaneys and Nunns have known each other, Tom said, but the families have not been close. In fact, he told me, Aunt Daisie's older sister had been sent to Texas in 1913 to prevent her from marrying a Nunn, and, more than seventy years later, she's still there. The talk of older generations reminded Tom of a story about Donnie Nunn's grandfather, known to everyone as Uncle Wash, who was a tobacco-chewer notorious for his lack of concern about where he got rid of tobacco juice. According to the story, Uncle Wash was sitting in the lobby of the Helm Hotel, in Bowling Green, one day, casually spitting tobacco juice on the floor while a porter desperately tried to maneuver a spittoon to a strategic spot next to him. "By God, son," Uncle Wash finally said. "If you don't quit moving that damn thing around, I'm going to spit right in it." After a couple more Uncle Wash stories, it was nearly time to pick up Aunt Daisie.

Two days away from her eighty-seventh birthday, Aunt Daisie seemed to be in good health except for some arthritis that was giving her trouble with her legs. "How are you?" I said as Tom helped her into the car.

"Well, I'm about out of the running," she said, in a cheerful voice that made it plain that she considered herself well in the running.

"Oh, she's just got a little hitch in her get-along," Tom said.

Aunt Daisie didn't seem to have become less active since the last time I saw her. In fact, she told me later that this summer she attended her first cockfight—something she had been meaning to get around to for years. She rather enjoyed it, although she warned that it wasn't for the squeamish. "There's right smart blood involved," she said. On the way to Sulphur Well, we passed the farm where Aunt Daisie and Boots had grown up—the Chaneys' home place. We drove through communities that had made do with rather primitive one-room schoolhouses as late as the mid-forties, at which point Aunt Daisie became school superintendent and managed, in an eight-year reign, to close ninety-eight out of the one hundred one-room schoolhouses left in Hart County. We passed by settlements best known for having adopted official names that sounded more respectable than the names by which local people knew them—like Hiseville, which most people still refer to as Goose Horn. Aunt Daisie was reminded of a time when she was studying at Western Kentucky and heard a Metcalfe County boy inform some fellow-students, in a tone of newly learned sophistication, that he was from Savoyard, Kentucky. " 'Oh,' I said. 'You mean you're from Chicken Bristle.' "

When we arrived at Porter's, Tom came around to open the car door for Aunt Daisie. "What can I do to help?" he asked.

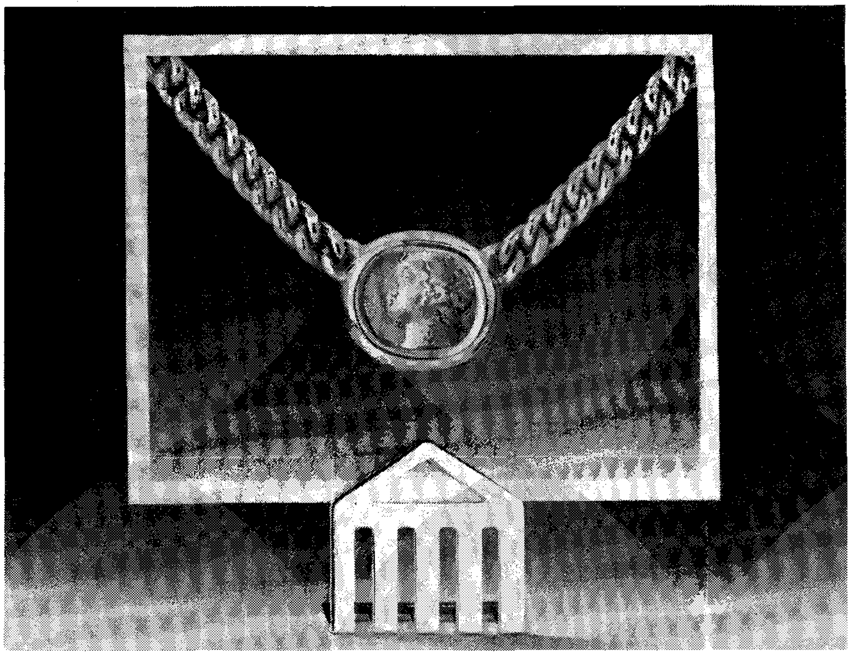
"You can look off somewhere," Aunt Daisie said, with a short laugh.

Porter's is a neighborly place that keeps a supply of country hams hung on a hatrack just inside the door. The ham we ate was splendid, although the first bite reminded me that I might have still been a bit thirsty from the last time I had it. The lunchtime conversation eventually turned to what Tom sometimes calls "the marijuana thing." Aunt Daisie said she had been astonished when she heard, early that morning in July of 1983, that Tom had been arrested and was being held for arraignment at the state-police barracks in Bowling Green. She agreed with Tom about what Boots Chaney's reaction to the incident would have been: "Damn it, Tom! I told you never to mess with those Nunns."

"I WAS studying American literature, and I got involved with William Faulkner and Robert Penn Warren," Tom said. "And through them I began to see something about someone defining himself through what his family was and where he came from." We were sitting in the Horse Cave Country Inn, talking about how Tom's experiences in academe—what appeared to be, as he put it, "getting so far from my raisin' "—had in some ways helped to steer him back to Horse Cave. He said that he hadn't really been ready when he came back in 1964—partly because he was still sufficiently self-conscious about his break with the Southern Baptist Church to feel guilty every Sunday when eleven o'clock came and he was at home. Tom had been ordained while he was at the seminary—he continued over the years to perform marriage ceremonies for friends—but he had left both the ministry and his belief. One reason, he told me, was that the Southern Baptist Church's intransigence on the race issue "made preaching love and brotherhood like hitting your head against a wall;" another was that, as he put it, "I got to thinking that there wasn't any Truth with a capital 'T,' or if there was I didn't have access to it."

By the time he came home for good, though, he felt comfortable in Horse Cave. "He has been a member of the Horse Cave Rotary since 1976," a presentencing report submitted by his lawyer said. "As a member of the club, he has been active in all of its programs and projects, including a major role in organizing the Horse Cave Tobacco Festival. . . . He has been a frequent speaker at the Horse Cave Rotary Club luncheons and at other Rotary Clubs in the region. . . . Along with his colleague, Joe V. Graber, Mr. Chaney conceived the idea of a professional repertory theatre in Horse Cave. . . . He has been vice-president and president of the Green River Dairy Herd Improvement Association." In speaking appearances, Tom normally just told stories—stories about his kinfolks or about politicians or about preachers. Sooner or later, I suppose, he would have acquired stories about the Horse Cave Tobacco Festival and the Green River Dairy Herd Improvement Association. He was, after all, back where his material came from.

The Horse Cave Theatre has actually survived, even though it has resolutely mixed Shakespeare and Shaw and Tennessee Williams with the sort of light comedies that might be expected in a small-town summer theatre. The bed-and-breakfast inn Tom was managing had been started—in a place Tom often visited when it was his cousin Caroline's house—partly on the strength of tourist business generated by the theatre. For a time, Tom served as chairman of the theatre's board of directors; he even acted in a production of Preston Jones' "The Last Meeting of the Knights of the White Magnolia." Eventually, though, he drifted away—partly because he felt some tension with the director over what amounted to proprietorship. "It has to be someone's theatre, and he naturally thought it



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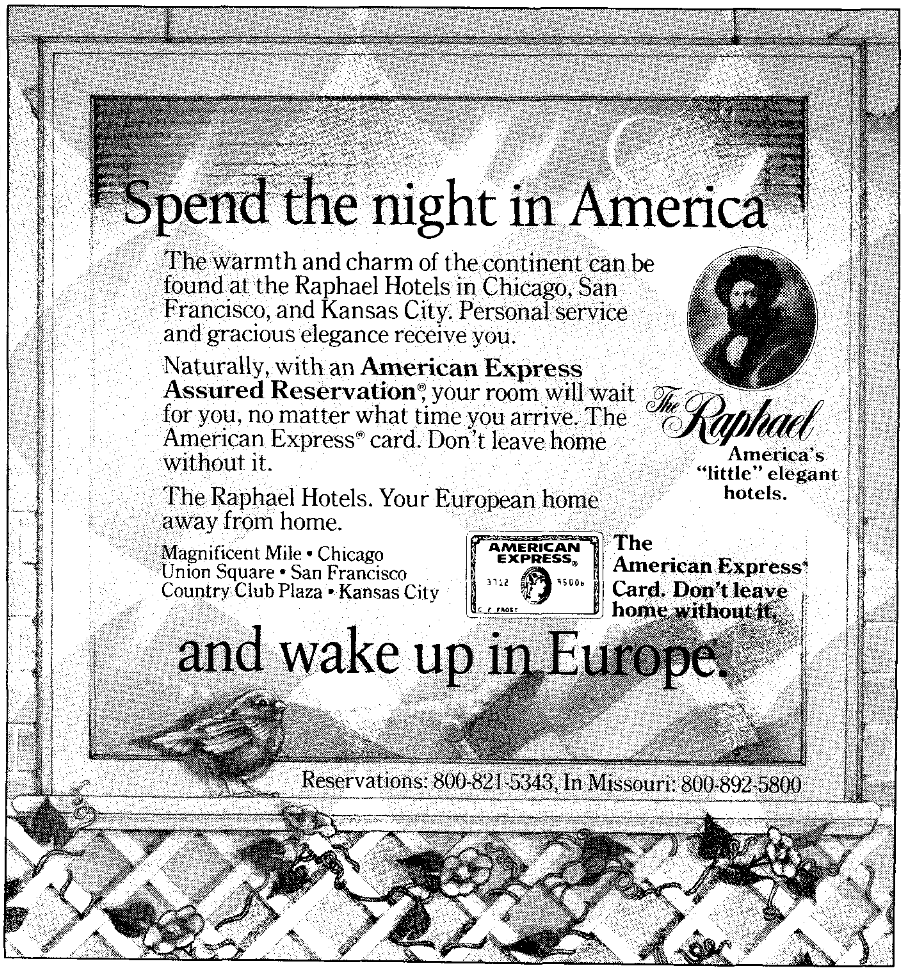

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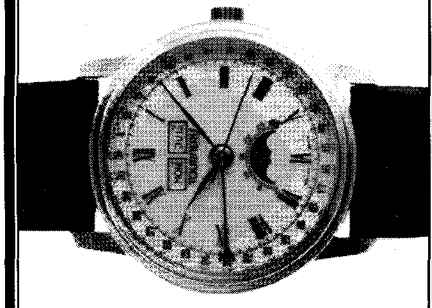

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should be his,” Tom told me. “It's like the story they tell in Edmonton about the stranger who came to town and asked directions to the Church of Christ. ‘Well, that's Mr. Joe Martin's church over there,’ the man he had asked told him. ‘And Mr. Barlow's church is yonder. Church of Christ? I don't believe he has one here.’ ”

Tom's farming ventures with his Aunt Daisie did not go well—not the corn-and-tobacco farm, not the dairy herd, not the feed store and mill. It may be that Tom was simply not cut out to be a farmer or a businessman. It may be that he ventured into agriculture at exactly the wrong time. Farmers in Kentucky, like farmers in most parts of the country, have suffered for several years from a precipitous increase in interest rates without a corresponding increase in crop prices. The pressure on a lot of farmers was intensified by a steady drop in land values. By the spring of 1983, when Donnie Nunn approached Tom about raising marijuana, Tom and Aunt Daisie were in what he describes as “pretty ticklish financial straits.” Nunn was not riding high himself. Around the time he served as sheriff and Republican precinct captain, he had been widely considered a shrewd and powerful politician. In the years that followed, though, he had found himself with a lack of steady employment and a drinking problem and some difficulty recuperating from a serious car accident. Even those who don't like Donnie Nunn say that one thing he never lost was his power of persuasion. When I asked Daymond Humphrey, the present sheriff of Hart County, what Donnie Nunn was like, the sheriff described him this way: “Donnie could come in here and sit down and talk you out of your shoes.”

“WELL, it's like the Kentucky poet Wendell Berry said about the fox,” Tom said when I asked him about his conversations with Donnie Nunn. “He makes more tracks than necessary, and some in the wrong direction.” Tom was among half a dozen Hart County farmers who agreed to lease their corn land for raising something they knew wasn't corn. Nunn assured Tom double protection. Since Tom would simply lease the land—people from another county would be brought in to tend the crops—he could plead ignorance. Also, Nunn said, the three law-enforcement officers whose responsibilities included policing such activities—Sheriff Humphrey and two members of the Bowling Green state-police detachment, Robert Sheldon and Ron West—were in on the scheme.

Tom had no trouble believing this part of the pitch, and not simply because he knew so many stories about sheriffs whose relationship with bootleggers had not been purely adversarial. Nunn was an old friend of Sheldon, for whom he had done some serious favors in the past. It was rumored in Hart County that Sheriff Humphrey himself raised marijuana somewhere near Cub Run, in the northern part of the county, and shipped it to Colorado hidden in truckloads of firewood. Nunn did approach Sheldon, who reported the conversation to his superiors and from then on spoke to Nunn while wearing a recording device. Sheriff Humphrey, who says that what he sent to Colorado in truckloads of firewood was firewood, was also approached, and also began wearing a recording device. From then on, Donnie Nunn was the unwitting point man of a sting operation. One interpretation of what happened to the scheme is that Nunn simply outsmarted himself by trying to put the fix in. When the arrests came, West told reporters that if he and Sheldon and Humphrey hadn't been approached they would probably never have known that the marijuana fields existed. It may be that Donnie Nunn was not cut out to be an organizer of marijuana-growing conspiracies. Someone who holds that view told me, “He's got a big mouth on him, but a big mouth is all he's got.”

WHEN people in Munfordville, the seat of Hart County, tell courthouse stories, some names come up again and again. Just about any lawyer or judge in the county, for instance, is likely to have a supply of stories about a large clan called the Hortons, some of whom are troublesome and some of whom have been downright dangerous. “They was a mean set of people,” Sheriff Humphrey said of the older generation of Hortons one day while he and a couple of lawyers were trading stories. Charlie Williams, Tom's lawyer, likes to tell the story of the old lawyer in Glasgow who became convinced that the Hortons were one of the ten lost tribes of Israel. A story about the Hortons is likely to lead eventually to a story about moonshine—a couple of the Hortons apparently made moonshine of surpassing quality—and maybe even to a story about mixing marijuana plants in with more conventional crops.

"He's got a peculiar way of growing corn," someone said one day when a few people were sitting in the back of Charlie Williams' law office telling stories. The remark was made about a prominent local landowner who was suspected by some of raising marijuana, and it was followed by a long silence.

"Yes, it's odd," someone else said.

"What's so odd about it?" I asked.

"Well, he didn't harvest it, for one."

Donnie Nunn did not approach the sort of people widely suspected of growing corn in a peculiar way or the sort of people whose names were the staple of courthouse stories. The farmers he recruited had never had any serious run-ins with the law. Although Tom does not claim to belong to that narrow section of the population which spent most of the sixties and seventies on college campuses and did not try even one joint, his own smoking habit would have been better served by a field of pipe tobacco than by a field of pot. Several of the other farmers involved seem like the sort of rural people who are only dimly aware that some folks somewhere smoke marijuana cigarettes. Even now, the sheriff describes them as "respectable people, hardworking people—not the sort of people who end up in court all the time on assault charges." Their respectability was apparently part of their appeal.

Most of the farmers involved had financial problems. "It was people just like myself, who needed to get up on their feet a little better financially," I was told by one of the farmers—an angular, serious-looking man with a weathered face. We were talking in the kitchen of his farmhouse. His son was mowing the lawn outside. Through the kitchen window I could see rows of corn. I found it odd to sit in a farmhouse kitchen and talk about marijuana cultivation with a man who could have posed for one of those photographs which are meant to show the resilience of the American family farmer. It could be argued, of course, that respectable farmers in Hart County have less reason to be shocked than farmers in some other places at being approached about growing a substance that is widely used but clearly illegal: they live, after all, in a county that is both legally dry and full of people with drinking prob-

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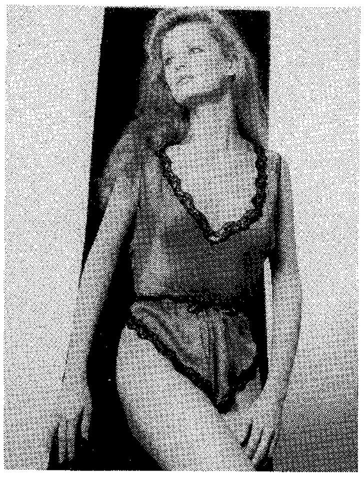
lems. Throughout Kentucky, though, there must be a lot of marijuana grown by the sort of people nobody would suspect of growing it. Kentucky is hardly a stronghold of the counterculture, but the Louisville *Courier-Journal* was reporting as early as 1980 that marijuana was thought to have overtaken tobacco as the state's leading cash crop—at a time when its annual sales of tobacco were five hundred million dollars. The Louisville papers have written a lot about the legal and social issues involved, but, inevitably, some of the headlines about marijuana begin to have the routine sound of a farm report on corn or soybeans. ("POT CROP REMAINS NEAR TOP IN NATION DESPITE DROUGHT.") Whatever various states have decided about whether marijuana ought to be a criminal issue, the sort of farmer Donnie Nunn was able to recruit seemed to be an indication that a lot of ordinary farm people no longer considered it a moral issue. The farmer I talked to in his kitchen had worried about breaking the law, and had worried even more about the possibility of getting caught. But he hadn't had the feeling that what Nunn had asked him to do was morally repugnant. Neither had Tom. Both of them seem certain that they never want to become involved in such activities again, but both of them seem to be only half joking when they refer to marijuana as "a supplemental cash crop."

TOM considers Randall Skaggs a pretty good storyteller. Skaggs is a rotund, affable man who lives with his family in a modern brick house in a town twenty miles or so north of Horse Cave. I heard some Donnie Nunn stories from Skaggs. We were in the room that Skaggs had created by finishing his basement—a large area dominated by pictures of race horses and racks of trophies won by softball teams and Little League teams that Skaggs had coached. Skaggs told me the story about how Nunn, while running for sheriff, managed to get the support of two neighboring farmers in the Three Springs area who hated each other but had in common a pride in how many votes they controlled and an opposition to Nunn's candidacy ("So then he told the other one, 'I'm going across the road to give that son of a bitch a cussin' now, because I heard he has done made the statement that he controls every vote out on these roads and he's going against us' "). He told me about how Nunn had been advised by his father, who had also been sheriff of Hart County, to store up political favors by staying active even when he was out of office ("If a bumblebee and a grasshopper are in a race, take sides"). Skaggs knows Donnie Nunn well, because he was Nunn's deputy sheriff. He went from that to the insurance business. He is now a professional gambler—an occupation for which he has never offered any apologies, pointing out, as a Kentucky bootlegger might, that what he does is legal in some places and illegal in others and done all over. Skaggs was among those indicted for having participated in Donnie Nunn's scheme; he was accused of having made some introductions that linked farmers in Hart County with some people in Marion County who were looking for a place to grow marijuana. It all came about, Skaggs said, through someone he had met in a poker game—a man he described as among those "we in the business call honorable people: they don't bet on ballgames that are already over; if they owe you three hundred dollars, they don't forget about it." Randall Skaggs and Tom met in their first few days at the Federal Correctional Institution at Lexington.

More than any of the other people arrested, Randall Skaggs is still engrossed by the case. He has transcripts of the secret recordings made by Sheldon and Humphrey. He has copies of the tapes. He has a lot of questions. If the local law-enforcement people launched an undercover operation of such effectiveness and probity, he asks, why was one of the state policemen transferred far from his home and the other one encouraged to retire? The local law-enforcement people have questions of their own. Sheriff Humphrey says that he and Sheldon and West—"three country boys"—had a perfect case going until higher-ups took charge. In an affidavit included among the documents that Charlie Williams submitted in arguing for a reduction of Tom Chaney's sentence, Sheriff Humphrey said, "The affiant has had numerous opportunities to bust and has busted local people who have grown marijuana in small amounts, but this operation presented a chance to apprehend the big operators and money men. Because the arrests were made prematurely, be-



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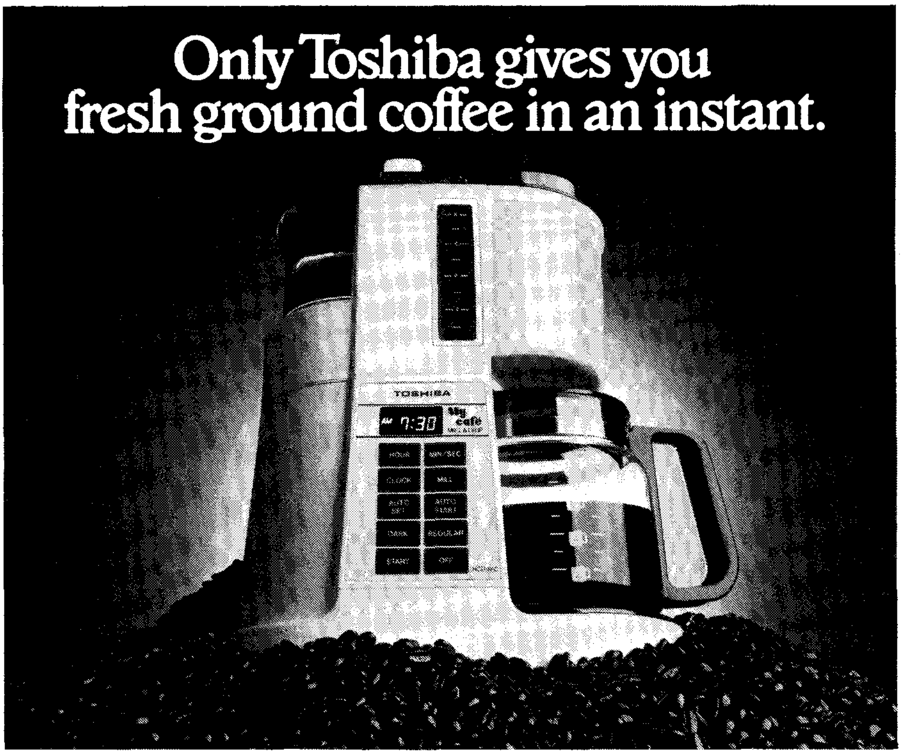
fore harvest, and at a time when there was no hope of discovering the identity of the principal organizers and money men, the affiant feels that his efforts were for naught and that only the least culpable people were finally apprehended." The inside story of Donnie Nunn's marijuana operation, like a lot of stories in south-central Kentucky, has a lot of versions.

The story that Randall Skaggs tells about Tom in the penitentiary took place in those first few days of their term, when they were in a large dormitory area that is used for new prisoners and for prisoners who have lost their room privileges because of some infraction of the rules. "One day, we were playing a card game called pitch," Skaggs told me. "We were teaching two other guys, so Tom and I each took one of the inexperienced players. It was Tom's bid. He didn't say anything for a long time. It seemed like a couple of minutes. Maybe it was forty seconds. Finally, I said, 'It's your bid, Tom.' He still didn't say anything. He just sat there staring out the window at this concrete wall and the rain. I said, 'Tom—it's your bid.' It seemed like a minute passed. Then he said, 'What in the hell are we doing here?' "

TOM doesn't have many stories about life in the penitentiary. The Federal Correctional Institution at Lexington is a low-security prison, but it's still a prison. It has strip-searches and more regulations than anyone feels confident of being able to obey all at the same time, and some guards who, in Tom's words, "like to play some really demeaning games with you to keep you off balance." But it's the sort of prison that has rooms instead of cells and has daily visiting hours. Although Tom said that "not all the unpleasant people were guards," an inmate of Lexington does not live with the constant fear of physical danger that he might have in a lot of American prisons. Tom worked as an orderly in a dormitory—a job that left him most of the day to read and write. He began trying to encompass some of the stories he had learned from Boots in pieces of fiction. A school friend who lives in Lexington came out to see him a couple of times a week; the friend's wife sent him something in the mail—maybe just a political cartoon she thought he might like, but something—every single day. In the view of the farmer I spoke to in his farmhouse kitchen, Tom seemed to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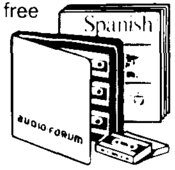

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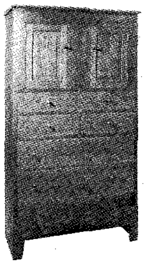

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have the resources to do time pretty well. "They weren't able to hassle Tom a lot," the farmer told me. "He did O.K. He could've made it sittin' on a rock if that's what it come down to."

"He couldn't see the inside of me," Tom said when I reported that assessment. "Those three months seemed like three years to me." According to Tom, being in prison tends to make someone wary, with a heightened sense of his surroundings. Most prisoners, of course, also have a heightened sense of time. All the Hart County people who went to Lexington have been released now except Donnie Nunn, who got five years, and all of them are precise about how many days they served. In one of his letters from prison to Charlie Williams, Tom said that it all reminded him of the story about the hog.

"What's the story about the hog?" I asked one day as we were chatting at the Horse Cave Country Inn. I had seen a reference to it in some documents Williams showed me.

"Well, there are two hog stories," Tom said.

"That goes without saying," I said. "What's the appropriate hog story?"

"Well, there was a farmer who owned a shoat and a persimmon tree," Tom said. "And as the persimmons got ripe and fell off the tree the shoat was eating them. And he liked them so much that he soon ran out of ripe persimmons on the ground. So the farmer went out and picked up the shoat and held him up to the tree. And he was eating the persimmons off the tree with the farmer holding him up when a neighbor came out and saw him doing this and said, 'Well, I reckon you *could* fatten a hog that way, but it'd sure take a lot of time.' And the farmer turned, holding the hog up there, and he said, 'Shoot, don't you know time don't mean nothing to a hog?' "

THE day before I left Horse Cave, Tom was busy preparing for a gathering that evening of some people at the Horse Cave Country Inn to have dinner and tell stories. The group included people from two or three counties who were known as storytellers—and a few people who were considered excellent listeners. It also included three men who were known to do a little guitar-picking and fiddle-playing and singing. Tom had met once before with the same group, shortly before his arrest. A lot had changed in his life since then. He was an ex-con. He was a felon. He had added "reformed farmer" and "reformed mill operator" to his résumé: the holdings that he and his Aunt Daisie owned together had been sold just before he went to prison, in an effort to stave off bankruptcy.

Still, a lot had not changed. It had never occurred to Tom not to return to Horse Cave when he was released from prison. In the months between the time he pleaded guilty and the time he reported to Lexington, he hadn't been snubbed by his neighbors; in fact, some of them had told him quietly that, whatever he had done, they considered him their friend. His arrest hadn't seemed to change anyone's view of Aunt Daisie or of Jerry Matera or of Ann Matera, who is now the city clerk of Horse Cave. Tom couldn't think of anyone whose attitude toward him had changed drastically after "the marijuana thing" except, perhaps, one banker. The gathering of storytellers was to include two former state judges—James Gillenwater, an attorney from Barren County who had served as county judge, and Cass Walden, a retired circuit-court judge—but as we discussed the event that morning Tom didn't seem apprehensive about that causing any awkwardness. What he did seem apprehensive about was the news, conveyed by Charlie Williams the day before, that Judge Gillenwater insisted on sending over some groundhogs for Tom to cook for dinner. "He keeps saying that they're the cleanest animals there is," Tom told me, without enthusiasm. A few minutes later, Williams phoned again. Judge Gillenwater, having realized that Tom wasn't quite certain just how to cook a groundhog and was not looking forward to finding out, had suggested that Tom cook anything he wanted to and then try groundhog at the annual varmint supper the Judge holds every winter. Tom, greatly relieved, decided to pan-fry some chicken.

The guests started showing up around seven. Both judges were there, along with a couple of lawyers who had considerable experience in giving judges their respectful attention. The musicians included a surveyor, a man who works for the telephone company, and a young lawyer who could sing anti-coal-company songs with titles like "Black Waters." Jerry Matera came over from across the street to listen. Charlie Williams came with the other lawyer in his firm, Chuck Pritchett, and a friend of Pritchett's from Letcher County who could tell tales of eastern Kentucky. Williams does some writing, and, like Tom, has an inclination to see the goings on in his home territory as stories: Pritchett says that the first thing Charlie Williams asks a new client is to provide his family tree.

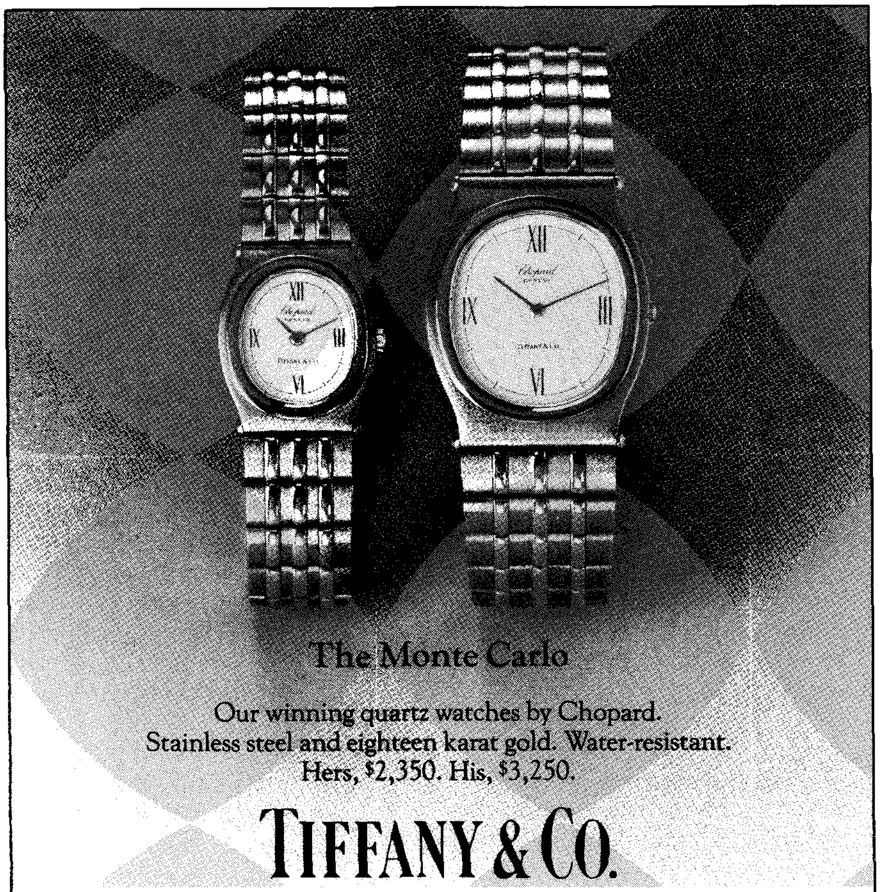
For décor, Tom had put out an old ballot box that Jerry Matera bought at a courthouse auction, and as the guests arrived it naturally provoked the story of J. D. Reynolds' sit-down strike—which inspired a story about some inflation in vote-buying a number of years ago. ("So old Aunt Lucy straightened up and said, 'Mr. Abe, I done cast my last fifty-cent ballot.' ")

As everyone got settled in the living room, Judge Walden asked Tom how long he had been managing the inn.

"Well, just about ever since I got back from the penitentiary, Judge," Tom said.

The pan-fried chicken was as good as I remembered it from Covington. After we had all had our fill, everyone gathered in the living room again for some stories and music. The prospect of music started someone talking about a one-legged fiddler named Keen Bradley, and that, in due time, led to a story about a one-eyed Baptist preacher in Monroe County who can be called Brother One-Eye Haynes ("It was rumored that he had his eye put out in a bawdy house in Nashville"), and that led to a story about a revivalist I'll call Pappy Hawkins, who was a successful travelling faith healer until a confederate he was about to heal of blindness and paralysis stood up in the middle of a long healing prayer and said, "By God, I've got to have a drink." That eventually led to Tom's doing a sermon about a sermon, complete with those odd snorts that some low-church preachers use as a sort of punctuation when they get warmed up: "And this preacher, he had not cluttered his mind with education—huh. He had left it like God intended it to be, empty—huh . . . And he never knew the taste of whiskey . . . And he said one Sunday, 'Brothers and sisters—huh—our text today is Song of Solomon 2:12: The voice of the turtle is heard in the land. Now, brothers and sisters—huh—I don't—huh—know what this Scripture means, but let's read it one more time—huh . . . I still don't know what it means.' "

Judge Walden and Judge Gil-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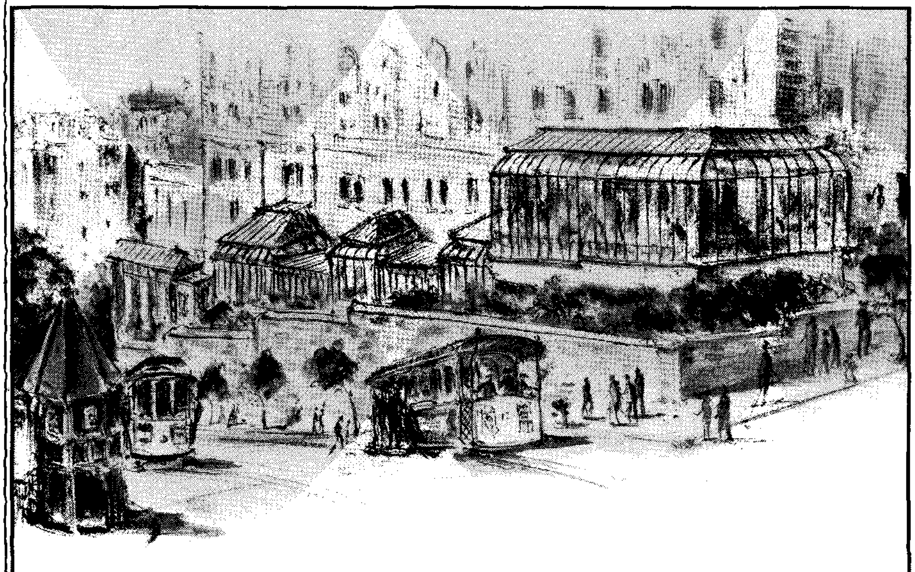
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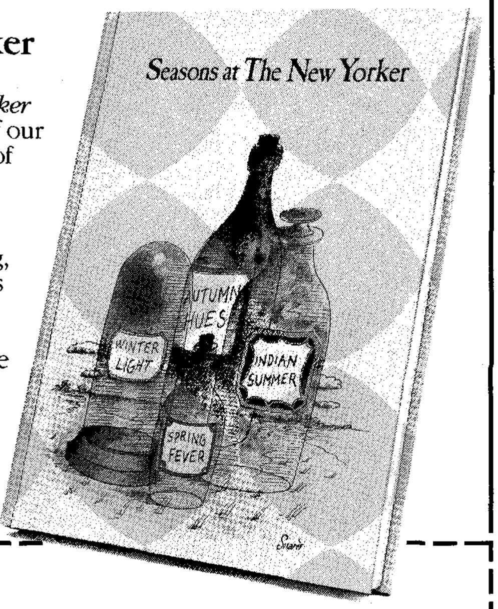

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lenwater both had stories about Buck Williams, an unschooled but remarkably acute black man from Chicken Bristle who was said to be so multitalented that he could have qualified as an expert witness. ("I pull calves. I shoe horses. I shoe mules. I castrates colts. I relieves old men of their water. And I have fried more fish for the Republican Party than any living man in this county.") There were stories about a legendary midwife and stories about a local man who had given his daughter the name Passing the Fair Shores Bryant. ("Oh, yeah, I knew her—they called her Passie.") Then Tom told the story that Boots used to tell about his half-great-uncle Doc and Doc's wife, Skillet. I figured it was only a matter of time until we got to Uncle Wash, and then it occurred to me that Uncle Wash stories could lead to stories about his grandson, Donnie Nunn. There is no reason, after all, that generational digression can't go in either direction. It occurred to me, in fact, that it's probably only a matter of time until "the marijuana thing" gets folded into the Kentucky storytelling. The chain could easily start with an Uncle Wash story:

"They tell a story about Uncle Wash. You know, Uncle Wash couldn't read. And one day he was down at the barbershop, looking at the *Courier-Journal* like he was reading, except it was upside down. And there was a picture of a ship on the front page. Someone said, 'What's in the newspaper, Uncle Wash?' And Uncle Wash said, 'Well, I tell you one thing: there's been a bad shipwreck.' "

"That reminds me of Uncle Wash's grandson, Donnie Nunn. Now, that old boy could talk."

"There was that time Donnie went over near Horse Cave where Tom Chaney was running this mill—"

"Boots Chaney's boy. Now, there was a man who could tell a story—old Boots Chaney."

"—and he started talking to Tom about this farmer in Metcalfe County who raised corn. And he said this old boy had a peculiar way of raisin' corn . . ."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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[*From the minutes of the Faculty Senate of Ohio University*]

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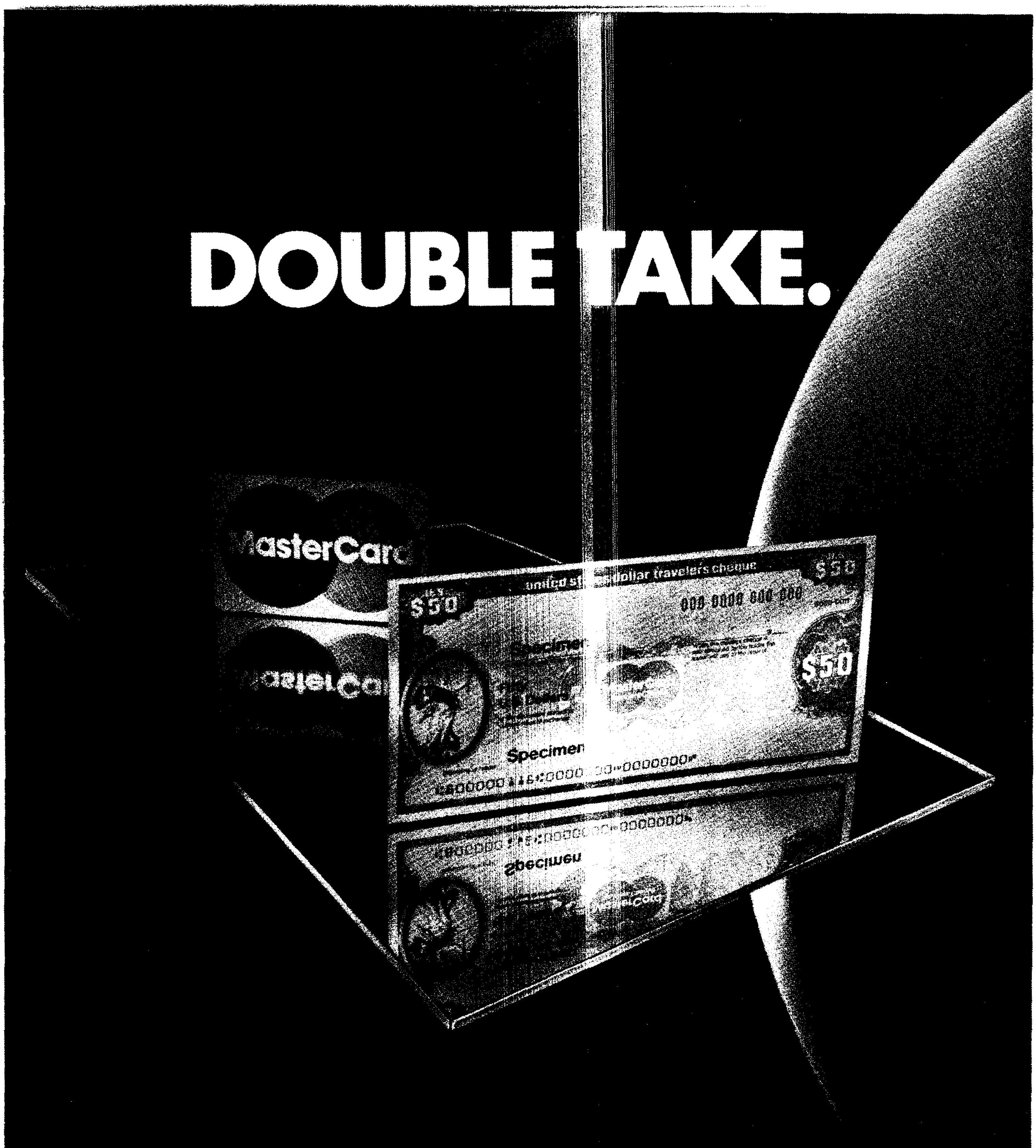
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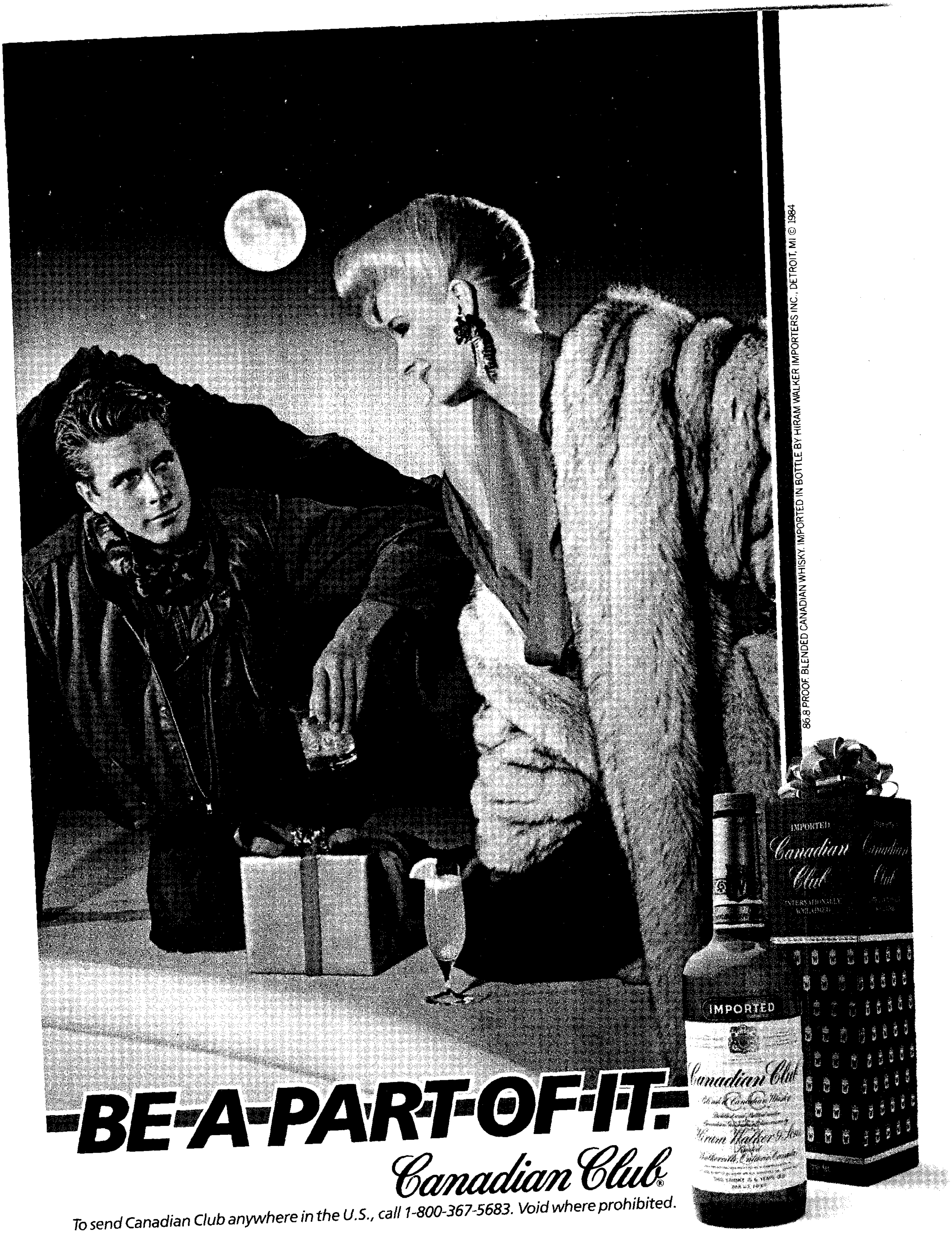
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MUSICAL EVENTS

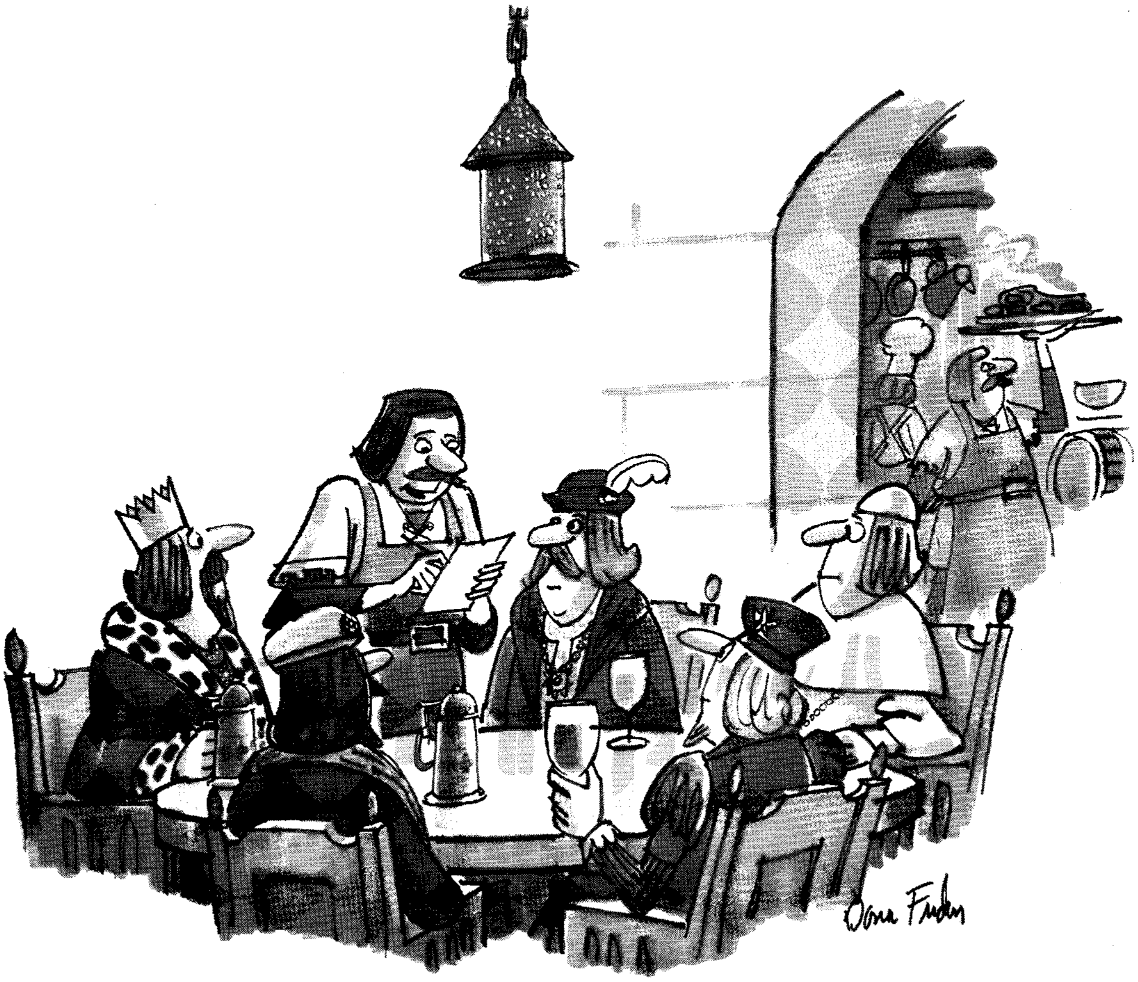
Crying for Peace and Love

"Simon Boccanegra" is a sombre, beautiful opera, which most Verdians hold especially dear. True, it lacks contrast: there is no trace of the laughter and brilliant high spirits to be found in every act of "Ballo" and in all but the first of "Forza." "Don Carlos" is larger, grander, more colorful, more ambitious, and "Aida" more surely fashioned, although its subject matter is conventional. The first version of "Boccanegra" (1857) marked Verdi's return to Italy after more than three years spent mainly in Paris, and his return to dramatic matter like that of the early "I Due Foscari," treated now in a richer and subtler manner. The revised "Boccanegra" (1881) broke his seven-year silence after the Requiem, and work on it proceeded while "Otello" was already being planned. In both cases, "Boccanegra" holds a special position in Verdi's career. In 1880, as he contemplated the revision, he wrote of the first version, "The score is impossible as it stands. It is too sad, too depressing . . . I'll need to redo all the second act [by which he meant what we know as Act I, for the context shows that he was thinking of the Prologue as the first act] and give it contrast and variety and more life." In fact, what he did was to remove the lively festive music of the first version—the Genoese people's anniversary celebration of Boccanegra's election, complete with stage band and ballet—and make the opera darker and more serious still. He directed the attention of his new collaborator, Arrigo Boito, to

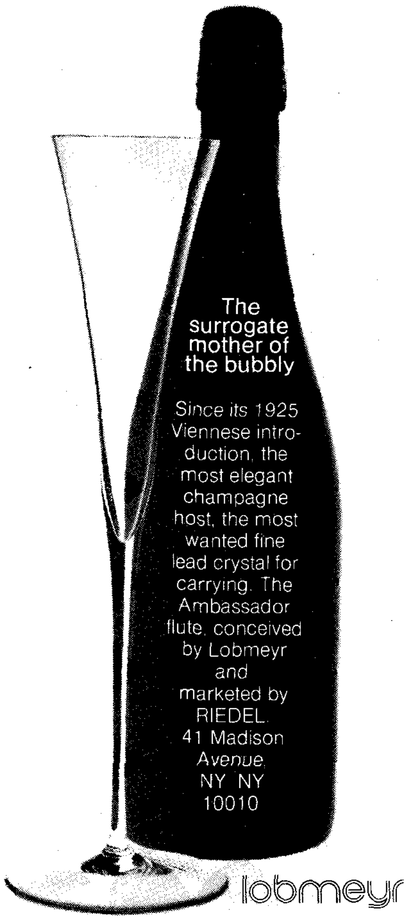
> two stupendous letters of Petrarch's, one written to Doge Boccanegra, the other to the Doge of Venice, telling them that they were about to embark on fratricidal strife, since both were sons of the same mother, Italy, etc. Sublime, this feeling for an Italian fatherland in those days! All that is politics, not drama, but a man of resource could well dramatize it.

Boito responded by citing another Petrarch letter: "It is fine to overcome a foe by the test of the sword, but finest to conquer him by magnanimity of heart." He was a man of resource. The Council scene he devised for Verdi, embodying the Petrarchian pleas for peace, is moving and magnificent. He sent it to the composer along with a bold alternative scheme in which the old Acts I and II are conflated and an entirely new act, set in the besieged church of San Siro, follows. But then he added his opinion that the opera was not worth resuscitating. The characters were weakly delineated. Profound virtues were trivially treated. The drama, after the Prologue, lacked tragic power and theatricality: it was like a rickety table that continued to wobble whichever leg one propped. (Boito later refused to let his name be associated with the revision, although the critics of the day made no secret of his share in it.) In reply, Verdi praised the novelty and theatricality of the San Siro act but said it was too much for him to tackle. He welcomed the Council scene. "Your criticisms are just, but you, immersed in loftier tasks, and with 'Otello' in mind, contemplate a perfection unattainable here. My aim is lower, and, more optimistic than you, I don't give up hope. I agree that the table is rickety, but, after some adjustment of a leg here and there, I think it will stand firm." He suggested that there certainly was something to be made of the characters of Simone and Fiesco.

Verdi's revision was thorough, and it eventually affected every scene. The piece was well received, and Verdi hoped it would make the rounds as most of his earlier operas had done, "even though the subject is very sad." ("It's sad because it has to be sad," he told a friend, "but it's gripping.") "Boccanegra" didn't catch on, however, and even today it is less often



"Let's see. That's one dish fit for a king, one dish fit for a duke, one dish fit for a cardinal . . ."



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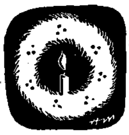

played than "Ballo," "Forza," and "Don Carlos." The Met is probably the only company that for over forty years (from 1932 to 1974) has given it with some regularity. The early Met casts were grand: Lawrence Tibbett, then Leonard Warren, in the title role; Maria Müller, then Elisabeth Rethberg, as Amelia; Giovanni Martinelli as Gabriele; Ezio Pinza as Fiesco. On pirate discs, 1935 and 1939 performances can still be heard; in "Opera on Record" Lord Harewood remarks that "few of us since the war have heard more than a handful of Verdi performances to compare at any point." Now, after a ten-year absence, "Boccanegra" has returned to the Met. We were originally promised a new production by Peter Hall, and then one by John Dexter, but in the event the opera has been newly staged by Tito Capobianco in old scenery borrowed from Chicago.

The first-night performance was not altogether satisfying; in fact, by high standards it should be called an unworthy one. The sets are large and handsome, but they look as though they had been pulled from stock, and they jar with the scenes that Verdi envisioned and regarded as essential to the proper enactment of his music. Mr. Capobianco's production included a good deal of amateurish-looking jostling by the chorus and eyes-on-the-conductor action by the principals. In its routine way, it was preferable to a perverse fancy staging, however well drilled, but not to a serious, stylish, imaginative presentation inspired by an accurate response to character, situation, and the music. There were compensations. James Levine's handling of the score, although hardly idiomatic, was carefully considered and was well played. (Perhaps it was an inflexibility of beat that led the *Times* critic to describe the famously delicate and original instrumental writing of Amelia's aria as "organ-grinder accompaniment.") And in the title role Sherrill Milnes gave a performance of deep feeling and some grandeur.

Chicago's 1974 production of "Boccanegra" has a certain historical importance. The Lyric Opera was host at the time to an international congress planned by the Parma-based Institute of Verdi Studies and devoted to "Boccanegra." The disparity between the work the Lyric presented and the work Verdi composed was so great that dismayed American Verdians set about the creation of an American Institute for Verdi Studies, and today that institute, housed at New York University, has a rich archive of prime materials for serious conductors and directors to consult before embarking on a Verdi production. (Mr. Levine and Mr. Capobianco are members of the advisory board.) There they can discover, for example, that in "Boccanegra" the cries of rebellion at the close of Act II should be not simply sung in by a stationary offstage chorus but treated dynamically. A page of the 1881 production book describes the needed effects, with detailed stage plans showing how they were attained at the Scala première; directors are told to test these and, if necessary, modify them to match the acoustics of a particular theatre. Verdi composed the opera with both ear and eye. "Take great care over the staging," he wrote in a letter. "It is essential that everyone should see Simone when [in the Prologue] he enters the house and when he comes out onto the balcony and takes down the lantern; here, I believe, I have achieved a musical effect that I do not want ruined by the staging." For the next scene he suggested practical ways in which, by gauzes and lights, the scene painter could second the ripple and sparkle of moonlight on the sea so delicately portrayed in his music. At the end of the opera, the lights of Genoa *en fête* should be clear and brilliant on a distant backcloth and then go out one by one until at Simone's death all is dark—"a powerfully effective moment, I believe, and it would be a disaster if the staging were not good." In Chicago, none of these things happened. Nor did they at the Met; the scenery—originally designed by Pier Luigi Pizzi, but at the Met modified and uncredited—does not allow them to. Act II (the Doge's room in the palace) and Act III (a large hall in the palace, open at the back to a wide prospect of the city) are now played in the same setting, without an intermission between them. This saves time, but the compromise set—a vast loggia with the Doge's study curiously laid out in one corner of it—destroys the intended contrast between a closed, intimate scene, without chorus (except offstage), and a public one. (At the back, a gilt equestrian statue of St. George and the dragon is three centuries out of period.) Another of Verdi's requirements—that the scene change in Act I should be made without dropping the front curtain and in the course of a single measure—was also unmet. The sudden transformation from the garden by the sea to the thronged council chamber would produce a powerful effect. The staging book sets out one way of accomplishing it, and the music is paced so as to give Simone time enough to don the ducal regalia, and Paolo and Pietro, who end the first scene, time enough to reach their appointed places in the second.

THE opera can be approached in different ways. Detailed adherence to nineteenth-century stage techniques is not essential. (Musical authenticity is perhaps more important. Julian Budden, in his splendid three-volume study "The Operas of Verdi"—now reissued, in paperback, by Oxford—has pointed out that the trombone writing in the Council scene requires the valved instruments of Verdi's day, not our modern slide instruments.) La Scala's 1971 production—directed by Giorgio Strehler, designed by Ezio Frigerio, conducted by Claudio Abbado, and musically preserved on a fine Deutsche Grammophon album—is famous. (In 1976, it visited London and Washington.) There was only one intermission. The scenery was simplified. The stage directions were not literally observed. But Strehler proceeded from a profoundly Verdian perception of the drama, as remarks of his gathered in a booklet accompanying the D.G. album make clear. Simone's story, he rightly says, is coherent, although "the libretto complicates and obscures the events" by its recourse to the old devices of melodrama—disguises, false names, discovery of the long-lost child, assassins' daggers and poison. "Everything may seem confused and jumbled, but it has sense in Simone's soul." In the Prologue, personal tragedy and public triumph follow one on the other (as they did at the start of Verdi's own career), and the theatrical scene—shadows, the sudden flare of torches, cloaked figures, mysterious encounters—is a potent metaphor. The sea—cradling, eternal, sometimes fierce, sometimes a gentle mother—is an ever-present symbol, both musically and scenically, as it is in "Peter Grimes." It murmurs in the opening pages, sparkles brightly in Amelia's love song, and at the close calls to the dying Doge. The plebeian seaman rises to the highest office. Lonely, misunderstood, unappreciated, attacked, he goes through life holding to his

"In Shanghai, the toilets are adequate. In China, that's a near miracle."

–THOMAS HOVING *on what to cherish and what to avoid from Guangzhou to Guilin in "China: The Good, Bad, and Ugly"*

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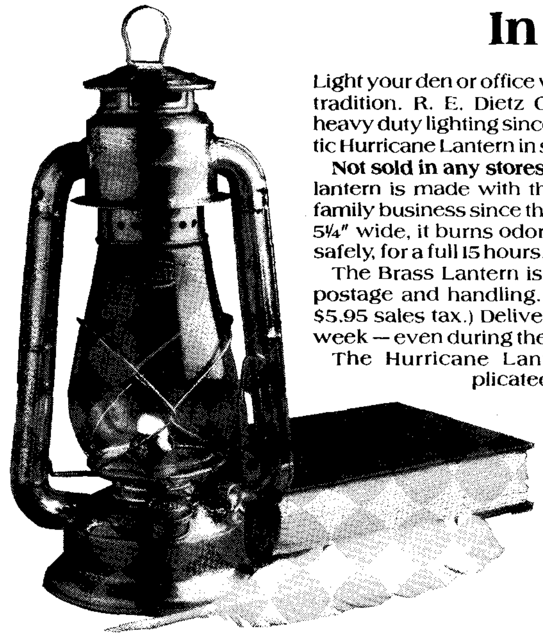

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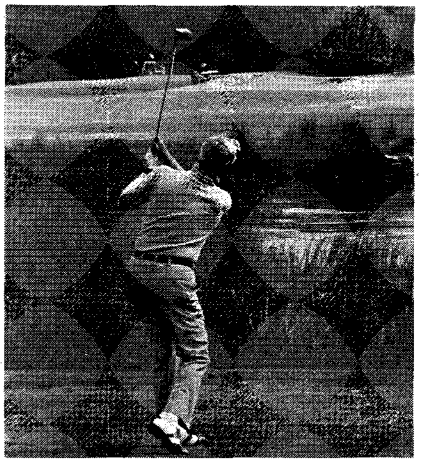

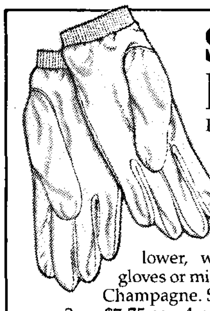

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ideals of courage, honesty, duty, and generosity of spirit. The vanity of hoping in this world for happiness and peace, the real, if fleeting, consolations of tender love, and the duty to endure without weakness or compromise were Verdi's recurrent concerns; in Francesco Foscari they found an early, in King Philip a late, and in Simon Boccanegra perhaps their most affecting and beautiful embodiment. Mr. Milnes understands this. In a *Times* interview before the performance, he said:

> I think Simon Boccanegra is the most profound character ever created by a French or Italian composer. [The national qualifications suggest that, as others have done, he holds Hans Sachs and Wotan to be comparable characters.] Otello also comes to mind, but he was concerned only about his own personal problems. Boccanegra has these, too, but his heart is immense—he goes much farther. I know of no other character who speaks with such love of mankind and who tries harder to do what we are trying to do now—getting people in conflict to live in peace. If he has a fatal weakness, it's his idealism.

The Council scene—Simone's plea for peace and love—was well described by Budden as "a hymn to the ideal of universal brotherhood as uplifting as Beethoven's 'Ode to Joy'" and as "perhaps the highest expression of social idealism in opera ever penned." Things seem to be coming right for Simone at last, but only when—unknown to himself—he is dying, poisoned by a traitor he trusted. Strehler replaced the final, symbolic extinguishing of the lights by a different image: a great sail fell as the corsair-doge died.

Another approach than Strehler's would be one attentive—but in no pedestrian or mere "blocking" way—to the prescriptions of the staging book: respectful of moves and stations that at once reflect the relationships, indicate changing patterns of dominance, clarify the musical structure, and help to insure an accurate musical balance. Such a production need be no more inhibiting to a sensitive director than the attempt at a faithful execution of the notes is to a conductor. A celebrated Fiesco remarked to me, during an interval of the Met performance, that across the years he'd been offered just two ways of singing "Il lacerato spirito": stage left or stage right. The production book sets the aria within a fairly elaborate stage crossing keyed to particular bars and carefully motivated. About the Amelia-Boccanegra duet, however, it says:

> His questions, her replies, the eagerness and ever growing interest of the Doge are too clearly defined by the music to make any minute description of the moves necessary: this is one of those music-drama scenes that draw their effect from the talent and intuition of the artists; and no cold scenic description would achieve the desired result when the actors did not have natural understanding and could not give form to the powerful emotions that stir them.

And so only a few key moves are specified, to provide a framework within which the artists can work.

AMELIA was sung by Anna Tomowa-Sintow. On the first night, her aria was disappointing, the timbre a shade dirty; but then the voice cleared, and her lines flowed fully and truly. She is a correct and well-trained artist, if not an exciting or individual one. Vasile Moldoveanu was the Gabriele Adorno. I like the bright, virile ring and sharp focus of his tenor. There's something of Martinelli about it. It's a sound more incisive than, say, Placido Domingo's. The performance was unsubtle—eyes front, and give it to the audience—but not mere provincial belting. Paolo, a role usually assigned to budding Boccanegras (it was Leonard Warren's début role at the Met, and Mr. Milnes has sung it there), was on this occasion taken by a veteran Boccanegra: Peter Glossop, burly-voiced and bulldog-firm as ever. Fiesco is a part for a primo basso profondo, and Paul Plishka didn't quite fit the bill; he was unsteady in the aria and did not have the dominant personality of the proud old patrician. Simone's political and social adversary wasn't formidable enough.

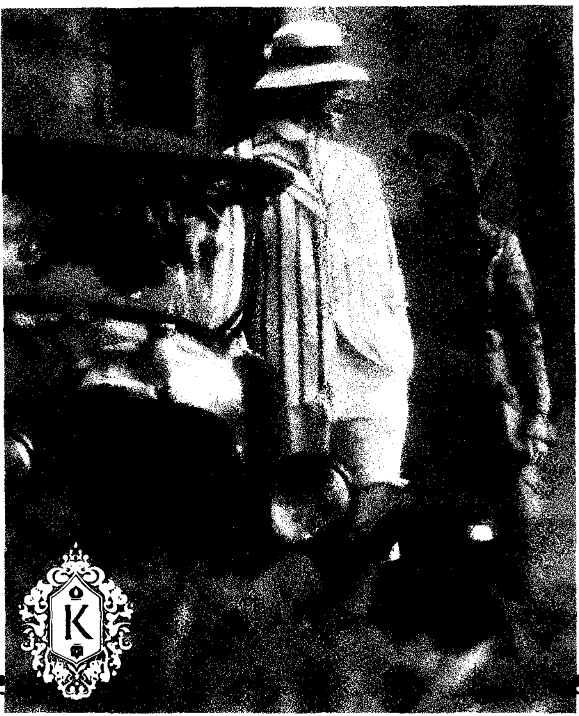
So, in effect, Mr. Milnes had to carry the show, and this he did by honesty and force of feeling, physical presence, and strength of voice. He has matured into an uncommonly interesting and impressive Boccanegra, less concerned than before with brilliant top notes and generalized magnificence, readier to seek the specific eloquence of each episode and of each incident within it. Reaction to Milnes performances is seldom straightforward. His voice is unconventional and is produced now in ways that seem more willed than natural. The vocal naturalness and ease that Piero Cappuccilli and Renato Bruson—the other international Boccanegras of our day—display at their best are absent. Sometimes Mr. Milnes hits notes that, while still powerful, are plain and bleak in timbre—patches where the nap seems to have gone and only the strong, tough backing shows through. On the other hand, Mr. Cappuccilli and Mr. Bruson when unprodded by firm direction are apt to amble through the opera in an uncommitted and monotonous fashion, whereas Mr. Milnes is always engaged with the sense of what he does. About his stage portrayal one has similarly mixed feelings. The emotional projection is vivid, but, however subtly conceived and intricate the emotions may be, his theatrical devices tend to be old-fashioned and unsubtle. In the Council scene, he made such play with the ducal robe that it began to distract attention from the man within it. At the end, he crashed to the ground in a melodramatic stage fall that was very striking but surely less moving than the death described in the production book:

> Suddenly the Doge rises, extends his arms toward his daughter, and with a supreme effort cries "Maria!" He would say more, but he cannot; he falls back on the seat [which has been described as broad, low, and backless] and looks for the last time at the sea. His head falls back; he is dead.

At the Met, the applause broke out before the curtain had fallen or the music had ended (whereas when the Strehler "Boccanegra" played at Covent Garden the editor of *Opera* reported a fifteen- or twenty-second silence, into which the first clapping broke as an unwelcome intrusion). Mr. Milnes' histrionics were partly to blame, but in fairness it should be noted that even the greatest artists seem unable to quell the ill-timed enthusiasm of Met audiences. There are always (I'd add "except on Wagner nights" could one be sure of hearing the last chord of "Tristan") some unmannerly and ignorant persons there who don't want to listen to the music or let others do so. The magical close of the Amelia-Boccanegra duet—the Doge's poignant, loving exclamation "Figlia!" on a soft high F, as his eyes follow his departing daughter—was ruined. It tells of the new ray of happiness that has entered his life. But it went unheard: some of the audience had begun applauding loudly long before Mr. Milnes breathed the tender cry.

The scenery will presumably go back to Chicago. The production is presumably a stopgap affair assembled when the Met's plans for its own "Boccanegra" fell through. The way is still open for a serious, studied new production of the great opera.

—ANDREW PORTER



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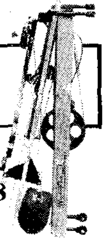


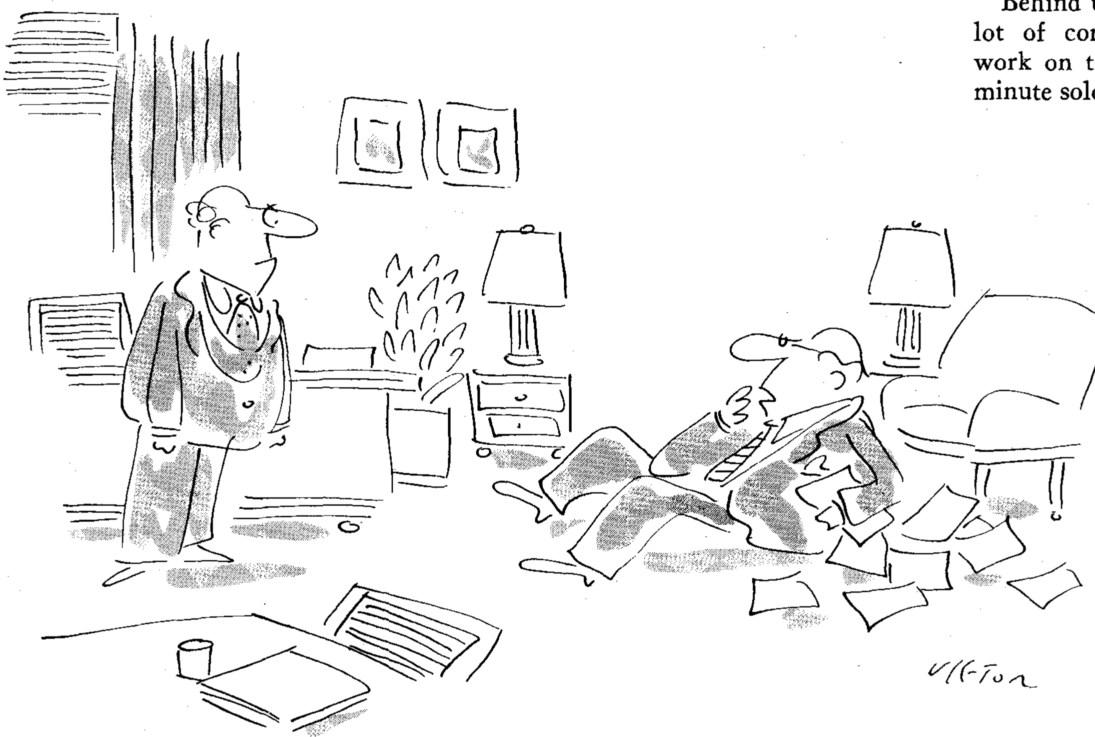
DANCING

Championship Form

Mark Morris didn't call his Brooklyn Academy of Music concert "The Modern Dance Till Now," though he well might have; the three numbers on the program took us from Bennington through Judson to Morris's own era in ninety minutes (with intermission). When it was over, it seemed as if Morris, in summing up his tradition, had placed himself in charge of it and could now take it wherever he liked. He's the clearest illustration we have, at the moment, of the principle of succession and how it works in dance: each new master assimilates the past in all its variety and becomes our guide to the future. In dance, the present is the only known tense, so the spell cast by a Mark Morris is the illusion of a perspective—seeing the past and the future simultaneously contained within the present, seeing Then as Now, Now as Forever. And within this perspective there is the no less fascinating spectacle of Morris's own evolution. I felt that "Gloria," the earliest work on the program, was not quite the whole Morris, yet it has things—a musical score, for one, most sensitively treated—that the latest piece doesn't have. And it is a kind of modern-dance compendium in itself.

The rhetorical style of "Gloria" is in the main a recapitulation of an early pietistic phase in modern dance which has actually persisted in the work of Alvin Ailey and some others. Set to Vivaldi's Gloria in D, the choreography is full of the sky-sweeping arms, canting torsos, and ecstatic, relevé-triggered spiralling "falls and recoveries" that were dear to the heart of old Bennington. But the piece is also a postmodern testament: there is the odd gesture, the convulsive accent, the mild strain of dissonance; one person shoves another, hands grip crotches, a whole bunch of people fall to the floor and crawl forward on their bellies. If the "uplift" movement recalls at times the puritanical fervor of Doris Humphrey (at other times the unction of Ailey), it also hints at the radical simplicity and frankness of Paul Taylor. But the breezy impenitence of it all summons up the robotic era, just past, of motiveless motion and druggy dissociative gesture typified by such choreographers as Laura Dean and Andy deGroat. These echoes appear not as a nice neat set of discrete evocations but as a scrambled-together cacophonous mass of material. Maybe to Morris the past is all one piece of goods, and it could be that what I see as a historic survey (the religiosity of the thirties generation superimposed on the ritualism of the seventies, or the other way around) is only his response as a choreographer to a certain kind of music. He danced for several seasons in the company of Hannah Kahn, who sets pleasantly anachronistic joy-of-dance movement to classical music. Like Morris's, Kahn's technique is highly kinetic, and she uses the same kind of wide stance, broad upper body, and round, full phrasing. But I find no adventure in the dances and no musical feeling to compare with his. Morris also danced with Dean, who was possibly a more potent influence. At all events, he hasn't turned out a pastiche. The fact that he has made a very successful new version of a modern-dance staple shows that an instinct for the new can coexist with a taste for the perennial. (This may seem a cliché, but count up the "new" choreographers and see how many there are to whom it actually applies.) Even if Morris was as conscious of his past in making "Gloria" as I was in watching it, I think his impulse must have been to make it as if no one had been there before him. I also suspect that, seen at an earlier stage of his development, "Gloria" (which is in fact a reworking of a 1981 piece) would have been the evening's high point—the event that revealed *the* Mark Morris. It wasn't this time, and not because the two newer pieces were without doubt the weirdest to be seen on any stage this season.

Behind the weirdness, Morris has a lot of common sense. The second work on the program was a twenty-minute solo that he performed himself. Twenty minutes is a long time for a solo, but not for this tour de force. Morris had adapted to his own purposes classical Indian dance forms, which with their typically protracted time sense and repetitive structures have inspired a whole body of avant-garde music and dance in America; even as he danced, "Einstein on the Beach" was being rehearsed in another part of the building. Yet *seeing* Morris in the guise of an Indian classical dancer was something of a shock. He appeared in a loincloth, with his shoulder-length curls unbound, and with



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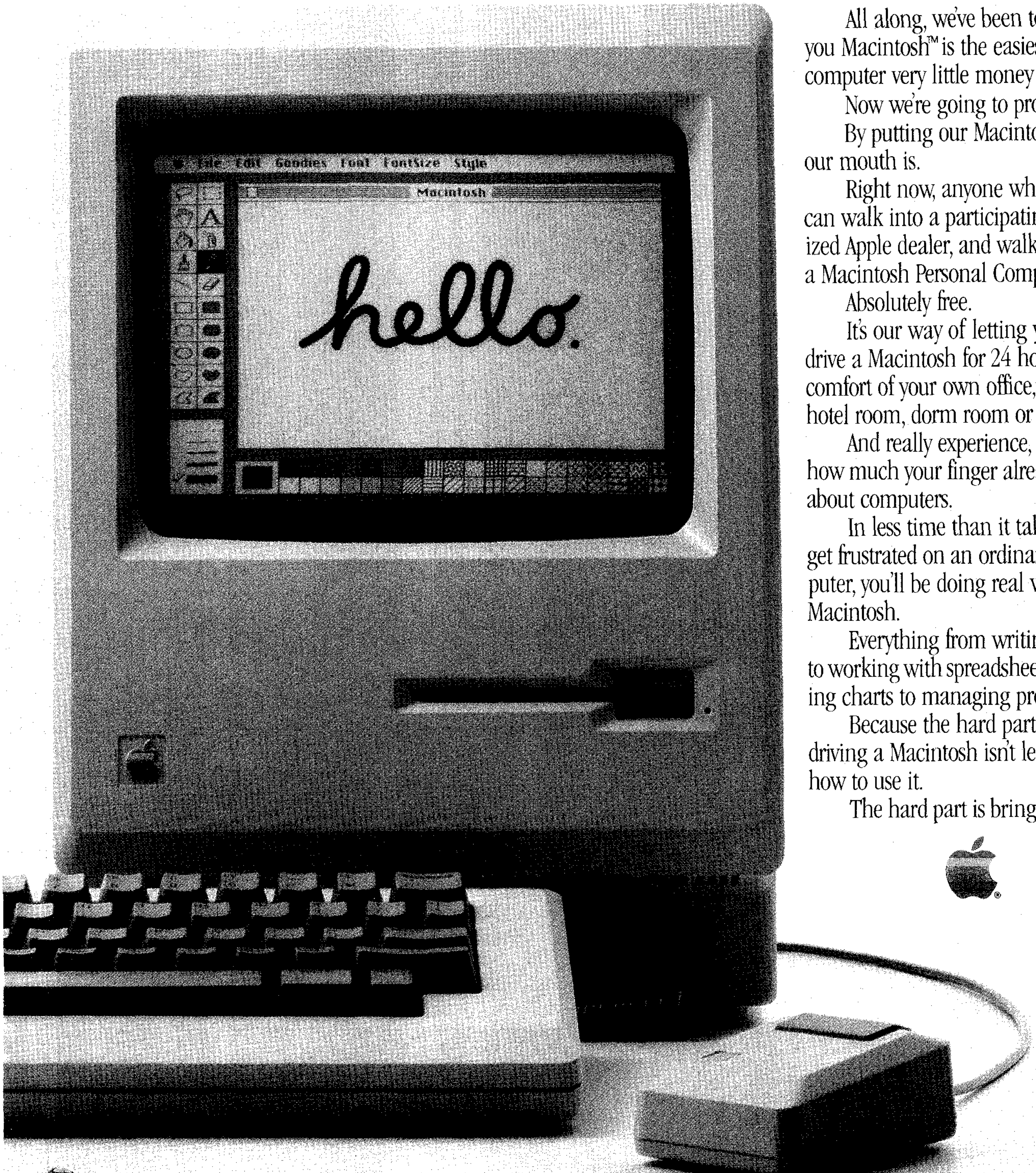

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his palms and the soles of his big feet anointed with red paint. These trappings were assumed quite unaffectedly; the dance turned out to be a personal variation on Indian dance themes, no more ethnological than the music of Philip Glass. Yet Morris's performance was as far from the minimalism of Glass, Steve Reich, and their attendant school of choreography as the real, rich, endlessly nuanced ancient art of India is itself. In those twenty minutes, Morris established two points of connection with the past. First, he is the link, missing until now, to the mid-seventies and the cult of Eastern music and dance which began flourishing then. Second, he transcends cultism and becomes himself a connection to the original source material—becomes, indeed, a kind of corrective to the cult. Instead of a score by Glass or Reich, Morris uses a tape of "O Rangasayee," a raga by Sri Tyagaraja. M. S. Subbulakshmi, who sings on the tape, has a soft, supple, velvety voice, and Morris produces movements that are a mirror of her inflections, even of the texture of her sound. Some of his movements—the warrior stances, the one-legged Shiva-like poses en face with cocked knees and angled arms—are traditional; others appeared to be freely invented, though close enough to the tradition to seem part of it. (If there were an indigenous modern dance in Southern India today, it might look like this.) In what he attempts here, Morris evokes another tradition—that of Ted Shawn and his dances of the Orient. Shawn, however, Westernized his models; one can't imagine him performing a twenty-minute raga or, if he ever did, observing its structural pattern. In one section of "O Rangasayee," Morris does about fifteen repeats of a passage on the diagonal, which he varies occasionally with lateral sorties at the rear of the stage. Every time—every single time—Morris repeated the diagonal sequence, it was different. He followed a basic pattern: holding himself in profile, he would back upstage in small, delicate emboîtés, then abruptly about-face and walk the rest of the way squarely erect, waggling his head. Whirling and continuing to whirl, he would come back downstage in a wide-striding crouch. The sequence was a loop, and as one watched it one saw shortened and lengthened phrases, phrases thickened or attenuated, accents shifted, attack altered. But one saw these things with one's second sight; primarily, the experience of the passage was a purely rhythmic pleasure with incidental pleasures along the way. The head-waggling, for instance, became ever more mysterious, the emboîtés ever more delicious (Morris would vary the depth of his plié and the drumming of his feet as they travelled upstage). The catch step that resumed the emboîtés became—like the metal clasp on a necklace—a small event in itself, unwearyingly familiar, to offset new sparkles in a constantly changing configuration.

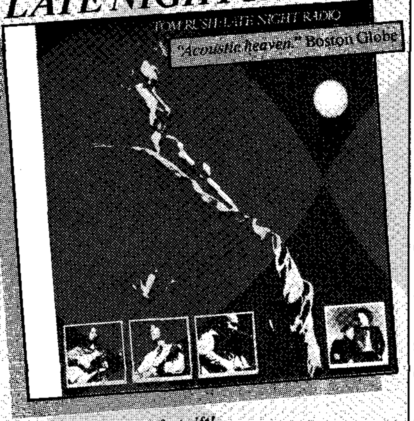
In his bearing, Morris has a relaxed and powerful physicality. He's voluptuous but not narcissistic. He gives the impression of dancing for his own pleasure, but without vanity. Not a small man, he's not all soft edges, either. Previous solos of his that I've seen have played on his androgynous quality, but "O Rangasayee" went beyond them all in its reconciliation of masculine and feminine aspects in his dancing. It excelled, too, in its labyrinthine rhythm and its dynamic use of antithetical energies (stasis-kinesis, abandon-control). Reconciliation of opposites was, in fact, the solo's poetic theme. East and West, tradition and the avant-garde as well as sexual ambiguities were brought to new harmonious resolutions, and it was done through the manipulation of abstract dance forces. In the solos in last year's New York concerts, Morris had shown himself to be a remarkable personality, with a sense of form and a flair for self-presentation. The solos were awesome, and afterward you wondered, Who is this guy? After "O Rangasayee," I still wonder at Mark Morris's mystery. But that he is one of the world's marvellous dancers I have no doubt.

Somewhere in his being, Morris is a philosophy major. Last year, he gave us a piece on the death of Socrates; this year, it's "Championship Wrestling After Roland Barthes." The basic point Barthes makes in his amusingly pedantic essay "The World of Wrestling" is that wrestling is not a sport but a spectacle; it belongs to the theatre, and, like the theatre, it deals in "the intelligible representation of moral situations." Morris doesn't present a morality play. Since, according to Barthes, wrestling already is that, Morris focusses on the details of the way wrestlers look and act; he uses wrestling as a dance spectacle. The result is very different from Johanna Boyce or Molissa Fenley attempting to present sports as dance, and it's different from the various sports ballets, in which sports can't really exist. There is no tennis in "Jeux," no skating in "Les Patineurs." But everything about wrestling exists in "Championship Wrestling" except the actual clouting of the opponent—no one gets bruised. As a parody, the dance is practically one on one with its subject. Even point-scoring can be eliminated, because, if Barthes is right, what matters in wrestling is not the excellence of the contestants but their participation in a universal drama—"the great spectacle," as he puts it, "of Suffering, Defeat, and Justice." Wrestling (like dancing) has no hidden code of meaning; what you see is all there is to it. Ergo, on with the show.

Morris designed the piece for ten members of his company, five men and five women, and he has men fighting women as well as women fighting women and men fighting men. He doesn't try to make any of it beautiful; it's all as indefensibly stupid as it is in the arena, only—because of witty staging and impeccable comic timing—a thousand times funnier. The clinches, the body blows, the crashes to the floor are as finely engineered as the mayhem in vintage Tom and Jerry cartoons. In the most outlandish sequence, two antagonists supported by two teams are maneuvered against each other in slow motion. On contact, each delivers a blow—in slow motion. One punches the other's head precisely ten times, is punched back, and by dozens of grappling hands is turned head over heels slowly and excruciatingly, over and over and on and on. Herschel Garfein, the composer, has provided a half-documentary, half-cartoon score, filled with crowd noises and electronic whammies. The dancers, men and women alike, take their macho poses and hunker around with brute authority; they manage to look svelte and squat at the same time. As the lights go down, they are lying all over the stage, slapping the floor with their hands in order, as Barthes says, "to make evident to all the intolerable nature of [their] situation."

The Mark Morris Dance Group ended the choreographers' series in this year's Next Wave Festival, which is how the Brooklyn Academy bills its programs of new or newish non-mainstream music and dance. Previous entrants—Meredith Monk and Ping Chong, Remy Charlip, Elisa Monte, and Bill T. Jones and Arnie Zane—were presented in the Opera House; Morris was in the big cold cave on the second floor called the Lepercq Space. He not only defeated the disadvantage; he put on a show that in idiomatic range, technical command, and audacity of vision eclipsed the competition and, for the first time this season, justified the series' title.

New York used to see a great many more visiting Spanish dancers than it does now. In the fifties and sixties, it was nothing for a Spanish company to play a three-week season on Broadway. Antonio Gades was the last great Spanish dancer to make a New York début; that was in 1964, and since then the torch has been carried by a thin trickle of soloists, none of them stars, booked into out-of-the-way houses. But business may be picking up. Gades returns with his company to the City Center next month, and last month we had the brilliant María Benítez for a week at the Joyce. Benítez is herself a sign of the changing times—a non-Spanish-born Spanish-dance artist whose authenticity is beyond question. The undisputed Spanish-dance star of the fifties and sixties was José Greco; in terms of box-office power he may have been the greatest of all dance stars until the advent of Rudolf Nureyev. The fact that Greco was not Spanish but an Italian (raised in Brooklyn) was held against him by the purists, and during the palmy days of the Spanish touring companies his was often accused of trumpery. María Benítez, born in Minnesota, has an American Indian mother and a Puerto Rican father. She studied and toured in Spain, and in 1972 formed her first company, María Benítez Estampa Flamenca. She has appeared in New York before—I last saw her in Brooklyn, in 1979—but never with the impact she had last month at the Joyce. And with her during the week, appearing as a guest artist, was José Greco. Greco's waist



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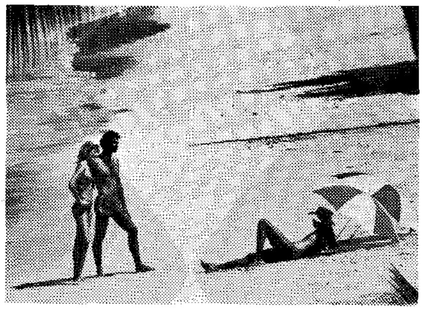

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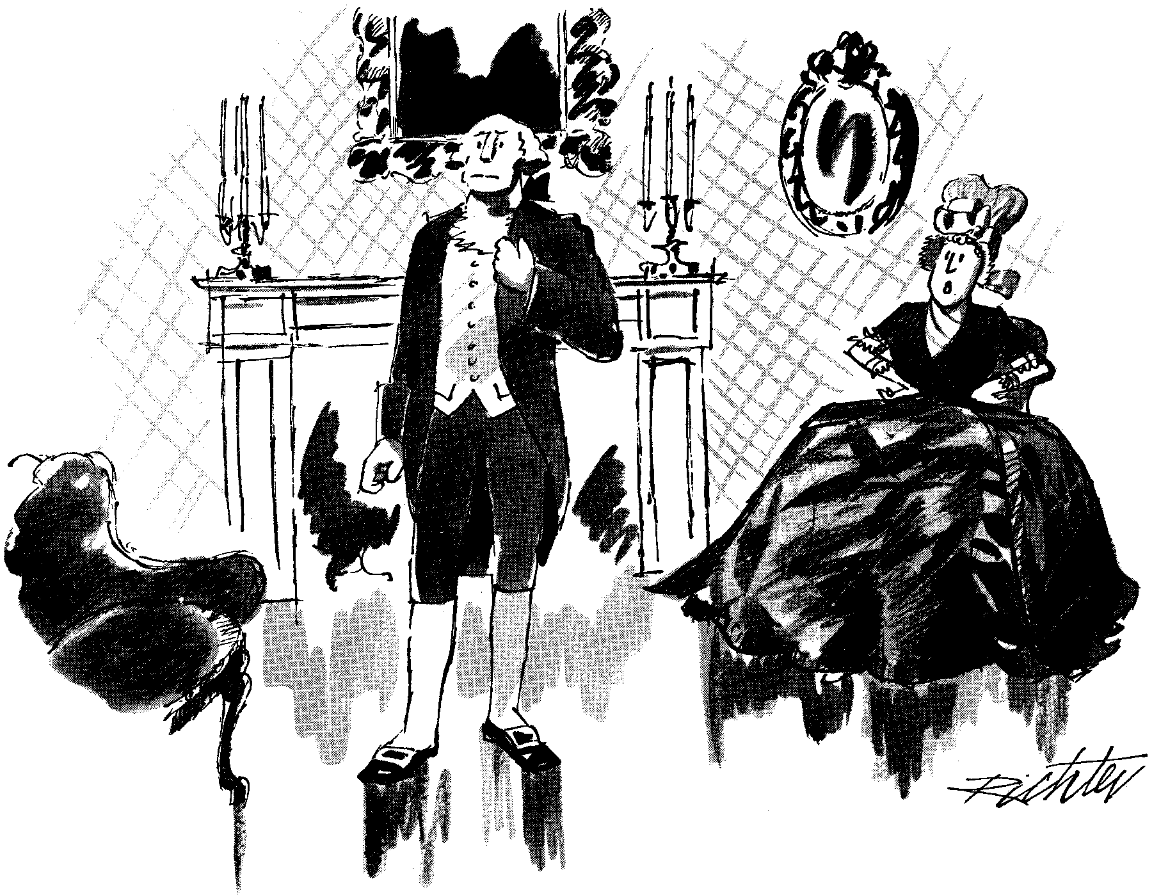

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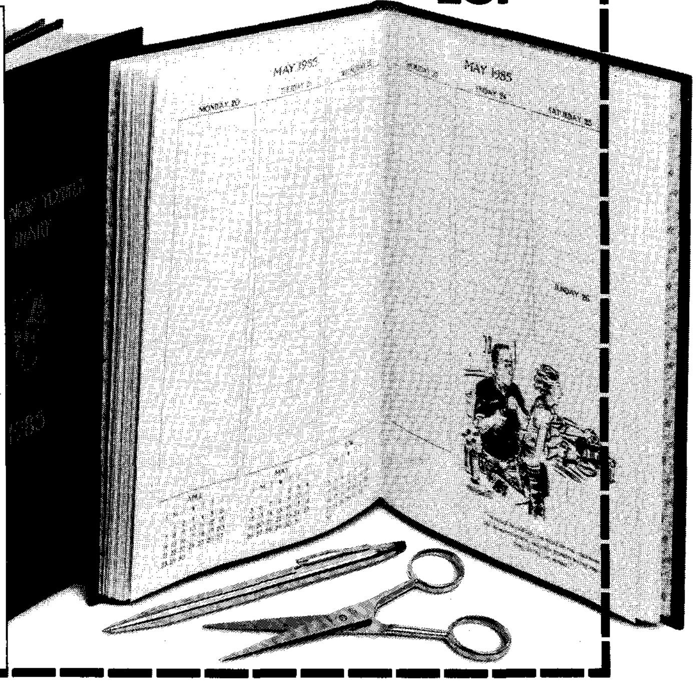

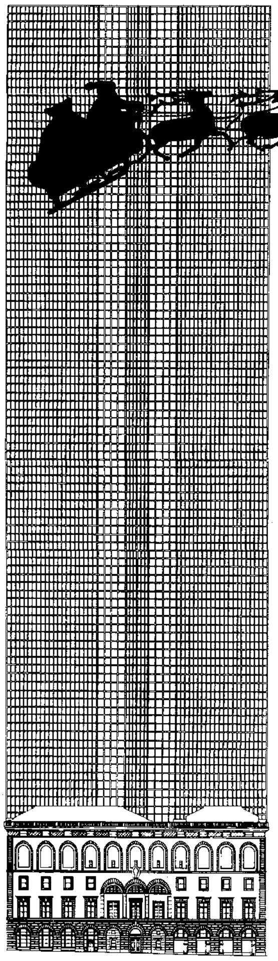

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Alitalia

has thickened (he is now sixty-five), but the line of his back is still iconic, and he lifts and braces his knees like a stallion. Benítez dedicated her season to him, in thanks for having broken the Spanish-by-birth barrier. In a program note, she wrote, "It is very easy to make a personal, private statement of admiration, but it is a tremendous joy to make this statement public." And she danced with him in the romantic "Nobleza Andaluza" and in the rousing flamenco finale.

The current Benítez company is a reconstituted group, talented and attractive but not a completely integrated ensemble. Young Rosa Mercedes danced a firm and springy eighteenth-century-style solo hampered by the overfull cut of her costume. Pablo Rodarte and Timo Lozano performed solidly as contrasting studies in masculine vigor, the one impetuous, the other more restrained; neither is as yet the partner Benítez requires. Opening night started shakily. Not until the star's first solo, which caught the house, did the company relax; then everyone performed with spontaneous warmth. The dancers are sunny, with an offhand elegance; they don't spoil the seductiveness of Spanish dance with hard work and pomposity. Benítez's strictness and intensity have always been impressive but just a little scary. She's a mellower performer now, with a calm that draws you in. Her solos had some wonderfully suspenseful Kabuki-like moments, and in the dances with Greco she was exhilarating—gracious, enveloping, at every moment plastically vivid and responsive. There was good music, too, by the two guitarists and the singer, Luis Vargas, who went right along with the amiable spirit of the evening. The only miscalculation was the inclusion of a perfunctory dance drama in which Benítez was caught—physically—between her husband and her lover and stabbed by mistake. As soon as that happened, the curtain rushed down, the clouds parted, and the sun came out again. —ARLENE CROCE

•

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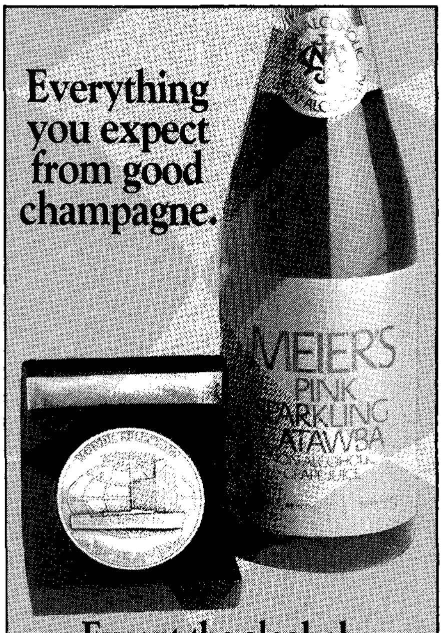

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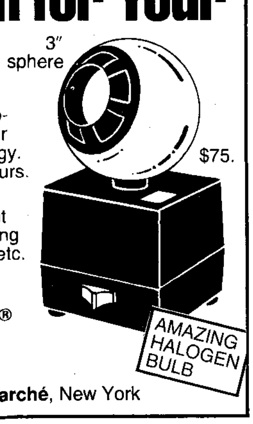

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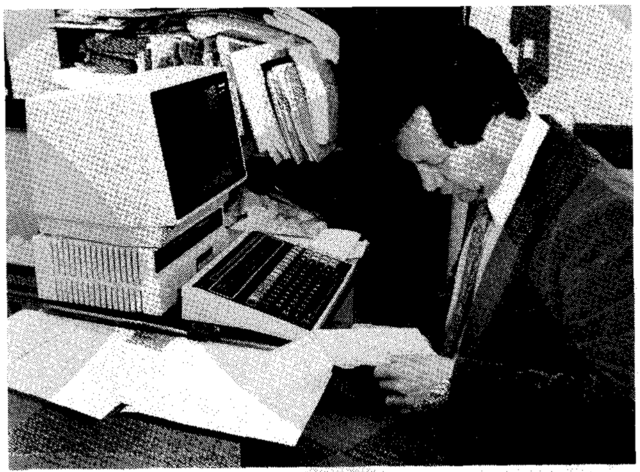

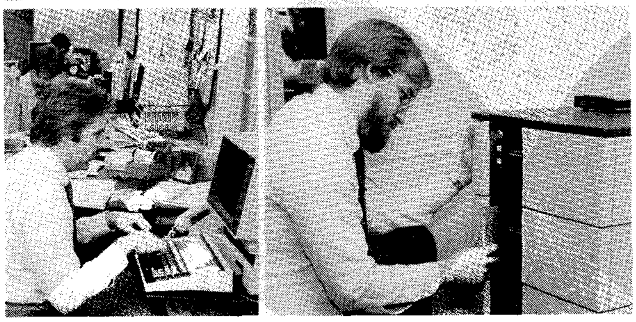

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JAZZ

Vic

André Hodeir, the French critic and composer, once wrote that a jazz musician's musical life ends at forty—that thereafter he becomes repetitious and increasingly weary, whether for psychological or physical reasons. But Hodeir laid down his infamous dictum thirty years ago, when jazz was barely sixty years old and the first generation of truly consummate jazzmen had only begun passing into middle age. Since then, the list of aging musicians who have defied Hodeir's law by playing with freshness and invention, by even playing with deepening inspiration, has steadily increased. A partial accounting: Milt Jackson, Jimmy Knepper, Count Basie, Bobby Hackett, Benny Carter, Jim Hall, Johnny Hodges, Charlie Rouse, Buck Clayton, Buddy Rich, Doc Cheatham, Teddy Wilson, Ornette Coleman, Red Allen, Warne Marsh, Zoot Sims, Buddy De Franco, Art Farmer, Red Norvo, John Lewis, Edmond Hall, Cecil Taylor, Art Tatum, Charles Mingus, Ben Webster, Thelonious Monk, Lee Konitz, Jo Jones, Joe Venuti, Dizzy Gillespie, Art Hodes, Erroll Garner, and Vic Dickenson. Of all these marvels, Dickenson, who died in November, at the age of seventy-eight, was the most ageless. As the years went by, he never seemed to look any older, and his playing never diminished. Keeping his cool was essential to him—it was a matter of pride—and perhaps that insulated him. The only thing that visibly gave out was his feet, and their failure left him in his last decade with a slow, leaning-tower gait. He had a tall, narrow frame and a tall, narrow head. His arms and hands and legs were long and thin. The expression in his eyes flickered between humor and hurt, and his smile went to one side. He was a laconic man who said he had become a musician because "I know I wouldn't have been a good doctor, and I wouldn't have been a good cook. I know I wouldn't have been a good janitor, and I don't have the patience to be a good teacher. I'd slap them on the finger all the time, and the last thing I ever want to do is mess up my cool." He always liked a drink, and he made his drinks evenly spaced signposts that ran through his days and nights; before he took his first one of the day, he'd say, "Ding ding," a placative phrase borrowed from his old friend Lester Young. Dickenson enhanced every group he played with, in the way that the expert and unassuming hold life together. You knew that his solos would be witty and inventive and original. You knew that each one would give you—in a laughing smear, in the way he sidled up to a melody, in a tight, swinging *speaking* phrase—some music to take home with you. You knew that he did not merely play the trombone but used it, with his soft tone and gloved attack, to appraise what went on around him, to express his bemused, amused view of the world.

"Maine? What an authentic place to come from."

Dickenson's life was his music. He had come up, as was customary in his time, through the big bands (Blanche Calloway, Claude Hopkins, Benny Carter, Count Basie), and he did not find them congenial. He did not like the drudgery of section work, and he was put off by the generally skimpy solo space. He first made his mark in the early forties in Eddie Heywood's smooth sextet. Heywood had the sense to let Dickenson stretch out, and he would do excruciating parodies of songs like "You Made Me Love You," pulling their lachrymose melodies out of shape and advancing the notion that music could be funny without being clownish. Dickenson worked with Doc Cheatham in Heywood's band, and Cheatham recently said of his friend, "Vic was always helping people, getting them jobs, looking out for them. He helped me correct several things—little melodies I was doing wrong. There wasn't anything he didn't know about music. Sometimes I'd call him on the telephone just to stick him. I'd sing him some obscure tune I'd found, and he'd name it right off. You had to work with him a long time to appreciate him, because he didn't talk much. That was the only thing wrong with him. He'd answer your question, that's all. He could do anything—make biscuits, things like that. Once, when we were working for George Wein in Boston, my wife and I lived with him in this tenement, wood, on the third floor, a terrible firetrap, and one morning just after Vic had finished making biscuits and we were sitting down to eat, the firemen came running up the stairs and said the building next door was on fire and we'd better get out. Well, Vic told the firemen, 'We'll get out after we eat our ham and eggs and biscuits,' and we did. My first child was born while we lived there, and Vic never charged us any rent or anything." From the late forties on, Dickenson was usually in New York, playing in this or that small band, occasionally leading his own group, and filling his nights and ours with countless solos, each newborn and affecting. He wrote songs, too, and he gave them melodies that sounded like his improvisations. He also gave them unique titles—"What Have You Done with the Key to Your Heart?," "Constantly," "I'll Try." He was chagrined that none of them ever caught on.

Bobby Hackett became the centerpiece of Dickenson's musical life in the fifties. The tall and the short of it, they complemented each other perfectly, and worked together every chance they got. (Hackett died in 1976.) Hackett was the logician and Dickenson the humanist. Hackett had bells in his sound and Dickenson voices. Hackett rhymed and Dickenson was in free verse. Dickenson, who was nine years older, laughed a lot with Hackett, who was on a constant, funny low boil, and he revered Hackett's "beautiful, perfect playing." When they were on the road together, they would retire to their hotel room after work, and Hackett would play his guitar (Glenn Miller had hired him as a guitarist), and Dickenson would sing in his nasal, upturned voice. In 1969, Dickenson and Hackett were invited to play at one of Dick Gibson's September subscription jazz parties in Aspen, Colorado, and Hackett, who was a diabetic and was not supposed to drink, fell off the wagon the night before. He and Dickenson sat together the next morning on the bus to Aspen, and Hackett looked ashen and transparent. He slept most of the way, his head back, his mouth open. He did not move when the bus stopped for lunch in Vail, but Dickenson got off and came back with some soup and a sandwich and made Hackett sit up and eat. By the time the bus reached Aspen that afternoon, Hackett was restored and ready. Dickenson said he never got over missing Hackett after his death. Nor would Hackett have got over missing Dickenson, had things worked that way. Nor will we.

—Whitney Balliett

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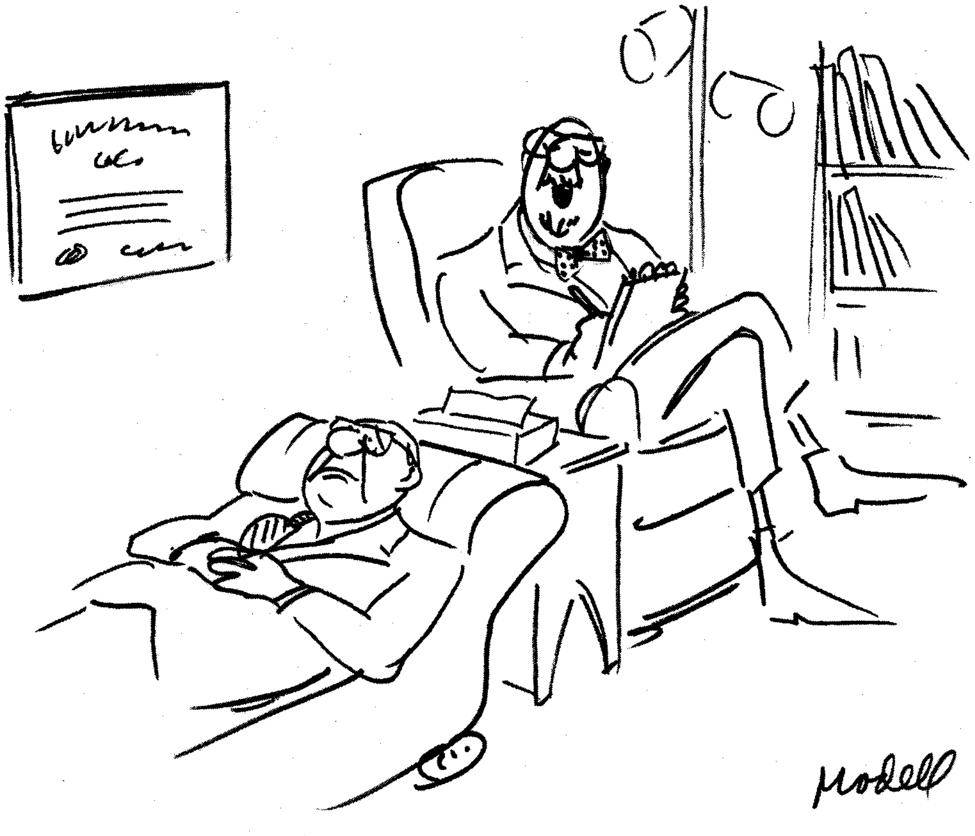
BOOKS

Vital Affections

"War in Val d'Orcia" (Godine; $14.95) is the simple, day-to-day record of the terrible years 1943-44 in Italy, set down by a woman who was always too busy, she noted, to remember to feel afraid. The Marchesa Iris Origo wrote her diary partly for the clarifying relief of snatching time to write a cool, factual running account, mostly brief, of how she and her husband and the farmers and farm workers on his Tuscan estate survived the turmoil that the German occupation and the resulting civil war brought to their valley. She came to feel, too, that the immediacy of the entries might one day be valuable. At first, the hastily scribbled pages were hidden in the children's picture books in the nursery; her Anglo-American parentage made it possible that the house would be searched. Later, they were buried in tin boxes in the garden. She set down the war news as the Origos were able to gather it from the national radio and from the BBC, and sometimes, in moments of crisis, when the Italian broadcasts ceased, from the German bulletins. Before they found themselves in the last, fierce battle in the summer of 1944, as the Allied armies slowly, with enormous losses, struggled up from the south, all that they could learn for certain of what was happening elsewhere in Italy was in the letters from friends, describing the destruction of the air raids; the arrests and questionings of anti-Fascists and Jews by the new Italian S.S., who sprang out of the ground when the ailing Mussolini was rescued and restored as ostensible head of the puppet government; and giving news of other landowners, who had mostly, like themselves, "walled up some reserves of wheat, potatoes, oil, and wine" and were "sitting tight" with their peasants. Rumors were passed on, sometimes in cryptic language, such as the letter saying that "Victoria has had permission to stay near Civitavecchia very soon," which they took to mean that the longed-for Allied landing was close. Scraps of information came from the constant stream of escaping prisoners of war, mostly British, who emerged from the Origos' woods and (here as all over Italy) were fed and housed, sometimes for months on end in the bitter winter weather, on outlying farms by peasant families, who disregarded the danger to themselves and helped them on their way.

Before her marriage to Antonio Origo, in 1924, concentrated her world into a wild, remote part of Tuscany, where she had lived for fifteen passionately committed years by the time war broke out between her country and his, Iris Origo had led an already confusingly divided existence. As she wrote in her autobiography, "Images and Shadows," published in 1970, her childhood was spent shuttling between Westbrook, the beautiful Long Island home of her wealthy American paternal grandparents, and the "earthly paradise" of summer holidays, with other visiting cousins, at Desart Court, the hospitable Irish house (later burned down in the Troubles) of her mother's Anglo-Irish parents, Lord and Lady Desart. Her father, Bayard Cutting, died of tuberculosis when she was eight, and her mother, a brilliant and unflagging collector of new experiences (eventually including two more marriages), carried out his wish that their daughter should be brought up "somewhere where she does not belong" by buying the Villa Medici, outside Florence. A shy looker-on at the cosmopolitan artistic and intellectual society in which her mother darted so dazzlingly, and, later, a still shy girl unhappily "going through the débutante hoops" in Florence, London, and New York, Iris had moments of wondering whether she belonged anywhere. All she knew was that she was not at home in the rich expatriate's round of Sunday tea parties at the Villa Medici and lunches at I Tatti. She fell in love with the Marchese Origo and found out what she wanted to do. They planned to look for a farm in a backward agricultural region where there would be "enough work to fill our lifetime." They bought La Foce, a vast, lonely estate, without roads or water, in the south of the province of Siena, much of it as barren as a lunar landscape from neglect and the ruthless felling of trees through impoverished centuries. It filled the bill generously.

By the time the diary opens, on January 30, 1943, La Foce had been transformed by Antonio Origo's gradual introduction of modern farming methods to peasants who were deeply



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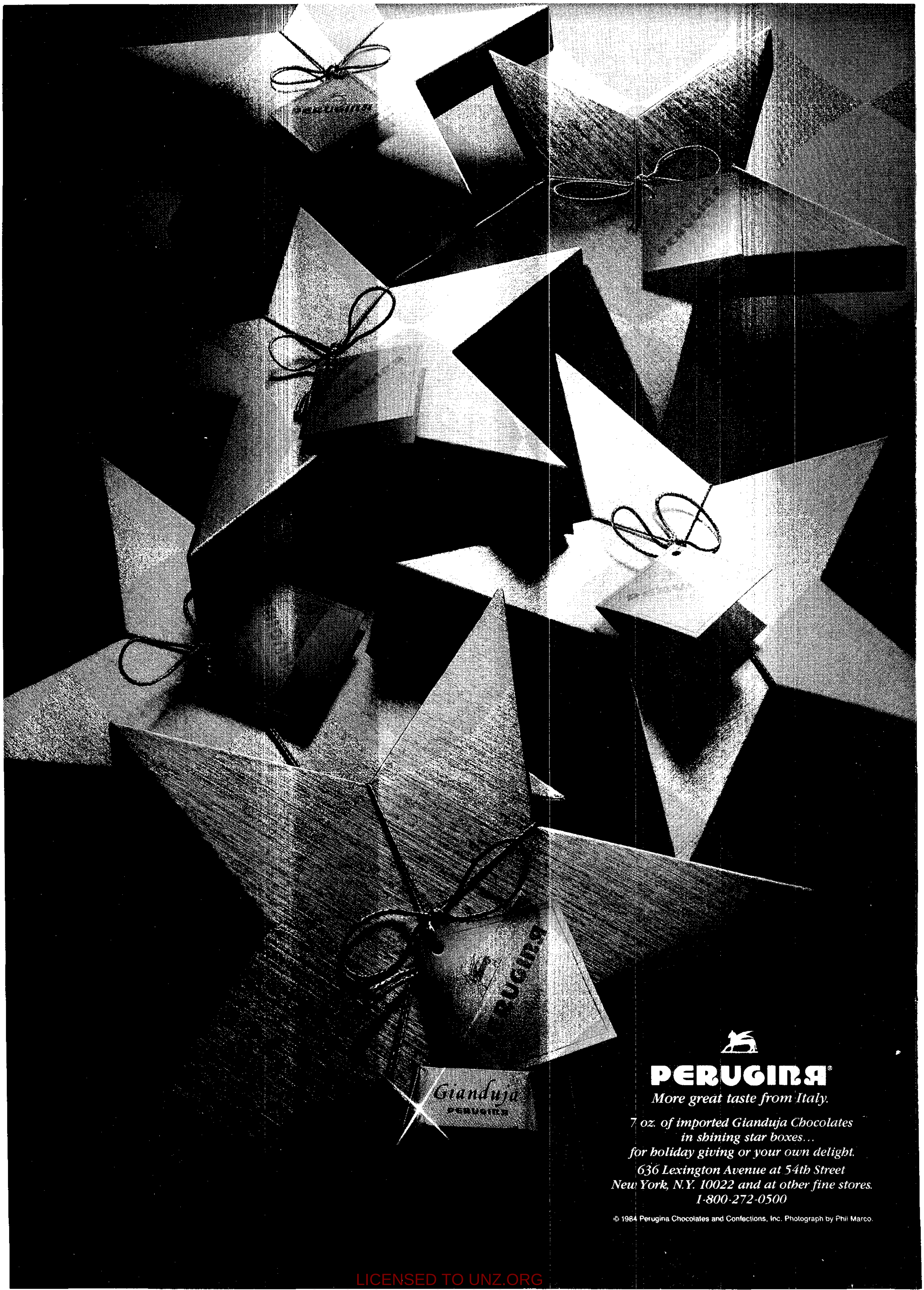

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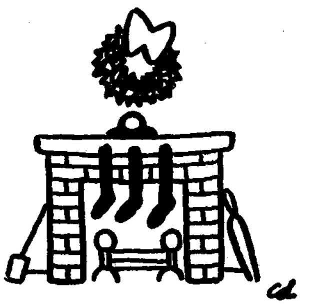
suspicious of change and who still preferred going for help with a sick pig to a witch doctor across the valley; by his wife's American money; and by the Fascist government's policy of assisting active landowners to reclaim derelict agricultural areas. Whatever grateful enthusiasm the Origos may have felt for the regime at the start had, however, long since faded. By the beginning of 1943, the whole country was sunk in "a despairing apathy," hating the Germans who were flooding in, and talking everywhere of the imminent downfall of Mussolini and the monarchy, and of negotiations for a separate peace. "Every night the streets of Rome are placarded with posters or strewn with pamphlets saying 'Fascism must go.' Everyone cries 'How long, oh Lord, how long?' " The Allied Liberators were heavily bombing Turin and Genoa. Life at La Foce was suddenly changed by the arrival of the first party of refugee children from both cities, for whom the Origos had asked. Eventually, twenty-three were added to the household. The Origos also had their own daughters—Benedetta, aged three, and a new baby, Donata. The children supply some strange little footnotes of blackberrying expeditions and tying up Christmas parcels to Iris Origo's account of the increasingly risky days that brought the war nearer. In the middle of blindman's buff at Benedetta's birthday party, "a military lorry drives up and two German officers come clanking down the garden path": four more German armored divisions have crossed the Brenner, and the Allied invasion of the mainland is imminent.

Though she says little about it, her arrest was always in the cards: reprisals were threatened against landowners who concealed wanted men on their property. Anxious friends advised her to hide. "But where?" she writes. "And if I were away Antonio would almost certainly be taken in my stead. It seems more sensible just to go on with daily life." As La Foce becomes more cut off, it begins returning, she notes, to the resourceful pattern of a large medieval community. The Origos had built and staffed schools and a clinic for the estate farmers and their families. Until 1944, they were able to feed themselves almost entirely. When things got worse, famished townspeople came every day, hoping to fill sacks and suitcases to take home. The flow of prisoners of war had been increased by deserting Italian soldiers, who tore off their uniforms and fled, to escape being sent to German labor camps, and by hundreds of partisans hiding in the La Foce woods and harassing the local Fascist militia. All had to be provided with food, advice on the safest routes, sometimes medical help at the clinic, and, when the snow came, warm clothes. Iris Origo had managed to lay in a stock of blankets, trousers, shirts, and socks, bought mostly off market barrows in visits to Florence but "never sufficient for the demand." She and her husband improvised clothes for the children out of bits of old curtains and carpets, and spun wool from their own sheep. Boots were "as unprocurable as the crown jewels." Three men from a party of British prisoners of war who had left La Foce in a vain effort to reach the Allied lines came back, six months later, to get theirs resoled by the estate cobbler before having another go. The Marchesa gave them her husband's tennis shoes to wear while waiting. Two other escaping Englishmen, whom she came across the next day sitting peacefully in deck chairs in the garden, asked her if she realized that "for the last fifty miles everyone whom we have asked for help has sent us on to you." Hadn't she better be careful, they suggested mildly.



"Now it can only be a matter of days," the diary notes laconically on June 3, 1944. The Allies have entered Rome, and the retreating Germans are heading for Tuscany. Planes bombing bridges over the Orcia and indiscriminately machine-gunning the roads are so constant that the children no longer bother to glance up from their play in the sandpile. The partisan leader warns the Origos that the Germans, expected daily at La Foce, may have orders to take them both along in the retreat. They discuss different plans—all given up as being too dangerous—for moving the children to a distant farm, or into a large open trench in the woods (with a cow tethered nearby for the babies), or even trying to get them through to the Allied army, now only a few miles away. "Are you going to the front?" Iris Origo asks a German medical officer who stops his ambulance to find out where he is. "And where do you think *you* are?" he inquiries cheerfully. They are in the thick of it. The house and grounds are occupied, first by tough paratroopers and then by gunners, who place their batteries all round them. The diary is scribbled at night in the doubtful shelter of the cellar, overflowing with the sudden addition of many of the Origos' terrified farm families.

Its last pages are hair-raising. After a German officer tells them that they must get the children away at once, the Marchese and his wife lead a long, straggling Pied Piper procession of grownups carrying babies, and of children stumbling along, clutching skirts, as fast as their legs can carry them, over eight miles of mined and shelled road, in the blazing June heat, to the little town of Montepulciano. "Some more planes came over, and we lay down for cover in the tall corn. I remember thinking at that moment. . . : 'This can't be real—this isn't really happening.' " Six appalling days later, the Germans head north, and the whole population turns out to welcome the British. The Origos return to La Foce, to find some of their people dead and their house ransacked. The farms have been either ruined or looted of everything. "Nevertheless, for the future I am hopeful. The whirlwind has passed, and now, whatever destruction it may have left, we can begin to build again." On the first day, Antonio Origo sets every able-bodied man to reaping, to save the harvest.

In the early part of the diary, the Marchesa describes the walling up of thirty-two cases of especially precious belongings. Afterward, like holiday travellers reviewing the contents of a dispatched trunk, they began to remember things they had not packed or would have liked to keep out. "It is, however, quite impossible to attach importance to any material possessions now. All that one still clings to is a few vital affections." These carried her and her family and the people in the Val d'Orcia through. She proudly records the splendid courage that her husband's countrymen, so often accused of cowardice and treachery, showed in taking in the hunted strangers who came to their doors. Her quiet account of how men and women behaved in the months of acute danger is a beautiful small classic. In the end, she tells us, it was "the shared, simple acts of everyday life"

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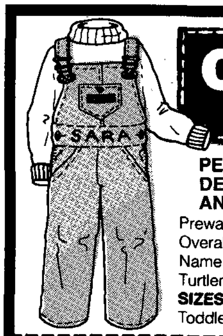

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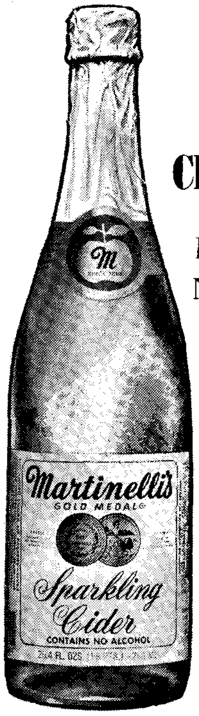
that she remembered best and trusted most hopefully for the future of us all.

Iris Origo has written elsewhere of the changes that came to the agricultural economy of the valley after the war. The centuries-old paternalistic relationship between landowner and farmer did not survive. Antonio Origo died in 1976. Today, his daughters run the estate. As the young Origos had hoped, there was enough work at La Foce to fill their lifetimes and beyond.

"A Durable Fire" (Franklin Watts; $17.95) is thirty-seven years' pick of the letters that Duff and Diana Cooper poured out to each other whenever they were apart; their granddaughter, Artemis Cooper, who edited and arranged the selection with admirable clarity, tells us that she had to whittle the correspondence down to a quarter of its abundance. It begins in 1913, when Lady Diana Manners, the famously beautiful youngest daughter of the Duke of Rutland, was the lively center of a brilliant circle of adoring friends, male and female, who called themselves the Coterie, and "Mr. Duff Coowper" (as her spelling, retained by the editor when particularly remarkable, addressed him in the first note, inviting him to buy an expensive ticket for a charity ball) was a clever, hard-up young man who worked in the Foreign Office and certainly would not have struck her or anyone else as the possible front-runner in the lineup of suitors. Even he seems to have felt that the odds were against him. "*Enfant de mon siècle*, like Gautier"—literary allusions pepper the letters throughout—"I have been more fortunate than him in finding the mate God meant for me," he wrote in 1914, before he was released from the Foreign Office for military service. "But God's schemes never quite come off, and it seems highly improbable that I shall ever marry you, though two people so perfectly made to fit have never been turned out." Four and a half years later, the scheme came off.

Duff was to be almost the only survivor of all the young men of the Coterie. In the first months of the war, before friend after friend vanished, the letters seem to be totally unconscious that the roof has fallen in on their world. But after he went to France a gap on his side of the now daily exchange made Diana frantic with anxiety: "I thought you dead, and my joy dead with you." Knowing that he is in battle, she pictures him lying "mortaly



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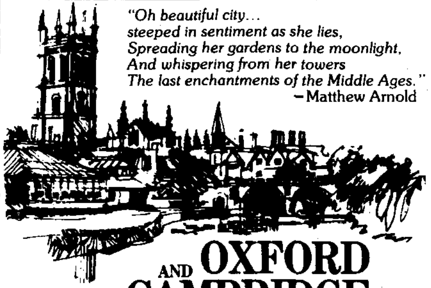

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ill" somewhere, and plans feverishly, through a sleepless night, what strings to pull, how to disguise herself ("officer's khaki, in case—whose? Frankie de Tuyll's . . . [he's] my size") so that she can get to him. Curiously, for such a vital and exuberant nature, she was plagued all her life by nervous fears for the people she loved and for herself. Later, when she was in America playing in "The Miracle" and Duff was in London, his casual mention of every pretty woman tormented her: "I got a panic you loved Lady Carlisle. You don't, do you?" A mysteriously aching stomach she suffered on a West Indian holiday in 1929 she felt to be surely sinister. (It was their only child, John Julius.) In 1918, Duff, who seems to have enjoyed his war and was critical of "these new poets" who "can't see anything in it but lice and dirty feet and putrid corpses and syphilis," wrote her an exultant account of leading the remnants of his platoon to capture a German trench, for which he got the D.S.O. "I boast like a Gascon," he apologized.

The Rutlands' resistance to a son-in-law, however gallant, who gambled and drank too much and had no money was gradually worn down. The last objection was the only cloud on the Coopers' happiness after they married, in 1919. His salary at the Foreign Office was not enough for a couple whose idea of a modest snack was possibly a cold partridge and a bottle of their favorite "cham," or to launch him on the political career he wanted. Her face must be their fortune. In 1923, Max Reinhardt offered her the part of the Madonna in his production of "The Miracle" in New York. She and Duff were separated for the next six years, with occasional ecstatic reunions when he came to New York or she returned to help him fight the general election he won at Oldham, a Lancashire seat, in 1924. The marriage might have foundered, but it was held together by the loving daily letters that started again, at first horribly homesick on her side, full of London gossip and bracing encouragement on his. She is to "sign [the articles] that the Hearst press writes for you provided they are not offensive," he writes her. "Cast dignity to the winds while in New York and get the Yanks' money so that you may be able to afford to resume dignity in Europe." They both boast like Gascons, he of the triumphant reception of his maiden speech in the House of Commons, she of her first night, when "the

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audience kept the applause on for fifteen minutes while the stage banked itself with flowers." Endearingly, they write of boasting happily to friends about each other.

She settles down; works hard; worries about the weight of the stone carapace inside which, as the statue in the play, she has to stand immobile on her pillar for forty-five minutes; thriftily discovers cafeterias; and groans about her rich admirers, including an elderly banker who "asked me to stay with him—it would mean a Rolls Royce at the door always—but I'm told no hope of a cent in his will." What she called "the financial glint" quite often turns up in the letters. When "The Miracle" goes on the road for a series of tours, she takes to the life like a seasoned trouper. Before the San Francisco opening, she and Iris Tree, who is playing the Nun, have a short trip to Arizona and New Mexico, squired by young Raimund von Hofmannsthal, Hugo von Hofmannsthal's son, who has joined the company. The young man is Diana's passionately besotted slave, and she seems to enjoy trumping Duff's endless Lady Carlisles with descriptions of "my poor Rosenkavalier" begging to be allowed to do "the meanest duties" with no reward but sitting at a chaste distance watching her while she sleeps. Duff wisely makes jealous noises.

The most interesting years of their lives came later, after Duff became a Minister in Neville Chamberlain's government (from which he resigned over Munich) and then, under Winston Churchill, held a series of appointments that led to the post of British Representative to the touchy French Committee of Liberation in Algiers and finally (the reward) to Paris as Ambassador. In those years, until his death, in 1954, at sixty-three, the Coopers were seldom apart, and the flow of letters dwindles mainly to her funny, racing descriptions of jaunts abroad with friends and to his abstracted but always tender replies. Artemis Cooper tells us that the whole of the correspondence, even down to postcards and telegrams, was faithfully preserved by her grandmother, now in her nineties. For most of us, groping through the Coopers' unfamiliar privileged world, the mixture in this selection sometimes seems at once too rich and too thin. There are patches of boredom when we lose our way among the Ooms and Poots, the Mauds and Poppies and Chips and Hutchies—all meticulously identified in the footnotes

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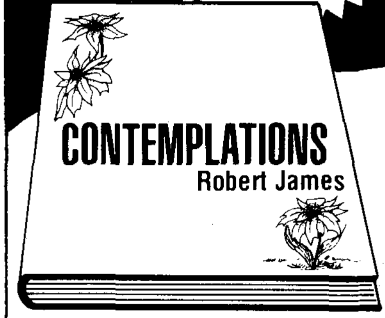

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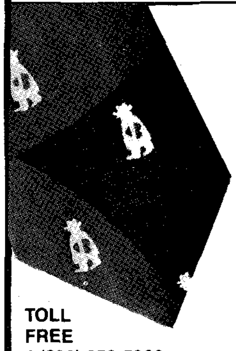

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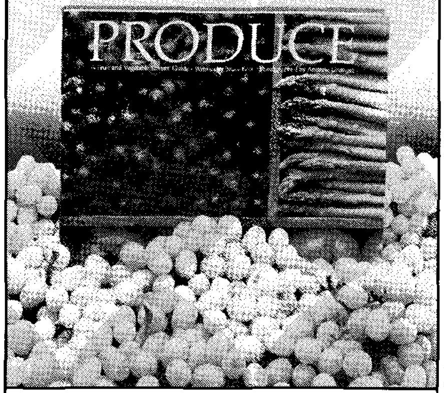

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—who turn up in the gossipy stretches. Diana emerges as the more lovable and original character. She complained once that Duff's grander lady friends never liked her, because she was "a queer fish and a rare bird in one"—not a bad description. It may be harder for us to love Duff, who could be a chilling demolisher of anyone outside their charmed circle. Of two newly arrived officers in France in 1918: "One, the Company Commander, I like—fat with a wine red face and a passion for port. . . . He was at Eton with me but seems years older. The other I hate. His face is brick red, and wine has played no part in the painting of it—bricks rather, laid by his father—or perhaps his grandfather, whose trade it must have been." Not every reader, either, will share the Coopers' conviction that their lifelong duet was immortal. In a letter to her in America, Duff describes a happy afternoon spent in rereading and sorting the letters she wrote him during the war. "They are most beautiful, most vivid, most witty, most touching. . . . I believe that if they are preserved they will live when we are dust and that 'this miracle will have might,' that not 'in black ink' but in very pale brown pencil 'our love shall still shine bright.' " A bit of truth there, amid the fond exaggeration. Their letters are highly entertaining, if not miraculous, but what stays in one's mind is the moving record of an unwavering devotion. "I love you as well as ever—that matters most," Diana wrote to him from St. Louis in 1925. It mattered most to them both to the end.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

DIGS, by Bette Pesetsky (Knopf; $14.95). A little girl poring over the "Red Book of Fairy Tales" may be the only resident of Shilton, New York, inattentive to her mother's in-laws' antics, which make for a series of understated headlines in the Shilton *Daily*, from "Man Digs Hole" (a hole worthy of Troy's Heinrich Schliemann) to "Disturbance in Stopwood Motel." "Notes," as the chapter headings have it, to and from one or another of the family's major members, and to a sympathetic local cop, form much of the text; some of the notes are composed on paper, and others seem to be mental rough drafts. Shortly after the Shilton *Daily*, warming to

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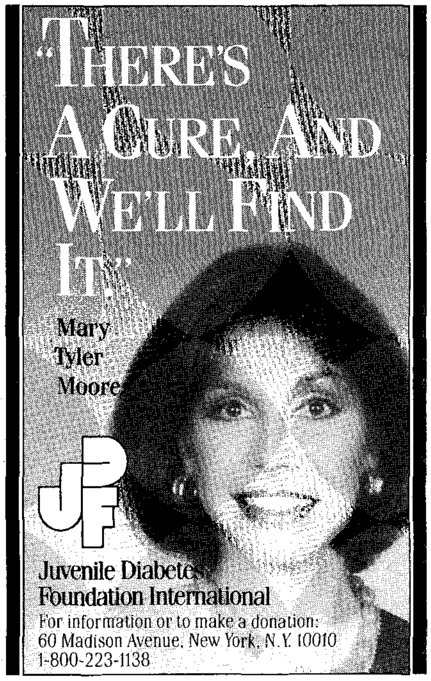
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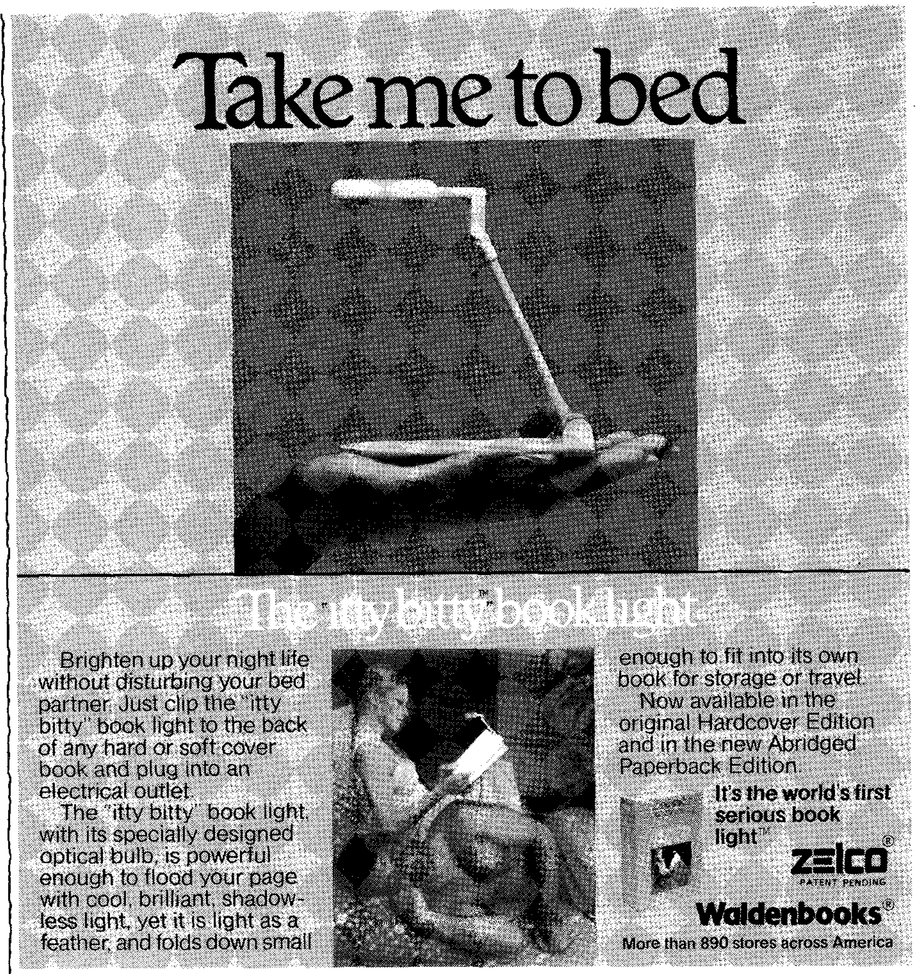
the task, reports that "Businessman Goes Berserk," there is a report from within the businessman's newly comatose frame. The story's whimsicality may sustain the reader for a while, but then boring episodes, about bills and wills, pile up faster than Mrs. Pesetsky can shovel out surprises.

GENERAL

H. G. WELLS IN LOVE: POSTSCRIPT TO AN EXPERIMENT IN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, edited by G. P. Wells (Little, Brown; $16.95). This book comes to us fifty years after the publication of Wells' great autobiography. It was written soon after the more formal work, but Wells felt that it should appear in print only posthumously. It is an account of his not very clandestine sexual and romantic activity, and gives the particulars of a number of love affairs that were in one way or another especially important to him. Although Wells was cheerfully promiscuous, there was nothing of the Don Juan about him; he believed in a free give-and-take between the sexes, and he treated his lovers as equals—indeed, he was attracted as much by brains and wit as by beauty and sexual allure. He does not try to justify himself in this memoir, nor does he spare himself when it comes to describing silly or selfish behavior. When he embarked on one of his "cool-hearted" affairs, he saw it as a meeting of two consenting libertines—"and when I *got* a woman, a woman *got* a man."

EXPERIMENT IN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by H. G. Wells (Little, Brown; $29.95). A reissue of the autobiography, which has been out of print in this country. It is the work of a liberal thinker and rationalist who was a lifelong educator and an influential teacher of several generations of Europeans and Americans; it describes his development as novelist, journalist, social and scientific visionary, and prophet. The publication of "H. G. Wells in Love" now completes it. Illustrated with sketches by the author.

RUMINATIONS, by William Steig (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $9.95 paper). The great Swiss painter-draftsman Paul Klee used to describe his method of drawing as taking a line for a walk, and that is what William Steig has done with his line in the hundred and fifty drawings in this new collection. The walks often lead us to strange and wonderful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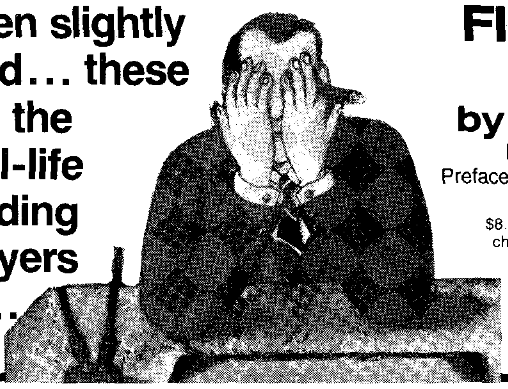
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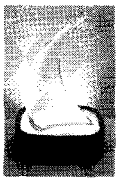
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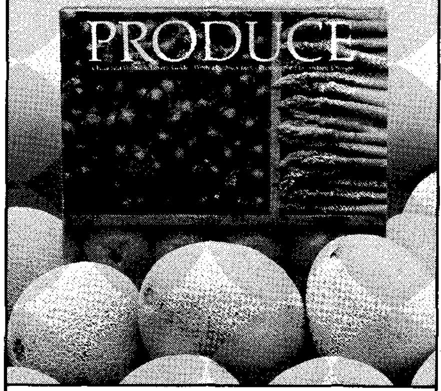

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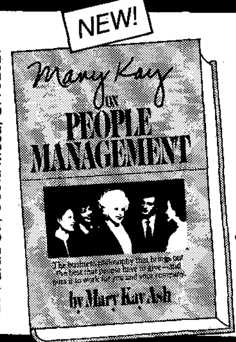

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places, where we encounter creatures as strange and wonderful—men, women, and children, and members of the animal kingdom, some of whom, like the dog who is playing the violin, have slipped over the border into our realm. Many of the scenes are pastoral; others are domestic; still others are urban, and these are sinister. The creatures of Steig's world are oneiric—they seem detached and are often floating in reveries over cryptic situations—but there is nothing of the surreal in these drawings. About a third of the collection, which has a preface by Whitney Balliett, first appeared in *The New Yorker.*

MYSTERY AND CRIME

MAIGRET'S REVOLVER, by Georges Simenon, translated from the French by Nigel Ryan (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $12.95). The first appearance in English of still another of the several first-rate novels that Simenon wrote during his American sojourn in the early nineteen-fifties. It has to do with the theft of a Smith & Wesson .45 Special presented to Maigret by the F.B.I., the discovery of the body of a young and celebrated politician in a trunk at the Gare du Nord, and a big, flabby booby of a man known along the Champs-Élysées as the Baron. Maigret is in top form here, and he dines exceptionally well—on brandade de morue, lobster à l'Américaine, tête de veau en tortue. It is also revealed here for the first time that Maigret's full name is not Jules Maigret but Jules-Joseph Anthelme Maigret. The translation is excellent.

•

Dr. Robert Daly, chief of psychiatry at Bridgeport and Park City hospitals, said the continued rain lowers people's moods because it cuts down on the number of activities they can do and so they have fewer outlets for their energy.

People shouldn't worry if that depresses them, he said, but they can use their energy in other ways, since they can't take part in outdoor activities. He suggested games like sex and chess.—*Bridgeport (Conn.) Post.*

Things are looking brighter already.

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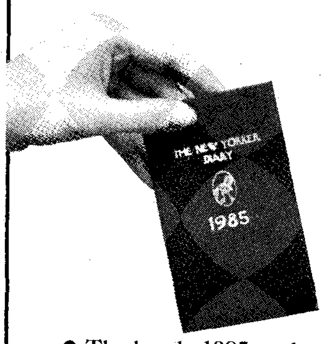

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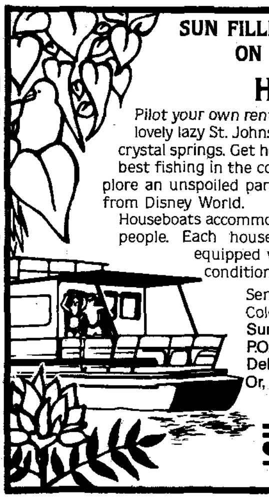

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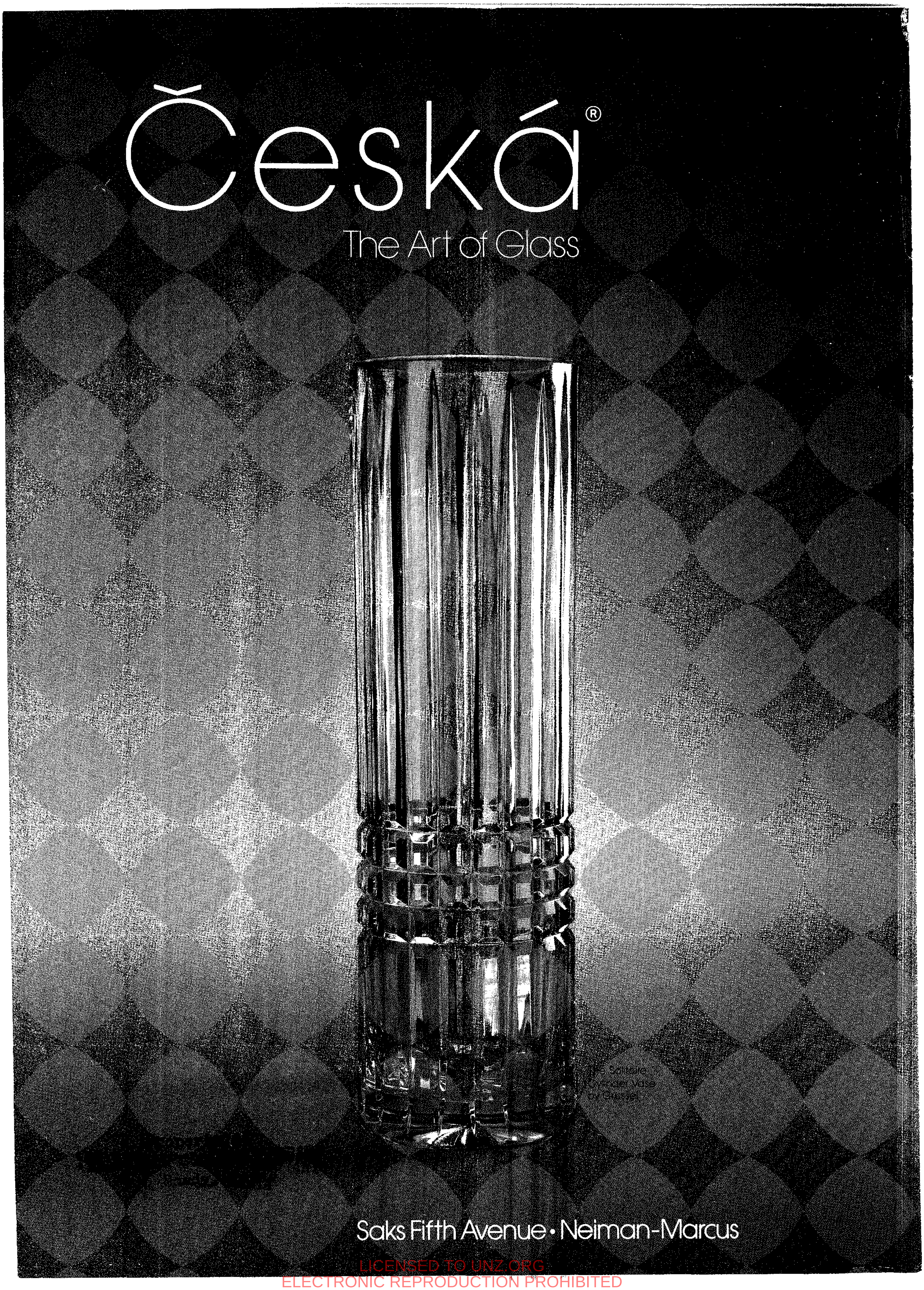
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